

MARVEL
VOLUME 2

Amazing Spider-Man
Daredevil
Alias


"THE LAWS OF INERTIA TELL US..
"...THAT AN OBJECT IN MOTION TENDS TO REMAIN IN MOTION.
"...UNTIL ACTED UPON BY AN OUTSIDE FORCE.
"SIMILARLY..."
"...AN OBJECT AT REST TENDS TO REMAIN AT REST..."
NICE DOGGIE... NICE DOGGIE...
GRRRRRR
"...UNTIL IT, TOO, IS ACTED UPON BY AN OUTSIDE FORCE."
"ONE THING I DON'T GET, MR. PARKER."


I MEAN, THIS IS ALL GREAT, BUT, YKNOW, DOES ANYONE EVER ACTUALLY USE ANY OF THIS IN REAL LIFE?
HERE AND THERE...
"FLOOR, PLEASE?"
FOURTEEN!
AND IT'S THOSE DAMNED LEFTIES AND ALL THE LEFTOVER COMMIES AND THEY'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER. I GOT THE SOLUTION, BUDDY, YEAH, LEMMETELLYOU, I KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO WITH THESE GUYS --
SPORTS
GONNA FIND ME SOMEBODY TO LISTEN TO ME AND WRITE AN ARTICLE ABOUT THIS AND WE'LL MAKE A MILLION BUCKS IT'S GONNA BE --
DING
I THINK THIS IS YOUR FLOOR.
JUST GOTTA USE HATS! HATS MADE OUTTA TINFOIL THAT'LL STOP THE RAYS, SEE, AND THE FLUORIDATION OF WATER, MAKIN' EVERYBODY JUST NUTS, BUT I KNOW THE REAL STORY, HEY YOU!


I THINK HE SAID HE WANTED TO GET OFF ON FOURTEEN THAT WAS THE THIRD FLOOR.
WAS IT REALLY?
WELL, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET OLD, YOU SEE... LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT JUST SLIP RIGHT PAST YOU. I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE MADE SUCH A MISTAKE.
--AND WHERE THE HELL DID YOU PEOPLE GET YOUR JOURNALISM DEGREES, FROM THE BACK OF A CEREAL BOX? I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS KIND OF SLOPPY REPORTING OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD --
DING
I WANT THIS COPY REWRITTEN IN TWENTY MINUTES OR THERE'S GONNA BE HELL TO PAY --
HELLO, JONAH.
SO DON'T TRY TO --
OH... HELLO, MAY. WHAT BE YOU --
I JUST CAME BY FOR A BRIEF VISIT. FUNNY THING. I THINK I SAW YOUR SOULMATE A FEW MINUTES AGO... HE GOT OFF ON THE THIRD FLOOR --
LOOK, MAY, THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME. SO WHAT DO YOU --

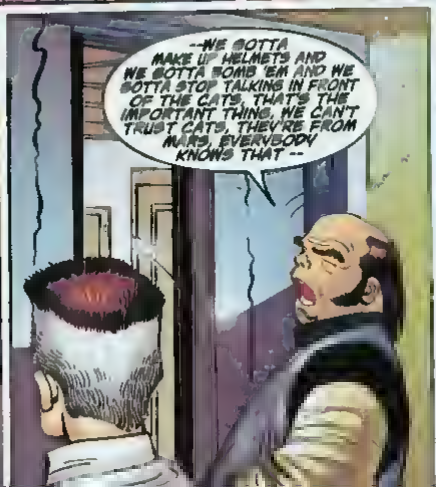

I WANTED YOU TO KNOW I'M CANCELING MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BUGLE. I'D EMAILED YOUR ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT, BUT BECAUSE WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SO LONG, I THOUGHT IT WAS IMPORTANT TO --
WAITAMINNIT... YOU'RE CANCELING --
THAT'S RIGHT.
WHY?
BECAUSE I'M TIRED OF YOU SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT SPIDER-MAN
YOU SAID HE WAS A MONSTER
YES. I DID
WHAT HAPPENED?
PEOPLE CHANGE
NOT THAT MUCH.
YOUR EDITORIAL DIRECTION IS FLAWED
THAT SO?
YES
YEAH? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW THAT I DON'T?

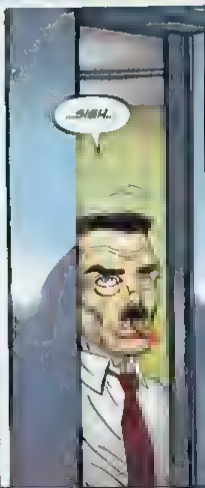

VOLUMES, JONAH VOLUMES


FINE. WHATEVER, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. FIFTY CENTS ON WEEKDAYS, A BUCK ON SUNDAY. I CAN AFFORD THE LOSS.
THANK YOU, GOOD DAY, JONAH.


WOMAN'S LOSING IT. SOME DAYS I THINK THE WHOLE FAMILY'S CRAZY AS A BEDBUG. IT'S --

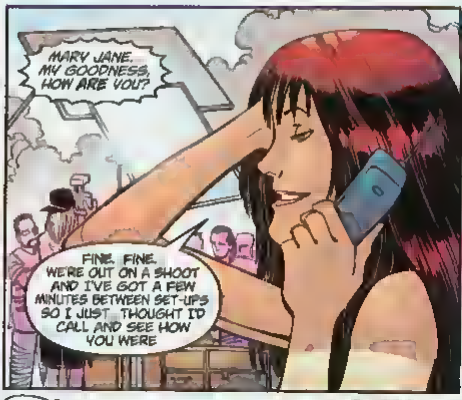

IT'S THE LEFTIES AND THE LIBERAL MEDIA ELITE AND THE MICROWAVES FROM MARS, THAT'S THE KICKER, THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO TELL THE WORLD --

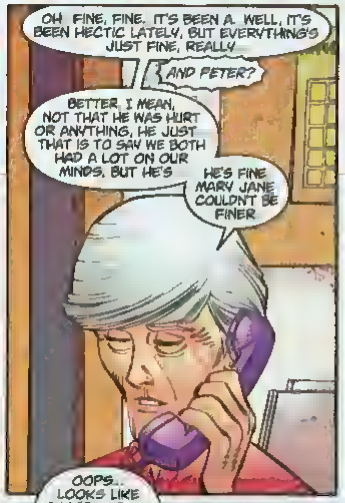

--WE GOTTA MAKE UP HELMETS AND WE GOTTA BOMB 'EM AND WE GOTTA STOP TALKING IN FRONT OF THE CATS, THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING. WE CAN'T TRUST CATS, THEY'RE FROM MARS, EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT --

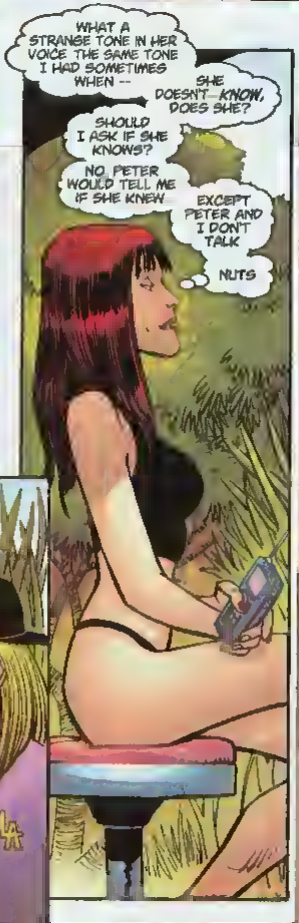

...SHSH..


YO, DUDE, I THOUGHT THIS DAY WOULD NEVER END, MAN --
I HEAR YOU --
MR. PARKER?
JENNY, HI. I WAS GOING TO TRY TO CATCH YOU ON THE WAY OUT. HOW'S YOUR BROTHER?
HE'S GETTING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL TOMORROW. HE'S STILL PRETTY SHAKY. THEY WANT TO GET HIM ON A METH PROGRAM AGAIN.
MAYBE THIS TIME IT'LL STICK.
MAYBE
LISTEN, MR. PARKER, YOU SAID IF I NEEDED ANYTHING, I COULD COME TO YOU IF THAT'S STILL, LIKE, THE DEAL --
IT IS.
I REALLY NEED YOU TO COME CHECK OUT SOMETHING. I TALKED TO SOME OF THE OTHERS, TOLD 'EM YOU WERE OKAY. I MEAN, I KNOW YOU PROBABLY HAVE OTHER STUFF TO DO, BUT --
NOT A PROBLEM. LEAD ON.
RUNNNG


HELLO?
MAY? HI, IT'S MJ


MARY JANE. MY GOODNESS, HOW ARE YOU?
FINE. FINE. WE'RE OUT ON A SHOOT AND I'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES BETWEEN SET-UPS SO I JUST THOUGHT I'D CALL AND SEE HOW YOU WERE


OH FINE, FINE. IT'S BEEN A. WELL, IT'S BEEN HECTIC LATELY, BUT EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE, REALLY
AND PETER?
BETTER, I MEAN, NOT THAT HE WAS HURT OR ANYTHING, HE JUST THAT IS TO SAY WE BOTH HAD A LOT ON OUR MINDS. BUT HE'S
HE'S FINE MARY JANE COULDN'T BE FINER


WHAT A STRANGE TONE IN HER VOICE THE SAME TONE I HAD SOMETIMES WHEN --
SHE DOESN'T KNOW, DOES SHE?
SHOULD I ASK IF SHE KNOWS?
NO. PETER WOULD TELL ME IF SHE KNEW
EXCEPT PETER AND I DON'T TALK
NUTS


SHE HAD TO HEAR THE TONE IN MY VOICE --
SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I KNOW, DOES SHE?
SHOULD I TELL HER I KNOW?
NO. IF ANYONE TELLS HER IT SHOULD BE PETER.
EXCEPT PETER AND SHE DON'T TALK.
OH, DEAR..


OOPS.. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT READY FOR ME AFTER ALL. MAY I'LL TRY TO CALL AGAIN SOON
ALL RIGHT, MARY JANE. YOU TAKE CARE. GOODBYE.


-- IT'S JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, MR PARKER THIS WAY
LIQUOR
THIS ISN'T THE SAME PLACE YOU AND THE OTHER KIDS LIVE --
NO. THERE'S LOTS OF PLACES LIKE THIS WHEN YOU'RE ON THE STREET. YOU KINDA LIVE WHERE YOU CAN. IF IT'S AN ABANDONED BUILDING OR A FLAT AREA UNDER A BRIDGE, YOU CAN BE SURE SOMEBODY'S SQUATTING THERE.
SUSIE? YOU THERE?
JENNY... HEY...
HI. THIS IS MR. PARKER, THE ONE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT
HI
HI. SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
I CAME HERE WITH THIS GUY, MIKE, ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO. WE SPLIT 'CAUSE HE WAS DOING DRUGS AND I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T WANT ANY PART OF THAT, BUT I KEPT TRYING TO HELP HIM GET PAST IT.
YEAH, HERE'S A SPOT.
HE SAID HE WAS GONNA GET STRAIGHT, BUT THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS JUST GONE
DID YOU TELL THE POLICE?
SNIRF! YEAH LIKE THAT DID ANY GOOD. "YOU KNOW HOW MANY KIDS DRIFT IN AND OUT OF HERE EVERY DAY?" THEY SAID. "HOW DO WE KNOW HE'S MISSING IF HE'S IN A DIFFERENT TOWN EVERY COUPLE OF WEEKS?"
I TOLD 'EM HE WOULDN'T JUST UP AND LEAVE LIKE THAT. BUT THEY SAID IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. GIRLS GET DITCHED, BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. IT'S LIKE IF YOU DON'T HAVE A REGULAR ADDRESS, OR PARENTS, OR A JOB, THEY DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING
I... DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THIS, SUSIE... ON ONE LEVEL, THEY'RE RIGHT. IF A KID'S ON THE ROAD, A DRIFTER, IT'S HARD TO PROVE HE'S MISSING --
BUT HE IS, MR. PARKER, AND SOMETHING ELSE...
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE...


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IT'S LOTS OF STREET GUYS AROUND HERE. MOST OF 'EM ARE AROUND LATE HIGH SCHOOL, EARLY COLLEGE AGE. MOSTLY USERS. THEY'VE BEEN JUST UP AND DISAPPEARING.
HAVE YOU REPORTED THIS TO THE --
RIGHT... NEVER MIND.
HAVE THERE BEEN ANY BODIES FOUND?
NO, THAT'S THE THING. IT'S LIKE THEY LITERALLY JUST DISAPPEARED. AND A LOT OF 'EM WERE, LIKE, JUST STARTING TO GET THEIR LIVES TOGETHER, Y'KNOW?
I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, JENNY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THIS... IT ISN'T EXACTLY MY AREA.
ANYTHING WOULD BE GOOD, MR. PARKER.
ANYTHING.
ALL RIGHT... I'LL MAKE SOME CALLS. CHECK WITH SOME FRIENDS, SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
THANKS, BECAUSE MR. PARKER...?
JOHNNY'LL BE BACK SOON. I DON'T... I JUST DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE TO HAPPEN TO HIM, Y'KNOW?
YEAH I KNOW
I'LL CHECK BACK LATER IF I HEAR ANYTHING
HE'S CUTE... YOU DIDN'T SAY HE WAS CUTE...
HE'S MY TEACHER, SUBE, JEEZ...
OKAY, OKAY, BUT HE'S STILL CUTE...


"...IN, Y'KNOW, A DORKY SORT OF WAY."
Y'KNOW...THERE ARE NIGHTS I JUST FEEL STUPID.
I MAKE THREE PHONE CALLS TO THE POLICE. AND I GET NOTHING. NADA. TWO CALLS TO SOCIAL WORKERS MORE NADA.
OR WOULD THAT BE LESS NADA?
A WHOLE LOTTANADA? NADALOT?
NUTS.
HEY, LOIS C'MON OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE IT'S COOLER OUT HERE, I GOT POPCORN
BUTTERED OR PLAIN?
BUTTERED
REAL BUTTER OR THAT FAKE STUFF?
REAL BUTTER


WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO? AND HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF EATING ALL THE POPCORN?
I LOVE LIVING IN THE CITY.
OTHER THAN THAT, WHAT DO I HAVE TO WORK WITH? NOTHING. ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN AND REACT
I NEED RESOURCES LIKE, A SPIDER-CAVE WITH COMPUTERS AND MAYBE A SMART SIDEKICK KID PUPA ARACHNO-BOY WEBBIE SOMETHING OR OTHER
I NEED...
I NEED SOMETHING TO WASH THIS DOWN WITH
...CHHHKK... CHHHKKKK...
UH-OH...
SOMETHING'S WRONG
REALLY WRONG


FELT IT FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE. WHERE THE --
HELP!
OH, JEEZ...
HELP MEEEEEEEEEE...


LET HIM GO!
HEY HOW'S IT GOING?
OOOF!
FIGURED I'D RUN INTO YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS. THEY SAID I SHOULD BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?
GONE.
SORTA.
IT'S A LONG STORY.


DAMN IT --
SORRY YOU CAN'T CONNECT WITH WHAT ISN'T SOLID AND I'M NOT SOLID UNLESS I WANT TO BE.
LIKE NOW.
UHNFF!


KIND OF A SLOW LEARNER, AREN'T YOU?
WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO THESE GUYS?
TAKING 'EM SOMEPLACE ELSE. KIND OF A TIT-FOR-TAT THING. NOT THAT YOU'D UNDERSTAND --
WHY? WHY DO IT?
WHY? SAME REASON I'M STANDING HERE HAVING A LITTLE CHIN-WAG WITH A MORON LIKE YOU.
FOR THE KICKS, MAN. IT'S JUST FOR THE KICKS.
YEAH, WELL, KICK THIS!

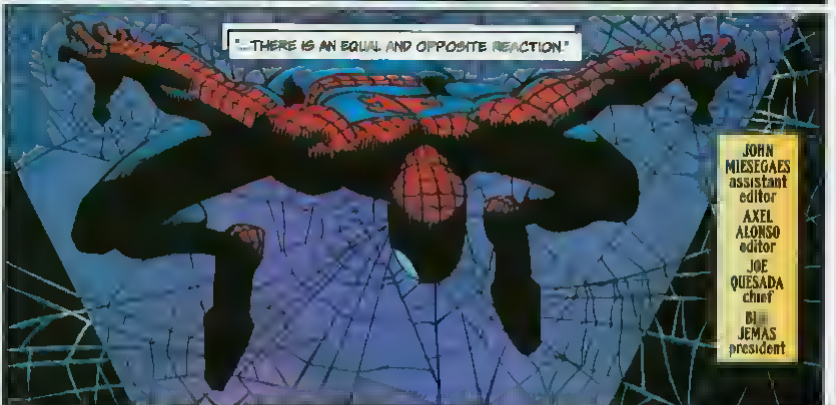

SEE? LIKE I SAID --
-- I TRY TO CUT YOU A LITTLE SLACK, NOT ASSUME YOU'RE THE IDIOT WE HEARD ABOUT BACK IN THE STIR --
-- BUT IT'S ALL TRUE. GREAT COSTUME. GREAT GIG. BRAIN OF A TROUT
SO LET'S CRACK OPEN THAT SKULL AND HAVE A LOOK, EH?
AAARGHH!


YOU FIRST.
I HIT HIM HARD AND FAST TRYING TO KEEP HIM OFF BALANCE SO HE CAN'T TURN TO SMOKE AGAIN ON ME
IT EVEN WORKS
FOR A MINUTE
CUTE MOVE WHERE'D YOU LEARN THAT ONE?
YOU WATCH CAPTAIN AMERICA IN ACTION LONG ENOUGH, YOU PICK UP A FEW THINGS


YEAH, WELL, I GOTTA GO.
IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL STAY OUTTA THIS PART OF TOWN
GO FIGHT SOMEBODY IN A CHEAP COSTUME AND STAY OUTTA THIS NEIGHBORHOOD THIS AIN'T YOUR KIND OF PLACE
HEY!
NUTS







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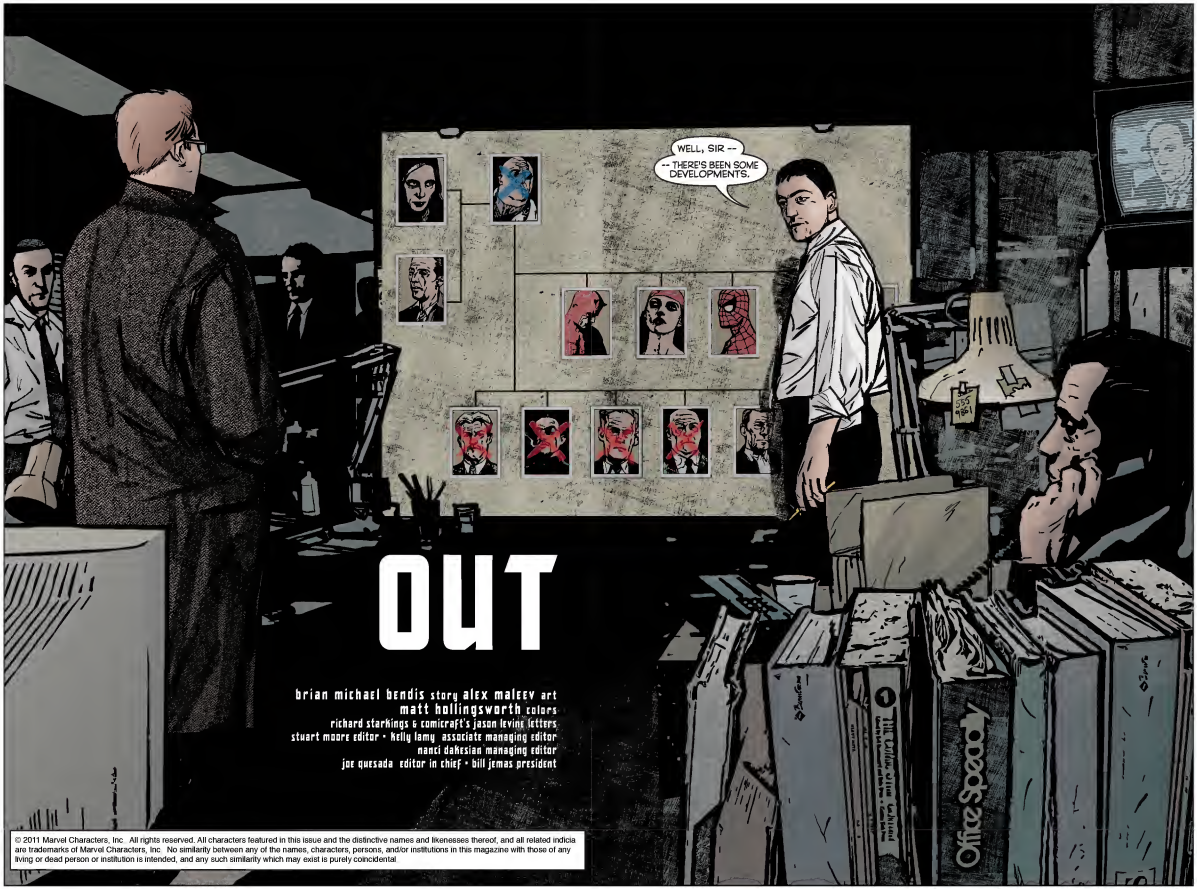

I SPEND THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES CHECKING OUT EVERY INCH OF THE ALLEY. NO SIGN OF ANY DEVICES, NO INSTRUMENTATION. NO NOTHING WHATEVER HE DID, HE DID IT ON HIS OWN
BUT AT LEAST I KNOW MORE NOW THAN I DID AN HOUR AGO
I KNOW SOMEBODY'S TAKING PEOPLE INTO WHAT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER KIND OF SPACE. I KNOW THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF QUID PRO QUO GOING ON HERE, AND THAT HE WAS IN STIR
BETWEEN THAT AND THE BLACK STAR TATTOO AT LEAST I'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO START
WHAT I DON'T HAVE IS WHAT HIS CONNECTION IS TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND WHY MAINLY GO AFTER GUYS WHO'RE USERS?
ONE THING AT A TIME, PETER. ONE THING AT A TIME


THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING.
HAVING TO PUT ON MAKEUP SO AUNT MAY WON'T FLIP OUT AT THE BRUISES BUT IT'S NECESSARY. SHE'S STILL ADJUSTING TO THE TRUTH, AND I'D LIKE TO EASE HER INTO IT WITH A MINIMUM OF TRAUMA.
HOW MANY SUPER HEROES HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MATCHING THEIR SKIN TONE TO THE RIGHT FOUNDATION?
WELL, OKAY, THERE'S ALWAYS SHE-HULK.
GOOD THING I GOT TO SEE MJ PUTTING HERSELF THROUGH HER FACES EVERY MORNING. LOOKING FLAWLESS DOESN'T COME EASY.
NOT THAT SHE EVER NEEDED ANYTHING TO LOOK FLAWLESS TO ME.
BRIIING
COMING...
HEY, AND HOW'S THE PRETTIEST LADY THIS SIDE OF THE MONA LISA DOING TODAY?
FINE, PETER. YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.

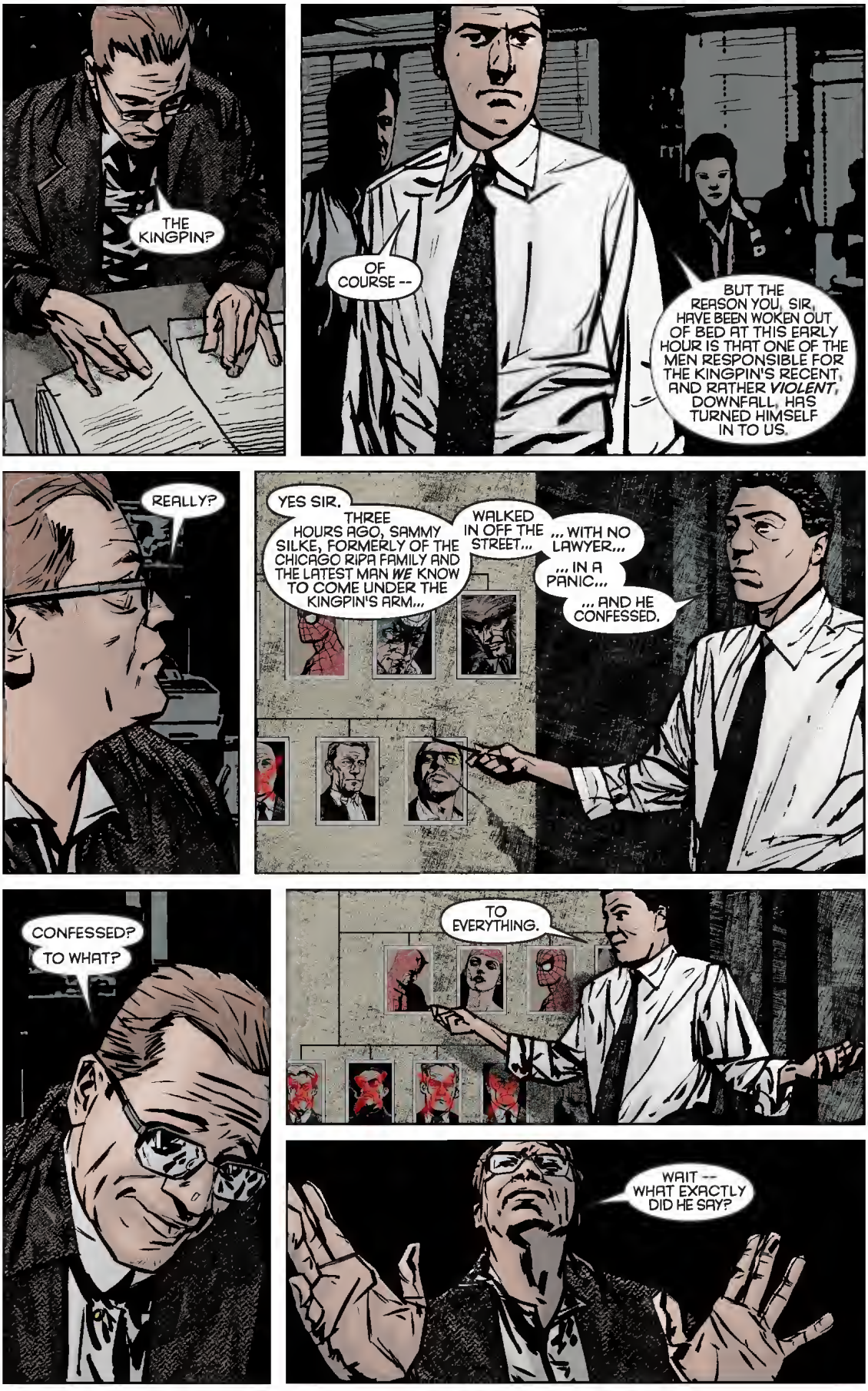

A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOUNDATION, BUT OTHERWISE VERY WELL INDEED.
UHM...THANKS SO. WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TO DINNER TONIGHT? WE --
ANYWHERE, PETER, BUT BEFORE THAT --
I ALWAYS HATE IT WHEN THERE'S A BEFORE THAT.
MARY JANE CALLED TODAY.
OH.
I WAS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE DURING OUR TALK, BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH TO SAY. AND I WAS THINKING, AND I CALLED HER BACK.
DID YOU KNOW SHE'S COMING OUT HERE FOR A SHOOT NEXT WEEK?
NO. NO, I...I DIDN'T.
SHE SAID... SHE SAID SHE'D LIKE TO SEE YOU. IF YOU WANTED TO SEE HER.
YEAH YEAH, AUNT MAY. I THINK I WOULD AT THAT.
to be continued

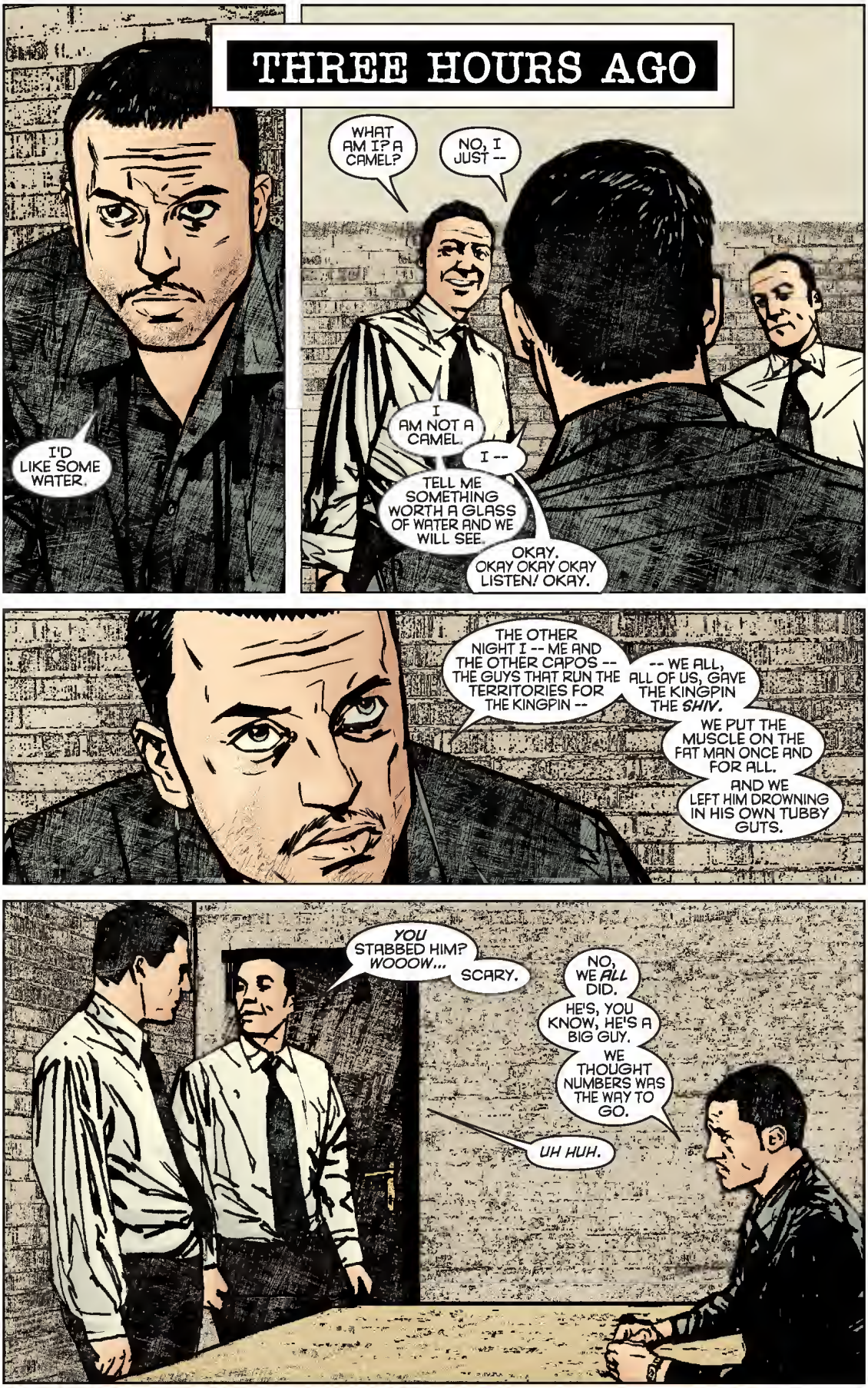

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One Federal Plaza
FBI HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN 3:11AM
GOOD MORNING, MR. DAVIS.
IT'S THREE O'CLOCK IN THE #@$!@ING MORNING.
YES SIR.
NICE PAJAMAS, SIR.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A MOUTH, AGENT DRIVER?
NO, SIR.
I HAPPENED TO HAVE WORN THESE PAJAMAS ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.
REALLY?
ONE -- BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO FEEL *VERY* GUILTY ABOUT DRAGGING ME INTO THE CITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
TWO -- BECAUSE THEY REMIND *ME* OF HOW MUCH *MORE MONEY* I MAKE THAN YOU --
AND THREE --
YOU LOOK DAMN GOOD IN THEM?
DAMN STRAIGHT.
ALL RIGHT, CAN I HAVE A DANISH? I WOULD LIKE A DANISH.
NO, SIR.
WHY?
BECAUSE IT'S --
-- THREE IN THE MORNING.
YES SIR.
WELL, THAT'S -- THAT'S REALLY --
OK, THEN -- LET'S HEAR IT.
DAZZLE ME.



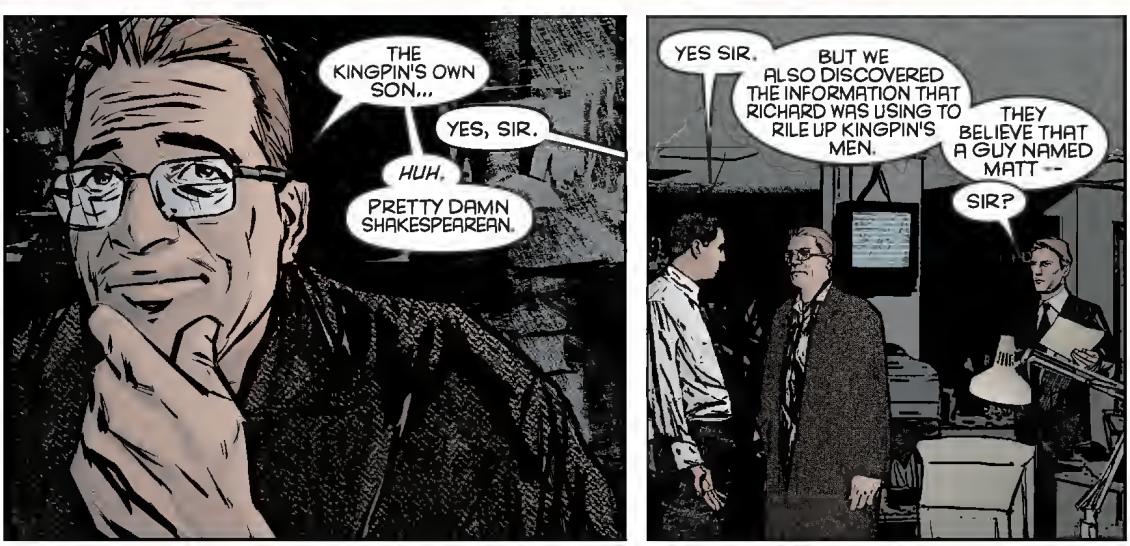
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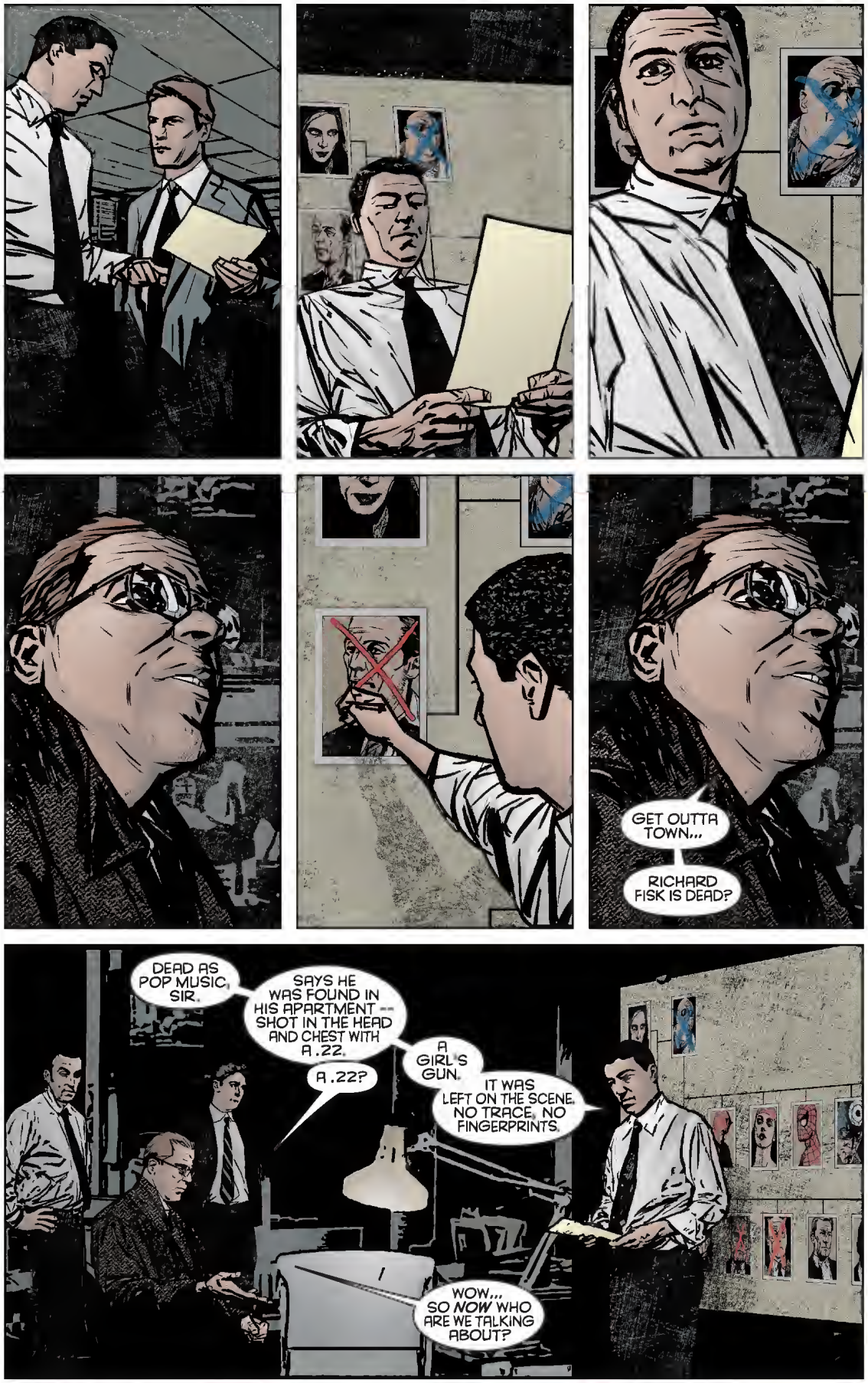

THE KINGPIN?
OF COURSE --
BUT THE REASON YOU, SIR, HAVE BEEN WOKEN OUT OF BED AT THIS EARLY HOUR IS THAT ONE OF THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE KINGPIN'S RECENT, AND RATHER VIOLENT, DOWNFALL, HAS TURNED HIMSELF IN TO US.
REALLY?
YES SIR.
THREE HOURS AGO, SAMMY SILKE, FORMERLY OF THE CHICAGO RIPA FAMILY AND THE LATEST MAN WE KNOW TO COME UNDER THE KINGPIN'S ARM...
WALKED IN OFF THE STREET...
... WITH NO LAWYER...
... IN A PANIC...
... AND HE CONFESSED.
CONFESSED? TO WHAT?
TO EVERYTHING.
WAIT -- WHAT EXACTLY DID HE SAY?

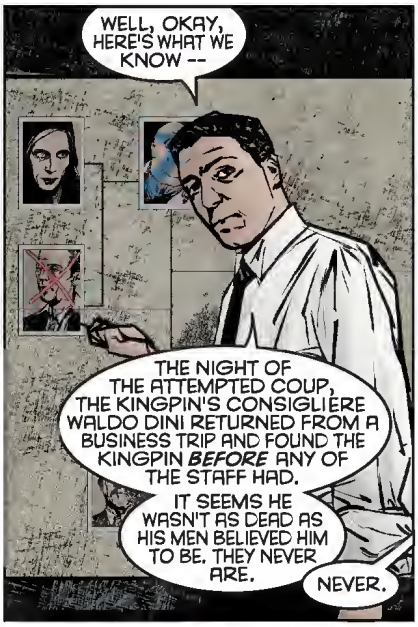

THREE HOURS AGO
I'D LIKE SOME WATER.
WHAT AM I? A CAMEL?
NO, I JUST --
I AM NOT A CAMEL.
I --
TELL ME SOMETHING WORTH A GLASS OF WATER AND WE WILL SEE.
OKAY. OKAY OKAY OKAY LISTEN! OKAY.
THE OTHER NIGHT I -- ME AND THE OTHER CAPOS -- THE GUYS THAT RUN THE TERRITORIES FOR THE KINGPIN --
-- WE ALL, ALL OF US, GAVE THE KINGPIN THE *SHIV.*
WE PUT THE MUSCLE ON THE FAT MAN ONCE AND FOR ALL.
AND WE LEFT HIM DROWNING IN HIS OWN TUBBY GUTS.
YOU STABBED HIM? *WOOOW...*
SCARY.
NO, WE *ALL* DID.
HE'S, YOU KNOW, HE'S A BIG GUY.
WE THOUGHT NUMBERS WAS THE WAY TO GO.
UH HUH.

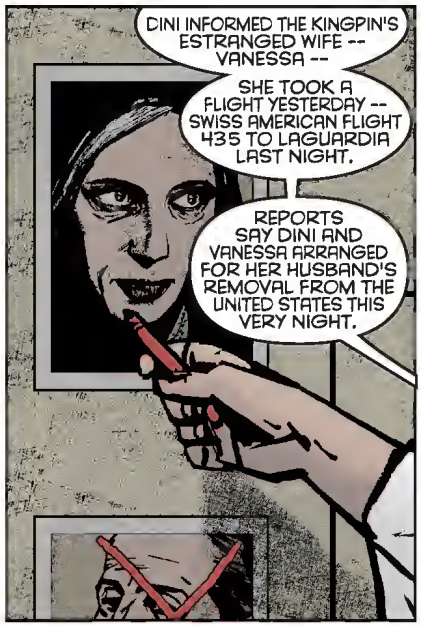

AND THE DEAL WAS -- THE DEAL WAS THAT I WAS GOING TO BE RUNNING THINGS.
THAT NOW I WAS IN CHARGE OF NEW YORK.
BUT...
BUT JUST A COUPLE HOURS AGO.
RIGHT IN -- RIGHT IN PUBLIC -- OUT IN THE OPEN --
-- THEY TRIED TO WHACK ME.
BAM BAM
BAM
WE HAVE CONFIRMED THAT A FEW HOURS AGO --
DEAN MARTINI --
FRANK SLOANE --
AND SAMUEL SANCHEZ --
WERE ALL FOUND DEAD IN DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE CITY.
WE HAVE AGENTS WORKING WITH HOMICIDE RIGHT NOW AT THE CRIME SCENES.
BUT EARLY WORD IS THAT THEY WERE PROFESSIONAL HITS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.
AND WHO DO WE THINK IS AUTHORIZING THESE HITS?


WHO?
IT WAS RICHARD FISK.
RICHARD -- THE KINGPIN'S SON?
I WAS SUCH A CHUMP, MAN!
THIS GUY, THIS GUY HE WAS WORKING ALL OF US! HE WAS WORKING ALL THE ANGLES.
I MEAN -- *YEAH* -- HE KNEW I WAS HORNY FOR AN ANGLE ON THE KINGPIN.
WITH HIM BEING BLIND AND ALL IT JUST LOOKED LIKE THE TIME WAS *RIGHT*, RIGHT?
AND WHEN I CAME TO NEW YORK -- YOU COULD SEE THAT EVERYONE WORKING FOR HIM HAD ***HAD*** IT WITH THE TUBBY LOAD.
JUST HAD IT.
THAT'S WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT RICHARD WAS PLANTING SEEDS, LIKE, THE WHOLE TIME.
THE GUY JUST SAT THERE AND WHISPERED STUFF TO THE MEN THAT THEY WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW.
SECRET STUFF.
RILING THEM UP.


THE KINGPIN'S OWN SON...
YES, SIR.
HUH.
PRETTY DAMN SHAKESPEAREAN.
YES SIR.
BUT WE ALSO DISCOVERED THE INFORMATION THAT RICHARD WAS USING TO RILE UP KINGPIN'S MEN.
THEY BELIEVE THAT A GUY NAMED MATT --
SIR?


GET OUTTA TOWN...
RICHARD FISK IS DEAD?
DEAD AS POP MUSIC, SIR.
SAYS HE WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT -- SHOT IN THE HEAD AND CHEST WITH A .22.
A .22?
A GIRL'S GUN.
IT WAS LEFT ON THE SCENE. NO TRACE. NO FINGERPRINTS.
WOW... SO *NOW* WHO ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?


WELL, OKAY, HERE'S WHAT WE KNOW --
THE NIGHT OF THE ATTEMPTED COUP, THE KINGPIN'S CONSIGLIERE WALDO DINI RETURNED FROM A BUSINESS TRIP AND FOUND THE KINGPIN *BEFORE* ANY OF THE STAFF HAD.
IT SEEMS HE WASN'T AS DEAD AS HIS MEN BELIEVED HIM TO BE. THEY NEVER ARE.
NEVER.


DINI INFORMED THE KINGPIN'S ESTRANGED WIFE -- VANESSA --
SHE TOOK A FLIGHT YESTERDAY -- SWISS AMERICAN FLIGHT 435 TO LAGUARDIA LAST NIGHT.
REPORTS SAY DINI AND VANESSA ARRANGED FOR HER HUSBAND'S REMOVAL FROM THE UNITED STATES THIS VERY NIGHT.


WE, OF COURSE, FOUND THIS OUT AFTER THE FACT, OR WE WOULD HAVE STOPPED IT.


WE HEARD FROM OUR SOURCE AT THE DAILY BUGLE THAT MR. DINI *HIMSELF* CALLED THE PAPER TO FALSELY INFORM THEM THAT WILSON FISK WAS DEAD.


SO THE MEN WOULD *THINK* THEY DID THEIR JOB...


MR. DINI HAS NO AUTHORITY WITHIN THE FAMILIES TO ATTEMPT SOMETHING LIKE THIS HIMSELF.
HE WOULD HAVE TO GET PERMISSION OF THE OTHER FIVE FAMILIES AND I DON'T THINK HE WOULD GET IT.

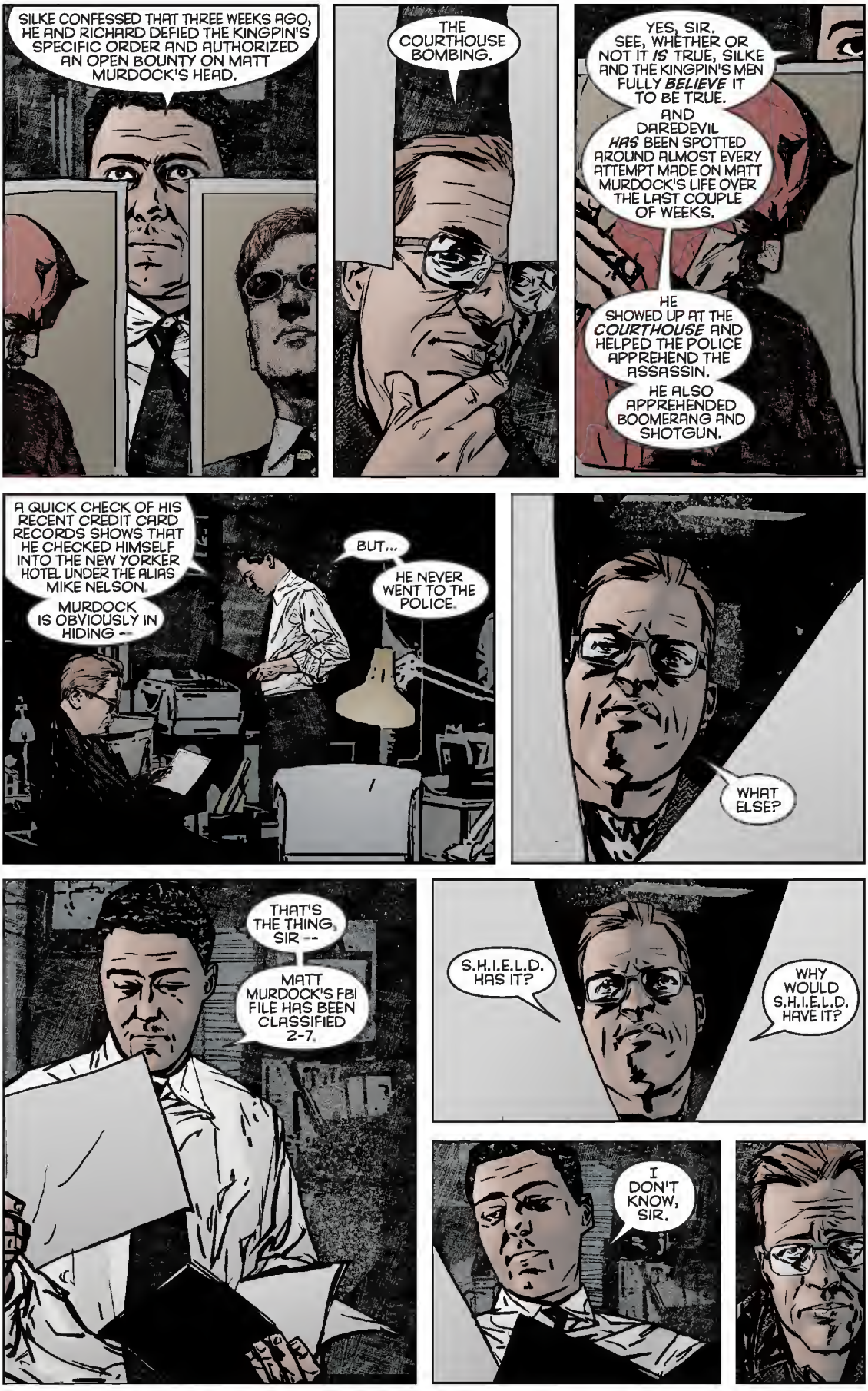

SO WHAT ARE WE SAYING?

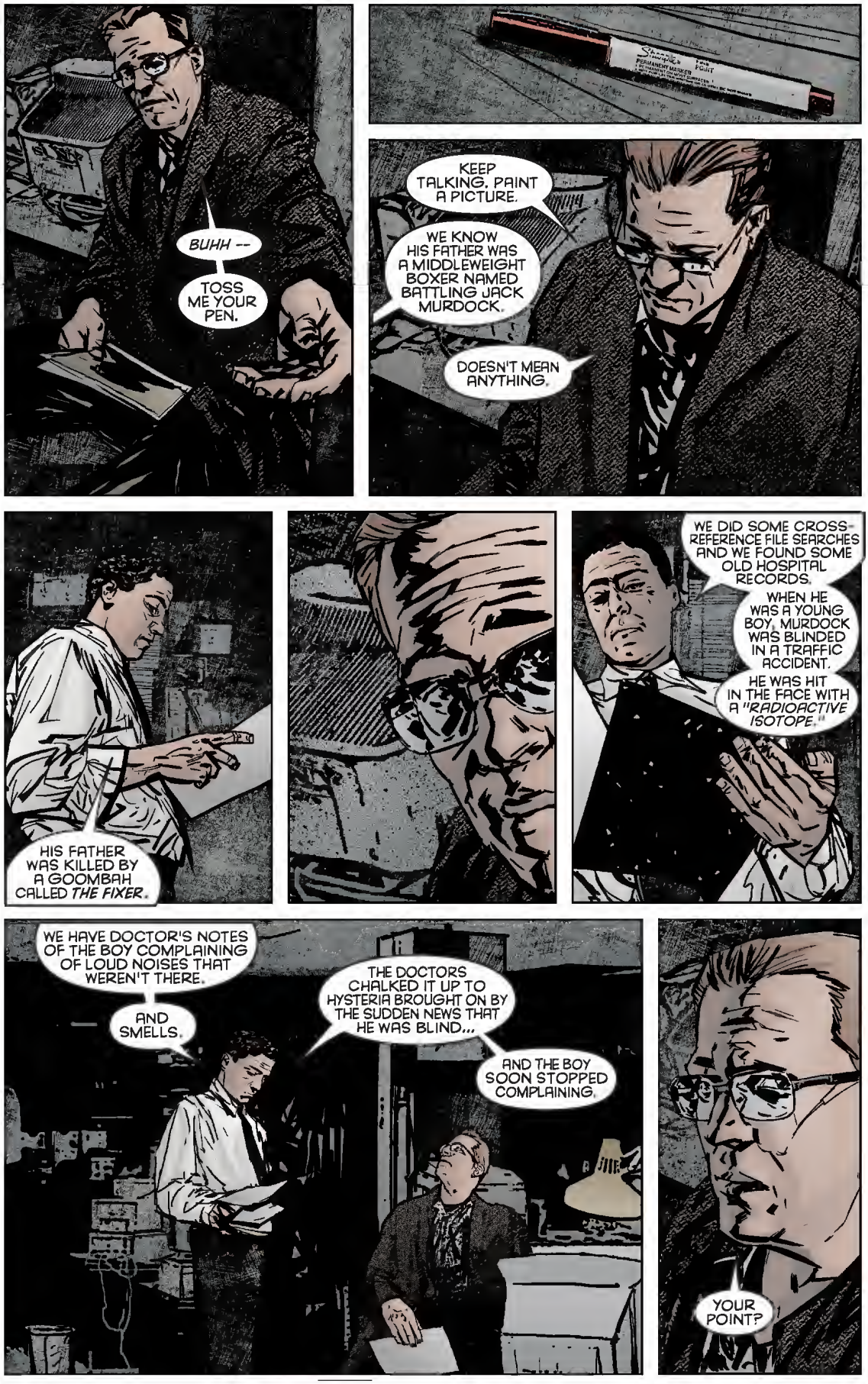

THERE'S REALLY NO ONE LEFT...
I SAY VANESSA FISK CALLED THE HITS HERSELF.
WOW...
YES, SIR.
THAT'S A WHOLE NEW GAGGLE OF APPLES.
IT SEEMS SO, SIR. BUT...
WOW.
RICHARD FISK IS DEAD.
MOTHER KILLS HER OWN SON.
GODDAMN -- NOW THAT IS SHAKESPEAREAN.
BUT, HMMM, I DON'T KNOW. VANESSA NEVER GOT DIRTY LIKE HER HUSBAND, SHE...
WELL, IMAGINE.
YOUR OWN SON TRIES TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND.
AND -- AND IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME.
YES, SURE. THE ROSE.
RICHARD FISK USED TO GO UNDER THE NAME OF "THE ROSE."

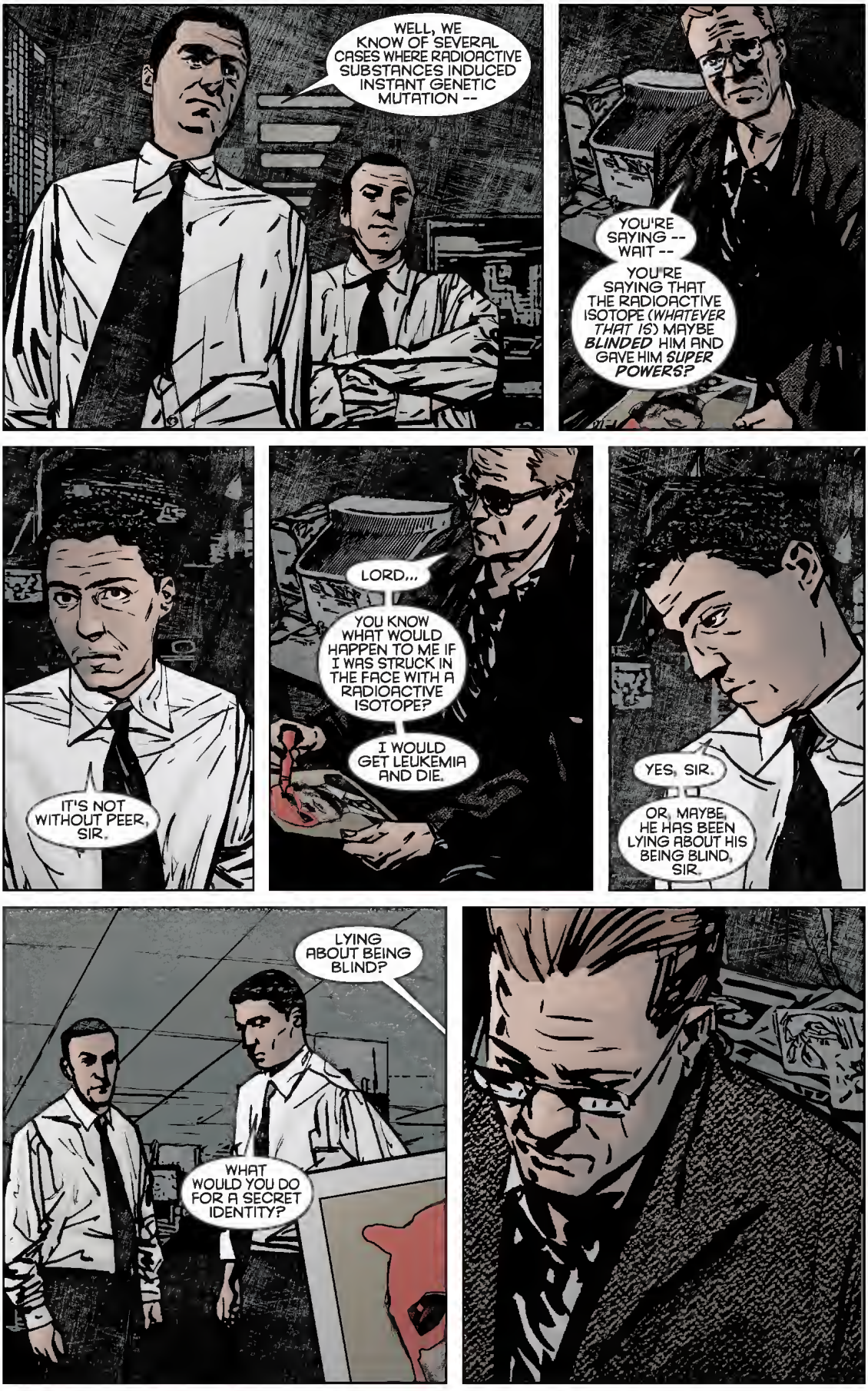

ALL RIGHT. I THINK ALL THIS COULD HAVE WAITED 'TIL MORNING, BUT IT WAS A JUDGMENT CALL AND I DON'T BLAME YOU --
I'M GOING TO GO HOME. YOU GUYS GET A GOOD NIGHT'S --
SIR...
THERE'S MORE?
IT'S SAM SILKE, SIR...
YES -- *YEAH* -- JUST BOOK HIM.
ATTEMPTED MURDER. CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER. RACKETEERING. THROW THE DAMN BOOK AT HIM FOR EVERY STUPID THING HE CONFESSED TO...
... BUT DO IT PRISTINE. LET'S MAKE IT STICK FOREVER.
SIR, HE GAVE US SOMETHING.
HE OFFERED US SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE FOR PROTECTION.
WHAT? HIS FATHER?
NO, SIR.

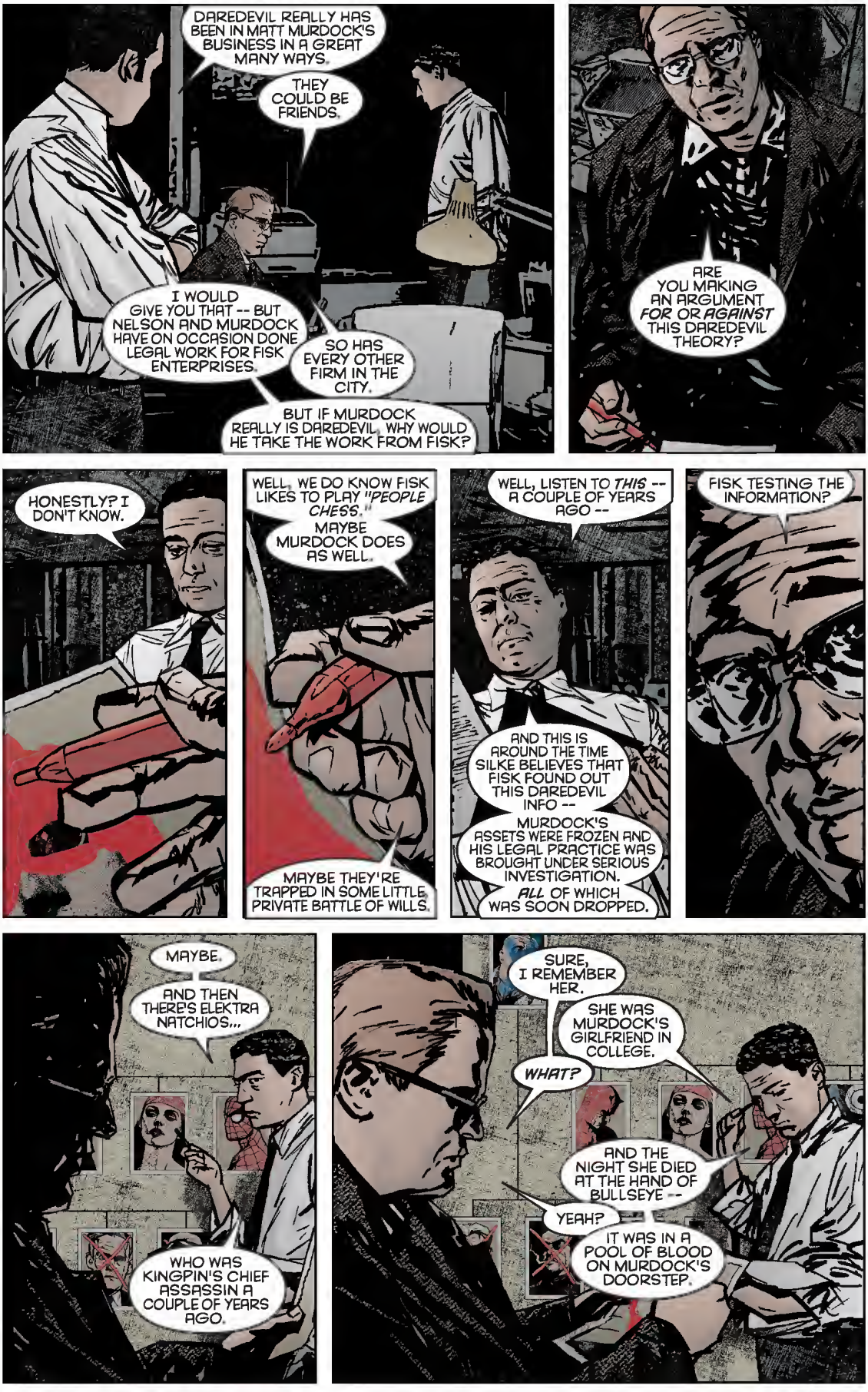

WHAT IS THIS?
HE SAYS THAT THAT MAN, MATTHEW MURDOCK...
THE ATTORNEY? I KNOW HIM.
I'VE MET HIM.
SILKE SAYS THAT IT IS WELL KNOWN WITHIN THE KINGPIN CAMP...
THAT HE IS, IN FACT, DAREDEVIL.
HA! HAHA! -SNORT- WHAT?
AGENT DRIVER -- THIS MAN IS BLIND AS A BAT.
YES, SIR.
I'VE MET HIM.
HE'S BLIND. HE CAN'T SEE!
ARE YOU SERIOUS? THIS -- THAT'S RIDICULOUS.


OKAY, GUYS, NOW -- THIS PART -- *THIS* PART IS ALL THIRD HAND...
BUT THE WORD IS THAT THE KINGPIN FOUND OUT WHO DAREDEVIL *REALLY* WAS -- AND DECIDED TO KEEP THAT INFORMATION TO HIMSELF.
NOW, I DON'T KNOW *HOW* RICHARD FOUND OUT -- HE OVERHEARD IT? OR KINGPIN TOLD HIM IN A FATHERLY MOMENT? I DON'T KNOW -- BUT RICHARD FOUND OUT TOO.
AND RICHARD IS, LIKE, *FUF*, HE TOLD EVERYONE.
ONE BY ONE... ALL THE KINGPIN'S MEN FOUND OUT THE *ONE* THING THE KINGPIN DIDN'T WANT THEM TO KNOW.
ABOUT DAREDEVIL.
AND ONE BY ONE... THEY ALL STARTED REALLY *RESENTING* KINGPIN -- BUT THEY DON'T DO NOTHIN' ABOUT IT BECAUSE THEY'RE SCARED OUT OF THEIR FRICKIN' MINDS AND --
WAIT, WHY WOULD THE KINGPIN JUST LET DAREDEVIL RIDE ALL OVER HIM LIKE THAT?
THAT'S WHAT *I* ASKED.
RICHARD SAID THAT HIS DAD WAS ALL SAYING STUFF LIKE THE ENEMY YOU *KNOW* IS BETTER THAN THE ENEMY YOU *DON'T*.
HMMM...
YOU CAN "*HMMM*"... ALL YOU WANT -- I'M TELLING YOU -- THAT THIS IS WHY THE KINGPIN GOT THE SHIV.
HIS ARROGANT FAT FACE WOULDN'T SHARE THIS INFO WITH THE OTHER FAMILIES?
OR BOTHER TO PROTECT HIS OWN MEN?


SILKE CONFESSED THAT THREE WEEKS AGO, HE AND RICHARD DEFIED THE KINGPIN'S SPECIFIC ORDER AND AUTHORIZED AN OPEN BOUNTY ON MATT MURDOCK'S HEAD.
THE COURTHOUSE BOMBING.
YES, SIR. SEE, WHETHER OR NOT IT *IS* TRUE, SILKE AND THE KINGPIN'S MEN FULLY ***BELIEVE*** IT TO BE TRUE.
AND DAREDEVIL ***HAS*** BEEN SPOTTED AROUND ALMOST EVERY ATTEMPT MADE ON MATT MURDOCK'S LIFE OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS.
HE SHOWED UP AT THE ***COURTHOUSE*** AND HELPED THE POLICE APPREHEND THE ASSASSIN.
HE ALSO APPREHENDED BOOMERANG AND SHOTGUN.
A QUICK CHECK OF HIS RECENT CREDIT CARD RECORDS SHOWS THAT HE CHECKED HIMSELF INTO THE NEW YORKER HOTEL UNDER THE ALIAS MIKE NELSON.
MURDOCK IS OBVIOUSLY IN HIDING --
BUT...
HE NEVER WENT TO THE POLICE.
WHAT ELSE?
THAT'S THE THING, SIR --
MATT MURDOCK'S FBI FILE HAS BEEN CLASSIFIED 2-7.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS IT?
WHY WOULD S.H.I.E.L.D. HAVE IT?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR.

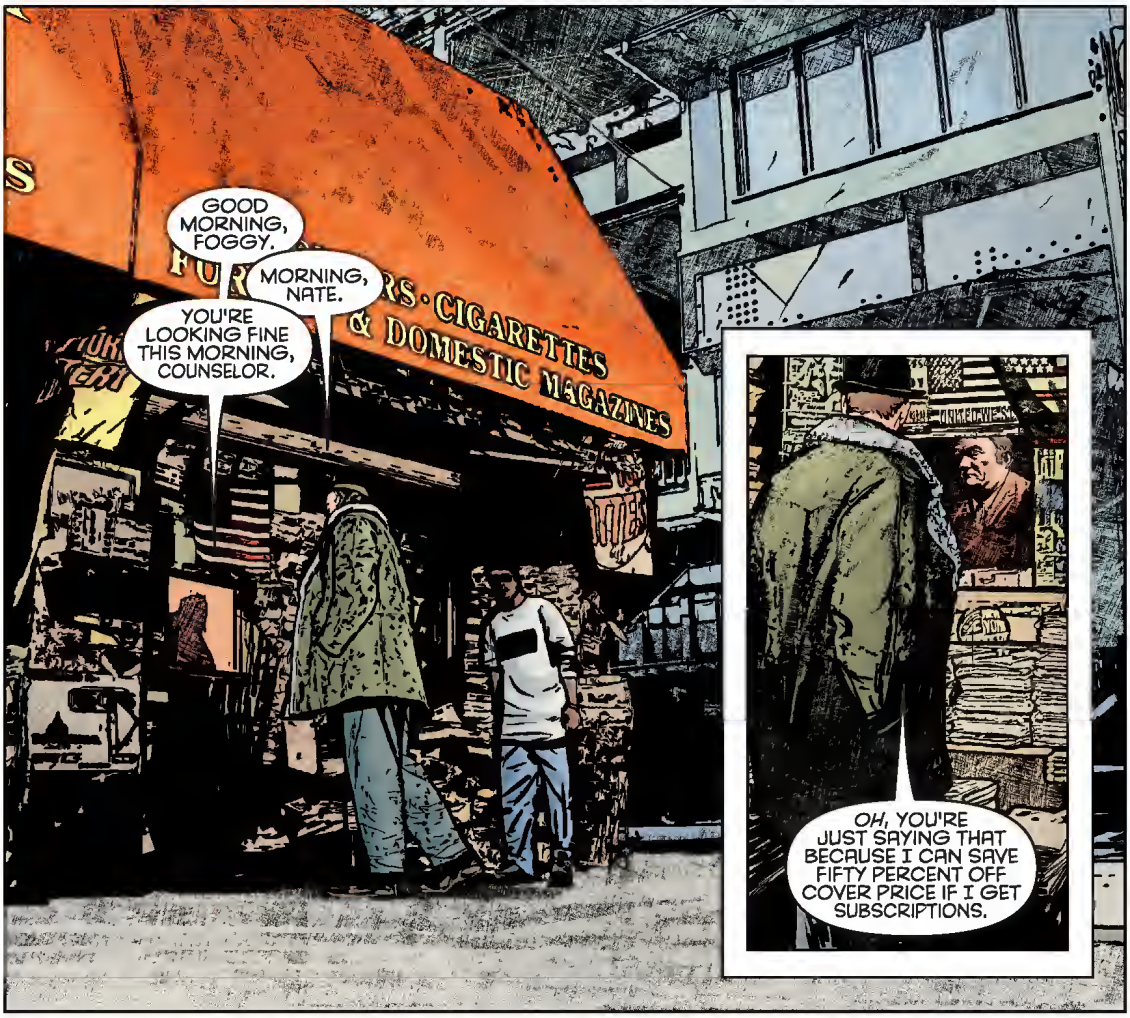

BUHH --
TOSS ME YOUR PEN.
KEEP TALKING. PAINT A PICTURE.
WE KNOW HIS FATHER WAS A MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXER NAMED BATTLING JACK MURDOCK.
DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.
HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY A GOOMBAH CALLED *THE FIXER*.
WE DID SOME CROSS-REFERENCE FILE SEARCHES AND WE FOUND SOME OLD HOSPITAL RECORDS.
WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG BOY, MURDOCK WAS BLINDED IN A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.
HE WAS HIT IN THE FACE WITH A "*RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE*."
WE HAVE DOCTOR'S NOTES OF THE BOY COMPLAINING OF LOUD NOISES THAT WEREN'T THERE.
AND SMELLS.
THE DOCTORS CHALKED IT UP TO HYSTERIA BROUGHT ON BY THE SUDDEN NEWS THAT HE WAS BLIND...
AND THE BOY SOON STOPPED COMPLAINING.
YOUR POINT?


WELL, WE KNOW OF SEVERAL CASES WHERE RADIOACTIVE SUBSTANCES INDUCED INSTANT GENETIC MUTATION --
YOU'RE SAYING -- WAIT --
YOU'RE SAYING THAT THE RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE (WHATEVER THAT IS) MAYBE BLINDED HIM AND GAVE HIM SUPER POWERS?
IT'S NOT WITHOUT PEER, SIR.
LORD...
YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME IF I WAS STRUCK IN THE FACE WITH A RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE?
I WOULD GET LEUKEMIA AND DIE.
YES, SIR.
OR, MAYBE, HE HAS BEEN LYING ABOUT HIS BEING BLIND, SIR.
LYING ABOUT BEING BLIND?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR A SECRET IDENTITY?


DAREDEVIL REALLY HAS BEEN IN MATT MURDOCK'S BUSINESS IN A GREAT MANY WAYS.
THEY COULD BE FRIENDS.
I WOULD GIVE YOU THAT -- BUT NELSON AND MURDOCK HAVE ON OCCASION DONE LEGAL WORK FOR FISK ENTERPRISES.
SO HAS EVERY OTHER FIRM IN THE CITY.
BUT IF MURDOCK REALLY IS DAREDEVIL, WHY WOULD HE TAKE THE WORK FROM FISK?
ARE YOU MAKING AN ARGUMENT *FOR* OR *AGAINST* THIS DAREDEVIL THEORY?
HONESTLY? I DON'T KNOW.
WELL, WE DO KNOW FISK LIKES TO PLAY *"PEOPLE CHESS."*
MAYBE MURDOCK DOES AS WELL.
MAYBE THEY'RE TRAPPED IN SOME LITTLE PRIVATE BATTLE OF WILLS.
WELL, LISTEN TO *THIS* -- A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO --
AND THIS IS AROUND THE TIME SILKE BELIEVES THAT FISK FOUND OUT THIS DAREDEVIL INFO --
MURDOCK'S ASSETS WERE FROZEN AND HIS LEGAL PRACTICE WAS BROUGHT UNDER SERIOUS INVESTIGATION.
ALL OF WHICH WAS SOON DROPPED.
FISK TESTING THE INFORMATION?
MAYBE.
AND THEN THERE'S ELEKTRA NATCHIOS...
WHO WAS KINGPIN'S CHIEF ASSASSIN A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.
SURE, I REMEMBER HER.
SHE WAS MURDOCK'S GIRLFRIEND IN COLLEGE.
WHAT?
AND THE NIGHT SHE DIED AT THE HAND OF BULLSEYE --
YEAH?
IT WAS IN A POOL OF BLOOD ON MURDOCK'S DOORSTEP.


WE'RE HAVING A BULLET POINT LIST DRAWN UP --
GOOD. PUT IT ON MY DESK.
BUT I THINK THAT ANY *DAREDEVIL*-RELATED BUSINESS IS GOING TO END UP BEING *S.H.I.E.L.D.* BUSINESS.
AND NOT *OUR* BUSINESS.
I'LL REVIEW YOUR WORK AND THE DIRECTOR AND I WILL PLAN OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE.
SILKE DOESN'T GET PROTECTION.
YOU LET HIM KNOW HE'S GOING TO ROT IN FEDERAL PRISON UNLESS HE CHANGES HIS SPOTS AND GIVES US SOMETHING WE CAN USE --
SOMETHING ON HIS FATHER.
I WANT SURVEILLANCE STARTED ON VANESSA FISK, IF SHE'S STILL IN THE COUNTRY.
AND I WANT TO CONTACT INTERPOL ABOUT WILSON FISK'S WHEREABOUTS.


MOST IMPORTANTLY --
I WANT MURDOCK LEFT ALONE.
THIS INFORMATION -- ACCURATE OR NOT -- HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR OBJECTIVES OR INVESTIGATION.
DAREDEVIL, WHOEVER HE IS, HAS DONE NOTHING BUT HELP OUR INVESTIGATIONS WHEN OUR HANDS ARE TIED --
AND THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS SIT ON THIS UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.
I HOPE I AM MAKING IT PERFECTLY CLEAR...
THIS INFORMATION STAYS IN THIS ROOM.


GOOD MORNING, FOGGY.
MORNING, NATE.
YOU'RE LOOKING FINE THIS MORNING, COUNSELOR.
& DOMESTIC MAGAZINES
OH, YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE I CAN SAVE FIFTY PERCENT OFF COVER PRICE IF I GET SUBSCRIPTIONS.


WELL, YOU GOT ME THERE.


Cigarette Rolling Machine
WHAT IS THIS?
THE GLOBE.
IS THIS REALLY THE GLOBE?
WHAT?

LATE CITY FINAL

DAILY GLOBE

50¢

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CONTINUES! page 6



GLOBE EXCLUSIVE!

PULP HERO OF HELL'S KITCHEN IS BLIND LAWYER

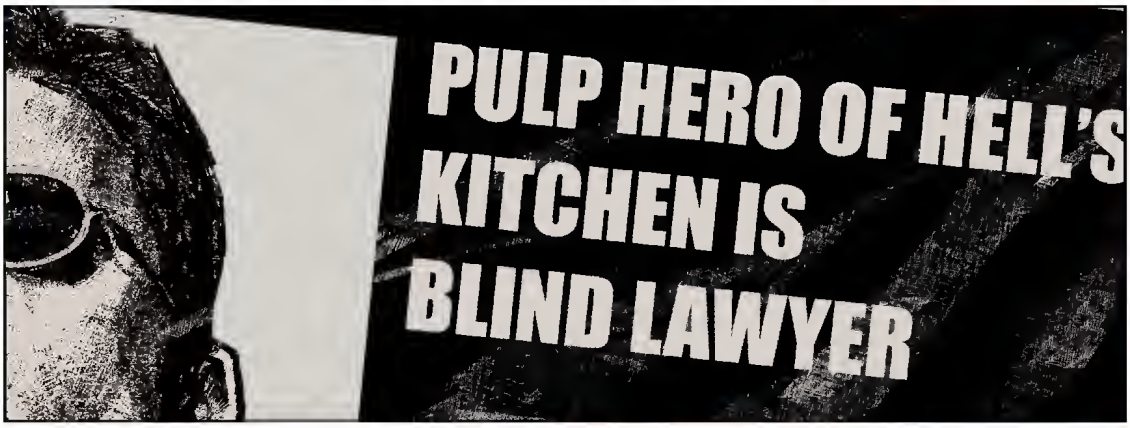




PAGE 2-4






PULP HERO OF HELL'S
KITCHEN IS
BLIND LAWYER


TO BE CONTINUED

MARVEL® COMICS

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



MARVEL

41

STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR
HANNA

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LOOKING BACK

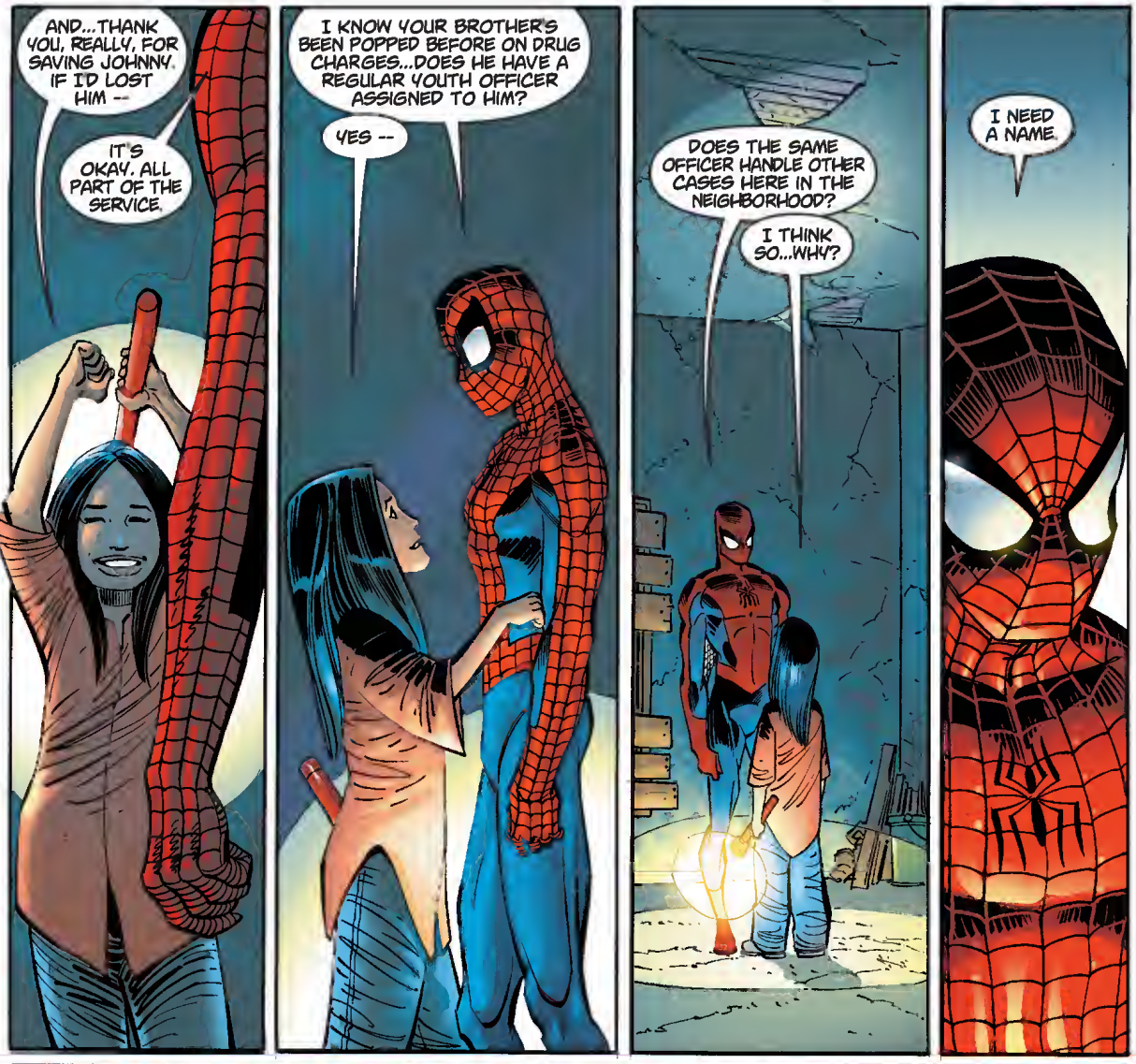
J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI writer
JOHN ROMITA jr pencils
SCOTT HANNA inks
DAN KEMP colors
RS & COMICRAFT's WES ABBOTT letters
JOHN MIESEGAES assistant editor
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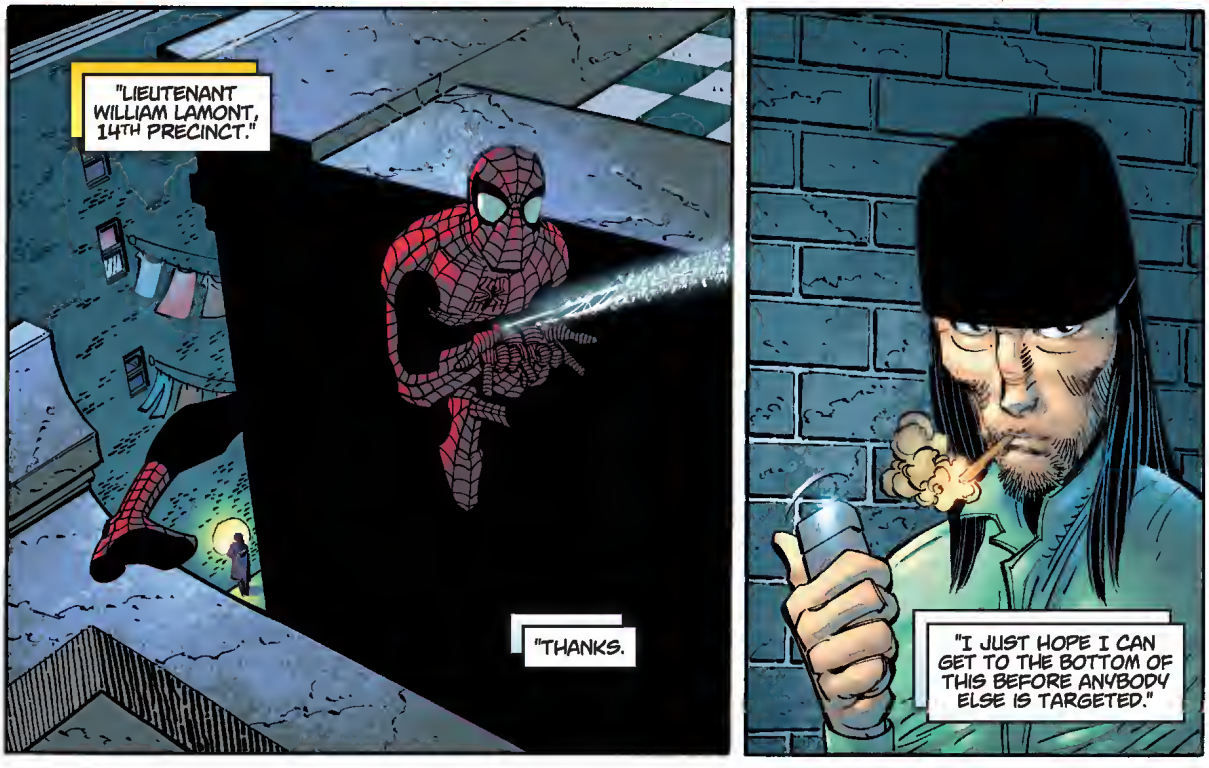


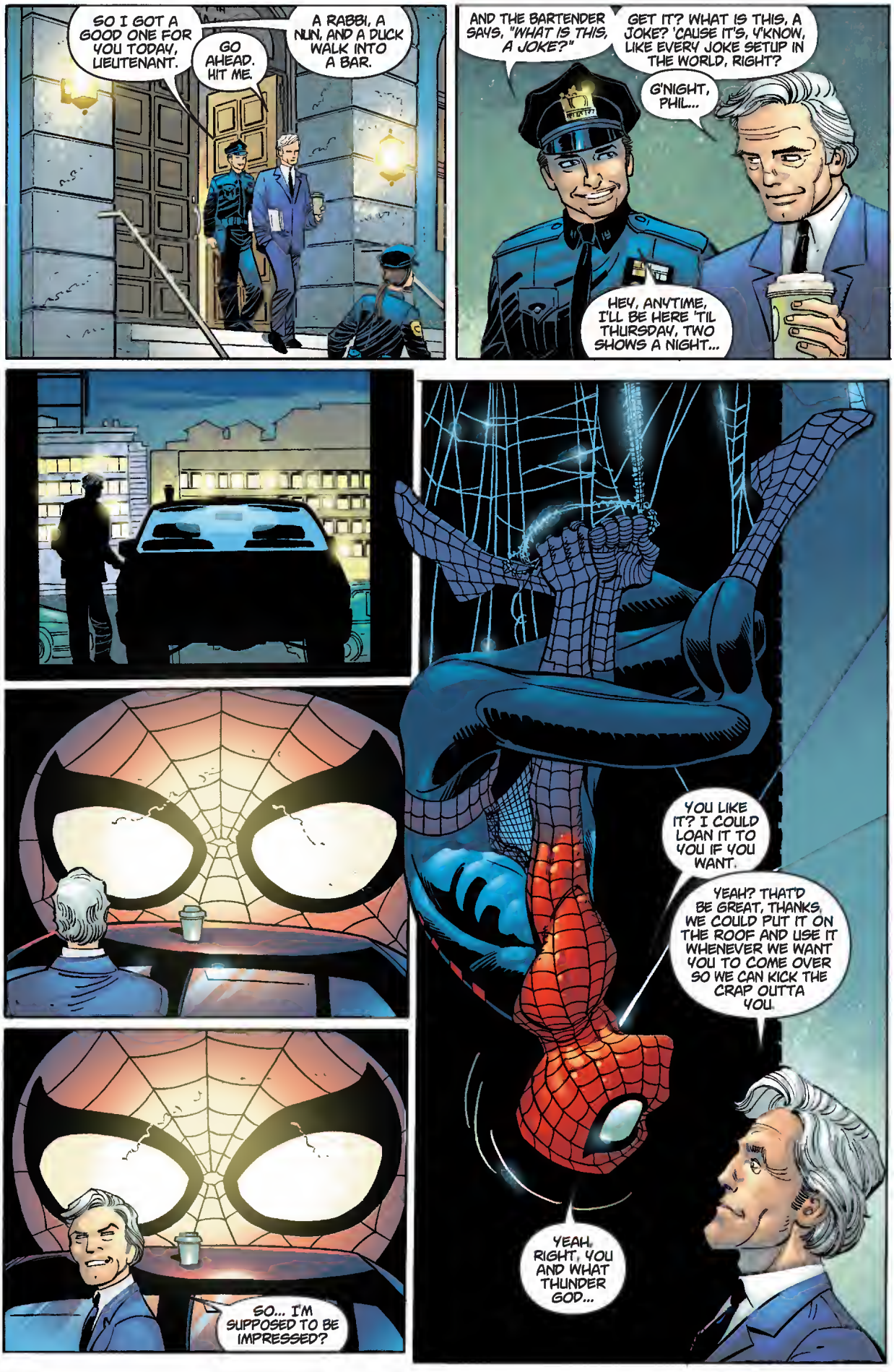
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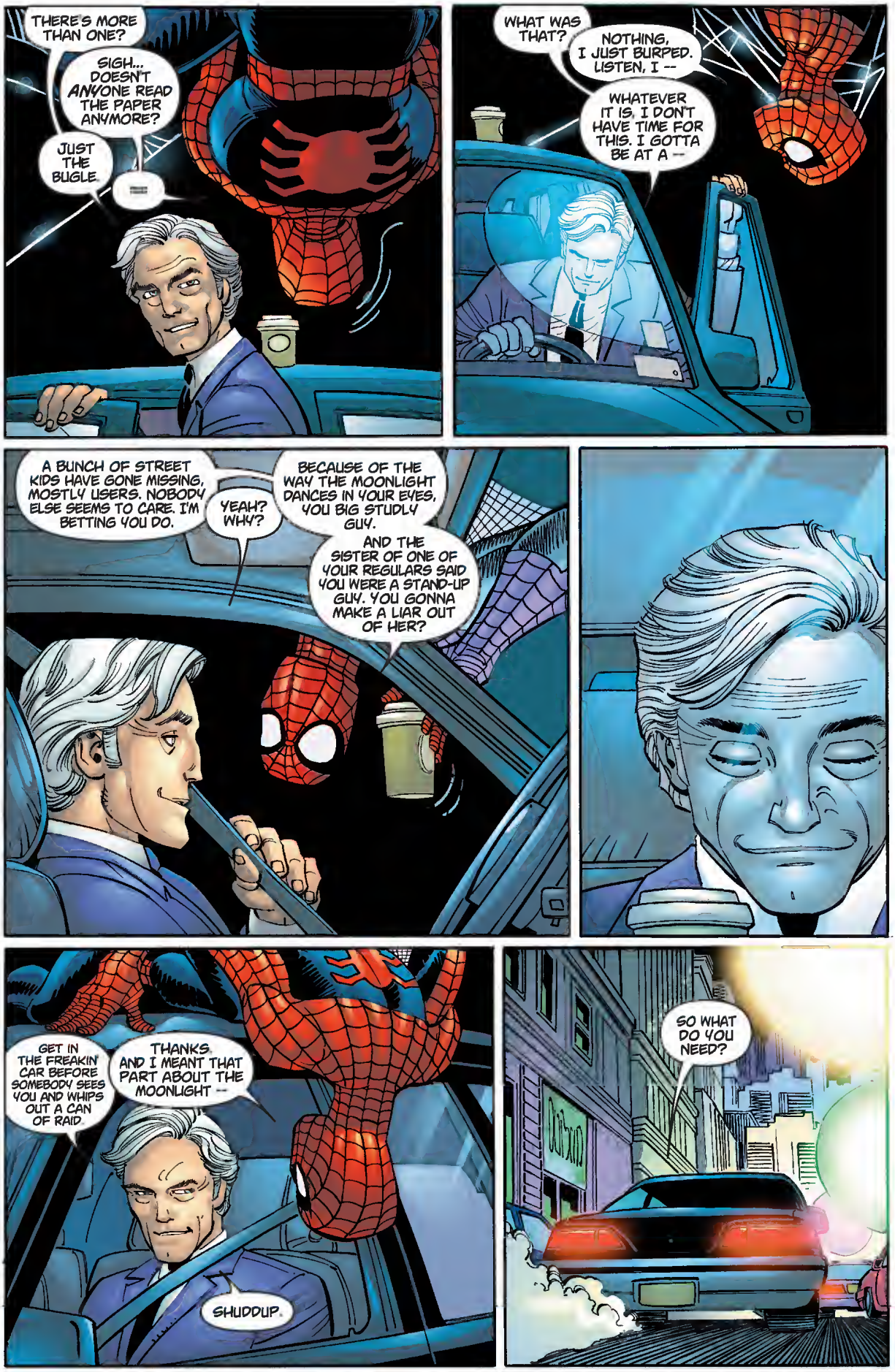

NOT THAT I HAD MUCH TO GO ON IN THE FIRST PLACE ABOUT THE GUY WHO'S BEEN GRABBING DOWN-AND-OUTERS IN THE FIRST PLACE: BLACK STAR TATTOO, PROBABLY EX-CON, CALLS HIMSELF THE SHADE AND DOES A DISAPPEARING ACT THAT COULD SHAME DAVID COPPERFIELD --
-- WHO I'VE ALWAYS FOUND A LITTLE CREEPY ANYWAY, PROBABLY SOMETHING ABOUT HIS HAIR, LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT A DEMON LIVING ON TOP OF HIS HEAD --
-- BUT I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING USEFUL ON ANY OF MY WEB SEARCHES.
HEH...SPIDER-MAN...WEB SEARCHES... THAT'S FUNNY. I SHOULD'VE TRADEMARKED THAT ONE. COULD'VE MADE A MINT.
WEB-CHATS, WEB-ZINES, WEB-BROWSERS, WEB-LINKS...
WITH ALL THAT WEBBING GOING ON, YOU'D THINK I'D BE BETTER LINKED.
HEY, MAYBE BILL GATES NEEDS A WEB MASCOT...
NAH...THEN I'D HAVE TO KEEP CHANGING MY NAME...SPIDEY98... SPIDEYME...SPIDEYXP... SPIDEYWHATDO YOUMEAN-IGOTTAUPGRADE*AGAIN*?
WHEN OBI-WAN TALKED ABOUT THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE, WHO KNEW HE WAS REFERRING TO WINDOWS...?

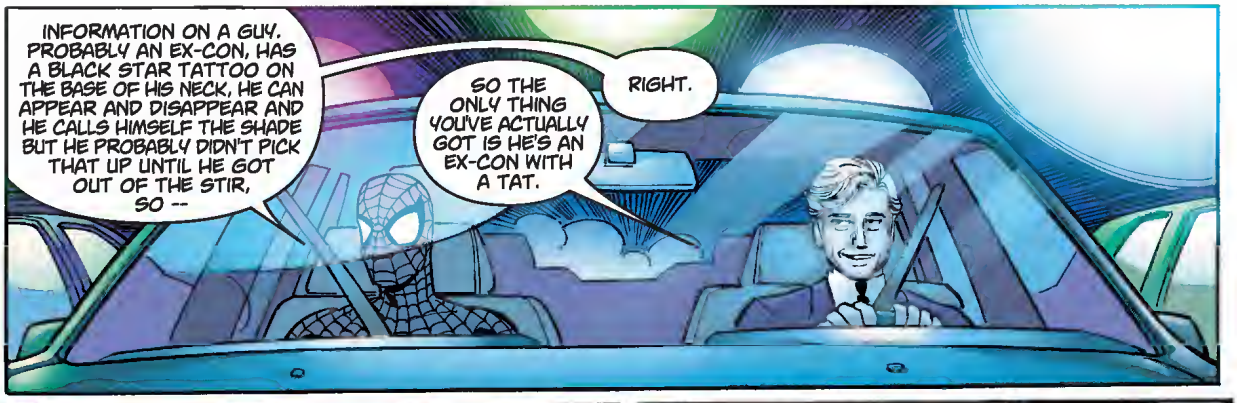

AND NOW I GET TO PLAY STUPID LIKE I DON'T KNOW IT'S JENNIFER SINCE SHE'S ONLY MET PETER, NOT ME.
HI, UHM, I'M LOOKING FOR JENNIFER.
YEAH, THAT'S ME.
GREAT, LISTEN, I --
SO WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHO AM I?
I TOLD YOU WHO I WAS, SHOULDN'T YOU?
YOU LIVE IN NEW YORK?
YEP.
YOU WATCH THE NEWS?
WHEN I'M NEAR A TV... YEP.
YOU EVER DO A WEB SEARCH?
YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH --
SO WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM? I SAVED YOUR BROTHER'S LIFE!
OH, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE... I JUST WANNA HEAR YOU SAY IT... Y'KNOW, DO THAT WHOLE SUPER HERO I AM SPIDER-MAN THING...
C'MON, I LIVE IN AN ABANDONED BASEMENT, I GOTTA GET SOME FUN IN SOMEWHERE...
I'M SPIDER-MAN.
HE SAID IT, HE SAID IT, HEE-HEE!
OKAY, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

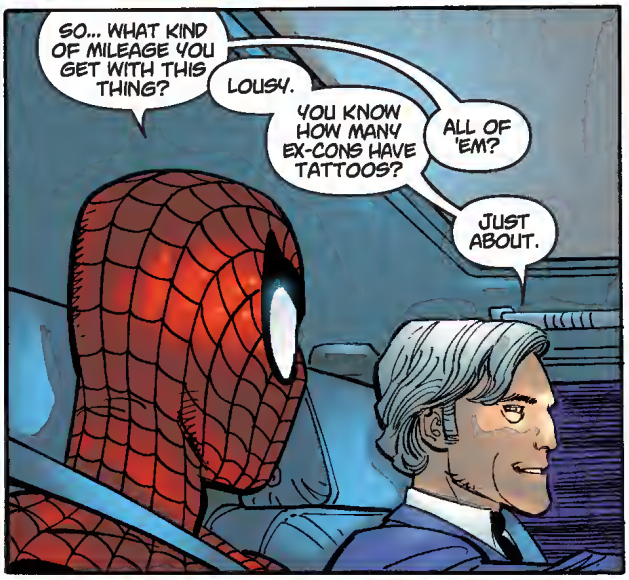

AND...THANK YOU, REALLY, FOR SAVING JOHNNY. IF I'D LOST HIM --
IT'S OKAY. ALL PART OF THE SERVICE.
I KNOW YOUR BROTHER'S BEEN POPPED BEFORE ON DRUG CHARGES...DOES HE HAVE A REGULAR YOUTH OFFICER ASSIGNED TO HIM?
YES --
DOES THE SAME OFFICER HANDLE OTHER CASES HERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?
I THINK SO...WHY?
I NEED A NAME.


"LIEUTENANT WILLIAM LAMONT, 14TH PRECINCT."
"THANKS.
"I JUST HOPE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE IS TARGETED."

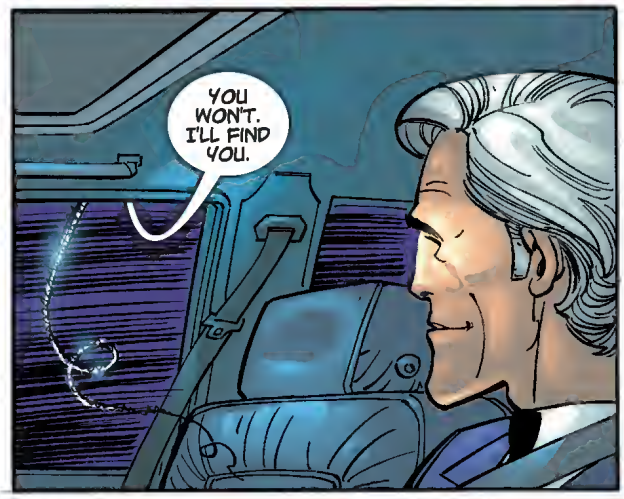

SO I GOT A GOOD ONE FOR YOU TODAY, LIEUTENANT.
GO AHEAD. HIT ME.
A RABBI, A NUN, AND A DUCK WALK INTO A BAR.
AND THE BARTENDER SAYS, "WHAT IS THIS, A JOKE?"
GET IT? WHAT IS THIS, A JOKE? 'CAUSE IT'S, Y'KNOW, LIKE EVERY JOKE SETUP IN THE WORLD, RIGHT?
G'NIGHT, PHIL...
HEY, ANYTIME, I'LL BE HERE 'TIL THURSDAY, TWO SHOWS A NIGHT...
YOU LIKE IT? I COULD LOAN IT TO YOU IF YOU WANT.
YEAH? THAT'D BE GREAT, THANKS. WE COULD PUT IT ON THE ROOF AND USE IT WHENEVER WE WANT YOU TO COME OVER SO WE CAN KICK THE CRAP OUTTA YOU.
YEAH, RIGHT. YOU AND WHAT THUNDER GOD...
SO... I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSED?


THERE'S MORE THAN ONE?
SIGH... DOESN'T ANYONE READ THE PAPER ANYMORE?
JUST THE BUGLE.
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING, I JUST BURPED. LISTEN, I --
WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. I GOTTA BE AT A --
A BUNCH OF STREET KIDS HAVE GONE MISSING, MOSTLY USERS. NOBODY ELSE SEEMS TO CARE. I'M BETTING YOU DO.
YEAH? WHY?
BECAUSE OF THE WAY THE MOONLIGHT DANCES IN YOUR EYES, YOU BIG STUDLY GUY.
AND THE SISTER OF ONE OF YOUR REGULARS SAID YOU WERE A STAND-UP GUY. YOU GONNA MAKE A LIAR OUT OF HER?
GET IN THE FREAKIN' CAR BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES YOU AND WHIPS OUT A CAN OF RAID.
THANKS. AND I MEANT THAT PART ABOUT THE MOONLIGHT --
SHUDDUP.
SO WHAT DO YOU NEED?


INFORMATION ON A GUY. PROBABLY AN EX-CON, HAS A BLACK STAR TATTOO ON THE BASE OF HIS NECK. HE CAN APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR AND HE CALLS HIMSELF THE SHADE BUT HE PROBABLY DIDN'T PICK THAT UP UNTIL HE GOT OUT OF THE STIR, SO --
SO THE ONLY THING YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT IS HE'S AN EX-CON WITH A TAT.
RIGHT.

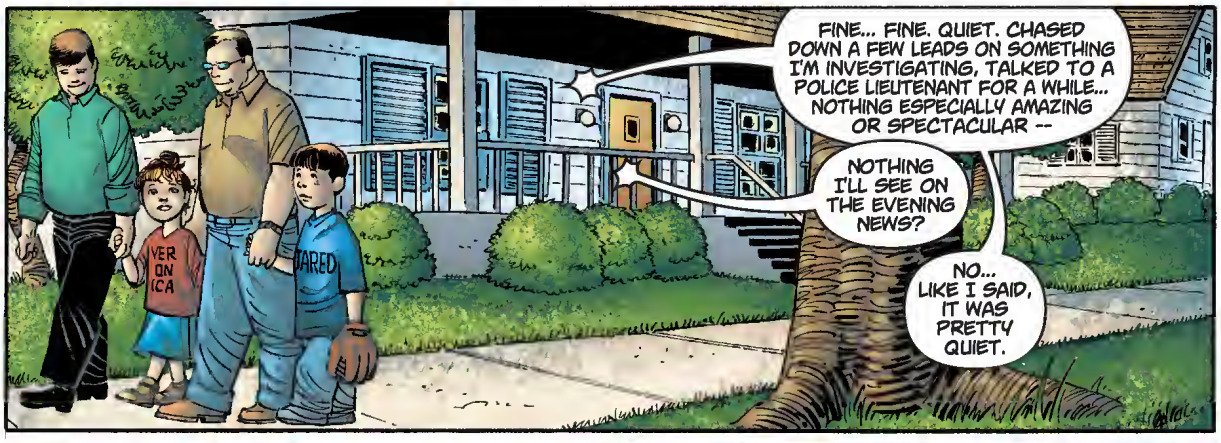

SO... WHAT KIND OF MILEAGE YOU GET WITH THIS THING?
LOUSY.
YOU KNOW HOW MANY EX-CONS HAVE TATTOOS?
ALL OF 'EM?
JUST ABOUT.


ALL RIGHT... I'LL MAKE A FEW CALLS, CHECK THE TAT FILES WE GOT ON THE COMPUTER, SHAKE A FEW TREES, SEE WHAT FALLS OUT. BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES, OKAY?
SUITS ME RIGHT DOWN TO THE GROUND. I'LL CHECK BACK TOMORROW.
HOW WILL I --

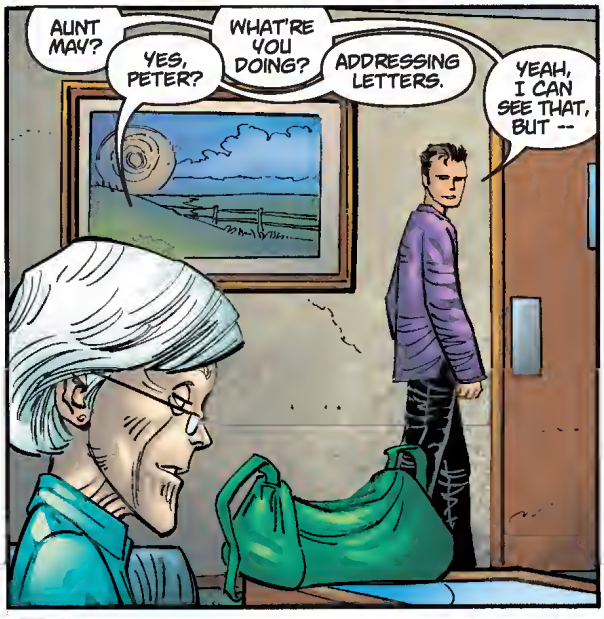

YOU WON'T. I'LL FIND YOU.

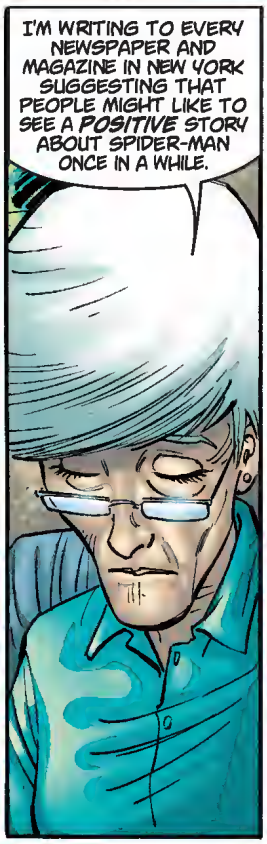

COSTUMES...
FREAKIN' COSTUMES...


"SO DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, PETER?"


FINE... FINE. QUIET. CHASED DOWN A FEW LEADS ON SOMETHING I'M INVESTIGATING, TALKED TO A POLICE LIEUTENANT FOR A WHILE... NOTHING ESPECIALLY AMAZING OR SPECTACULAR --
NOTHING I'LL SEE ON THE EVENING NEWS?
NO... LIKE I SAID, IT WAS PRETTY QUIET.

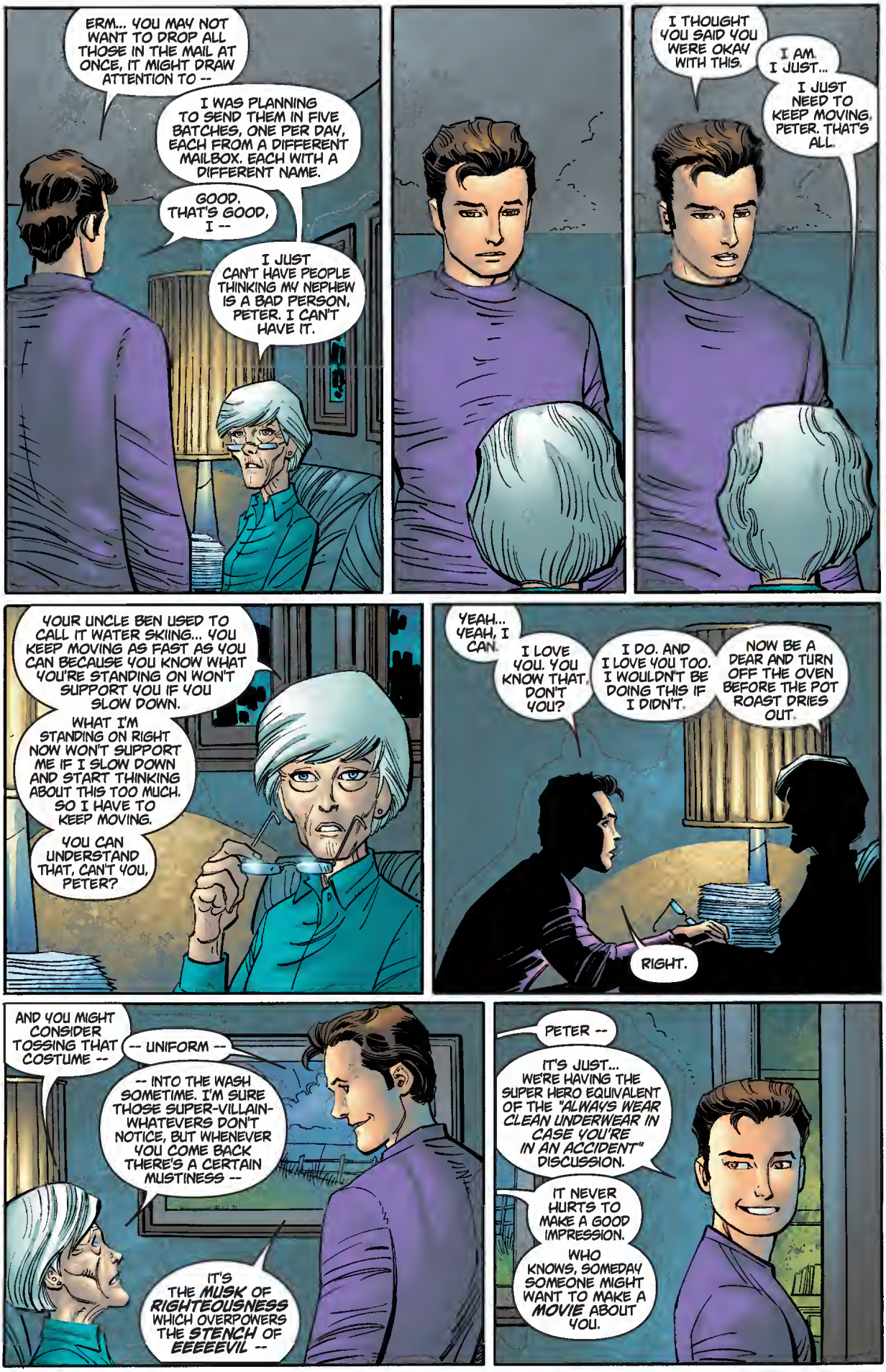

THAT'S GOOD. WELL, THERE'S A NICE ROAST SITTING IN THE OVEN. GO ON IN AND I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.
YOU GOT IT.

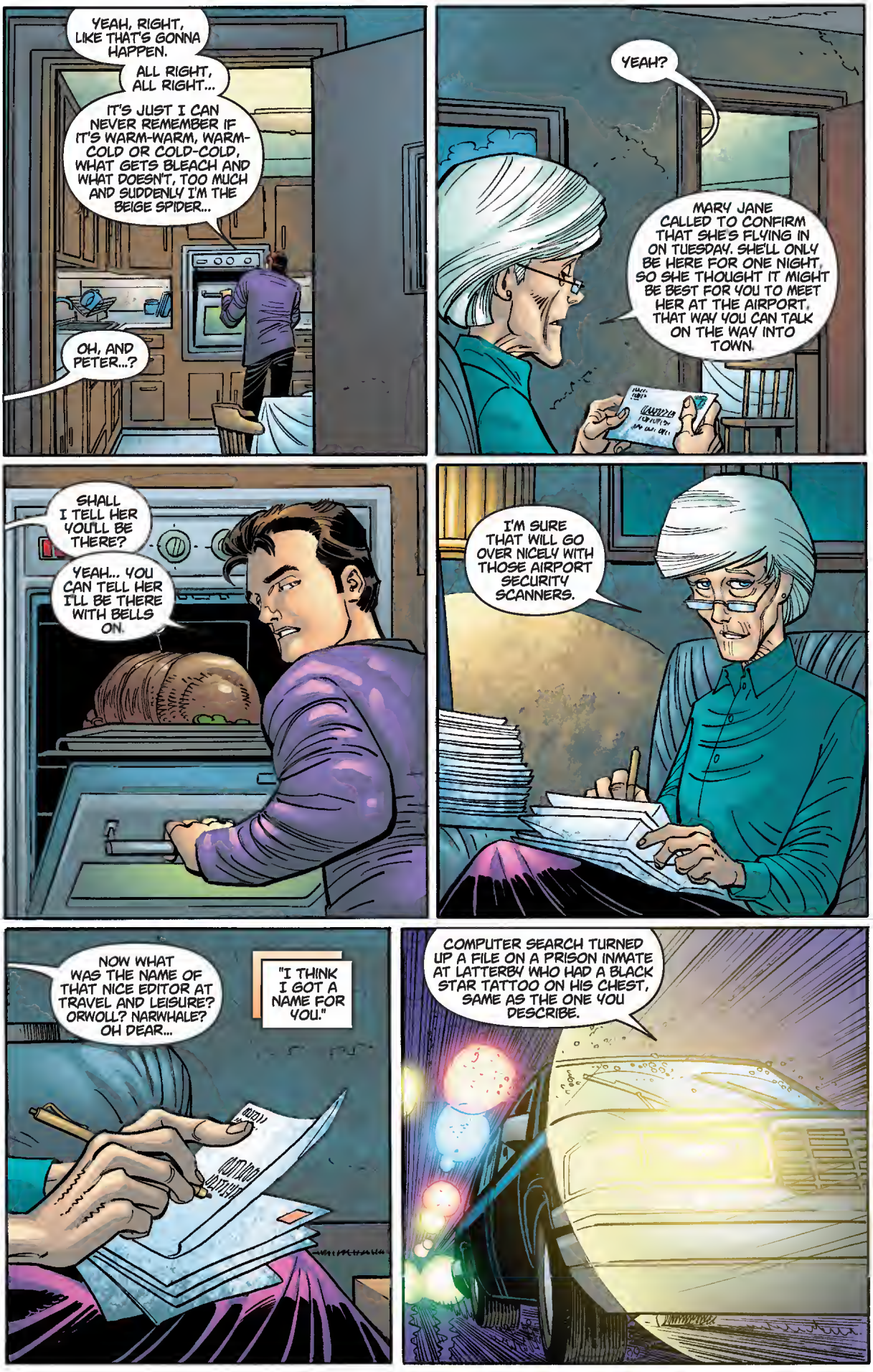

AUNT MAY?
YES, PETER?
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
ADDRESSING LETTERS.
YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT, BUT --

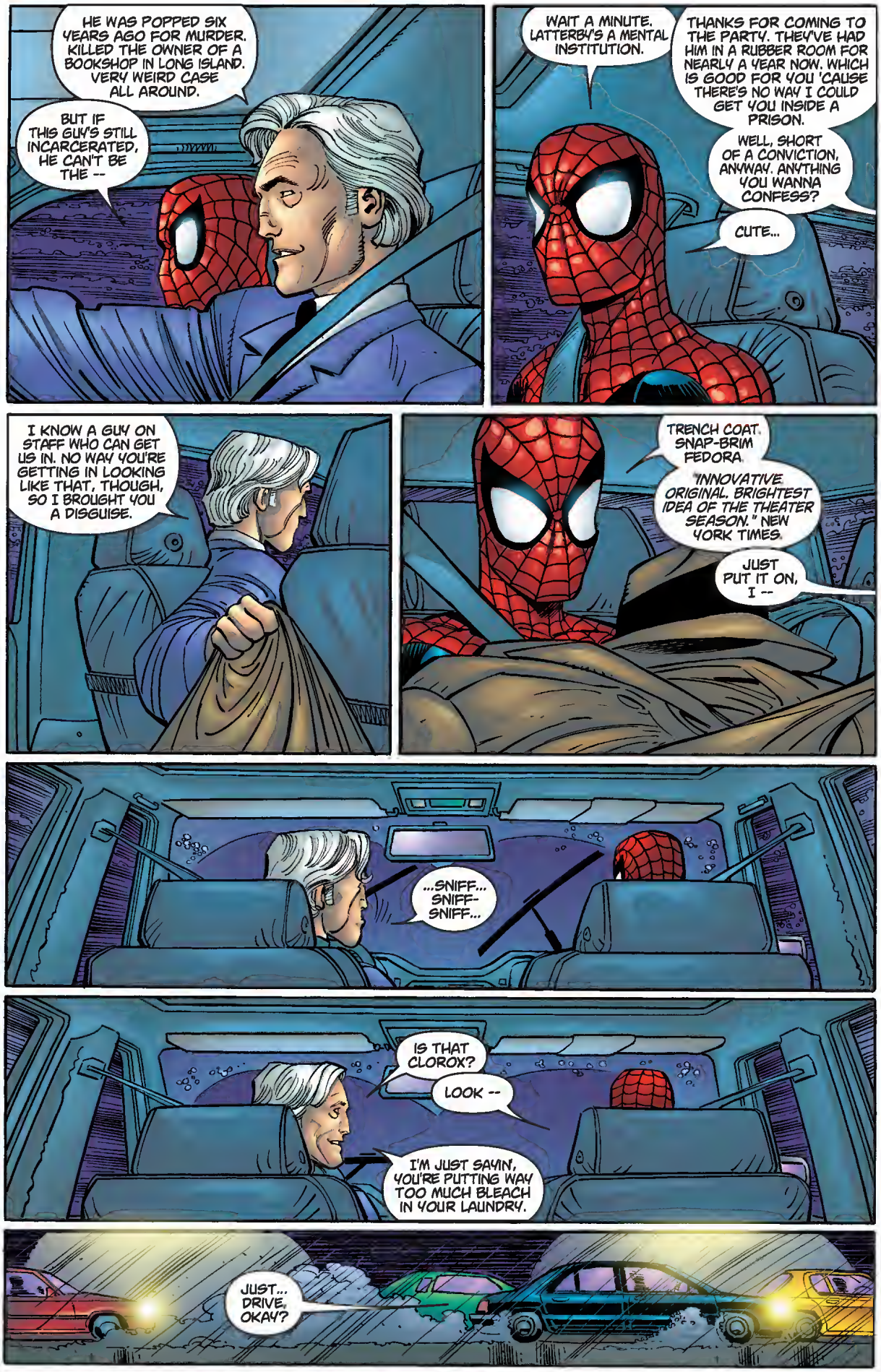

I'M WRITING TO EVERY NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE IN NEW YORK SUGGESTING THAT PEOPLE MIGHT LIKE TO SEE A *POSITIVE* STORY ABOUT SPIDER-MAN ONCE IN A WHILE.

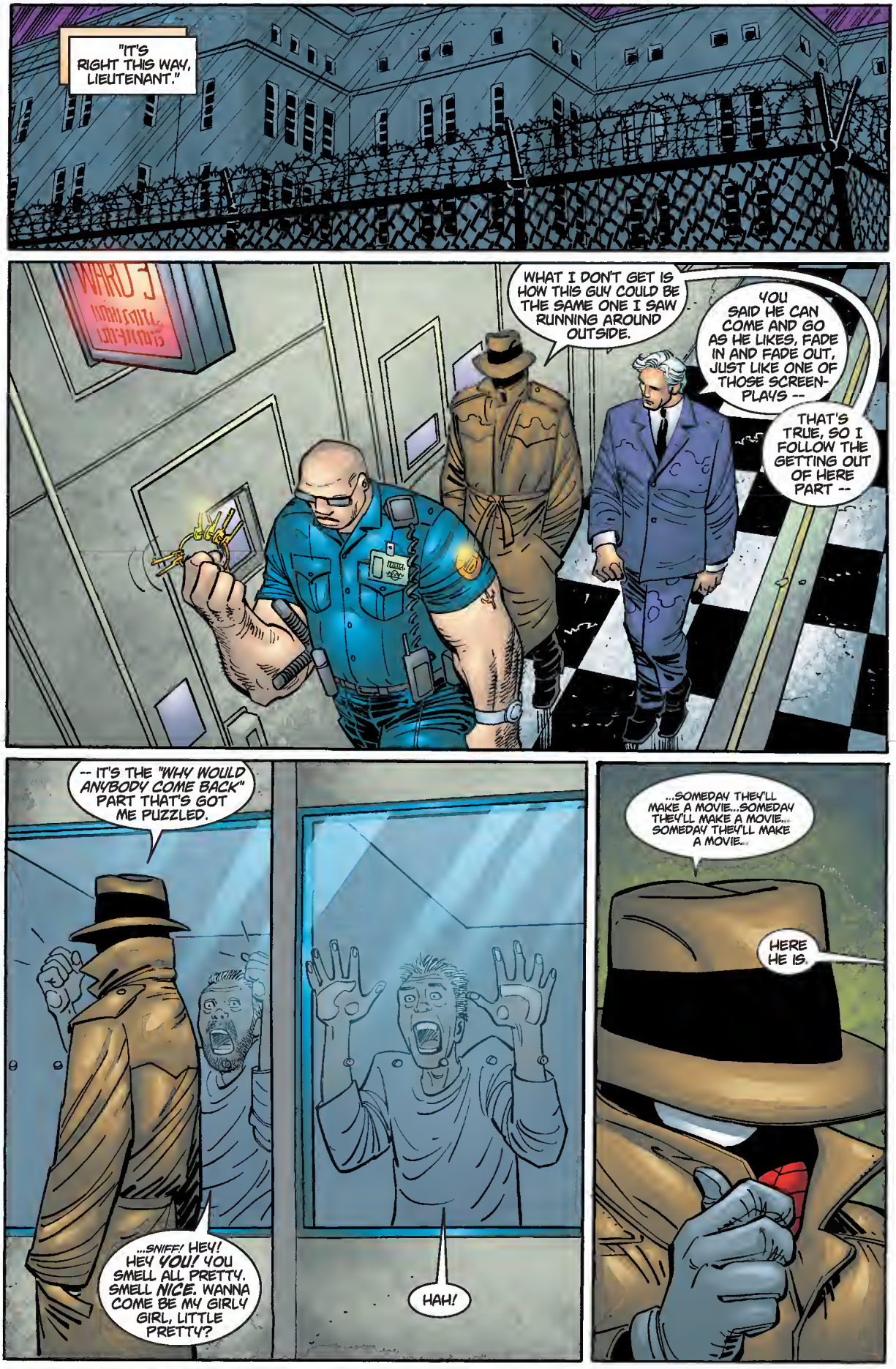

UHM... AUNT MAY --
I SENT THEM E-MAILS TOO, BUT I DON'T THINK ANYBODY REALLY PAYS ATTENTION TO E-MAILS, SO I THOUGHT I'D USE... OH, WHAT DID GORDON CALL IT?
GORDON?

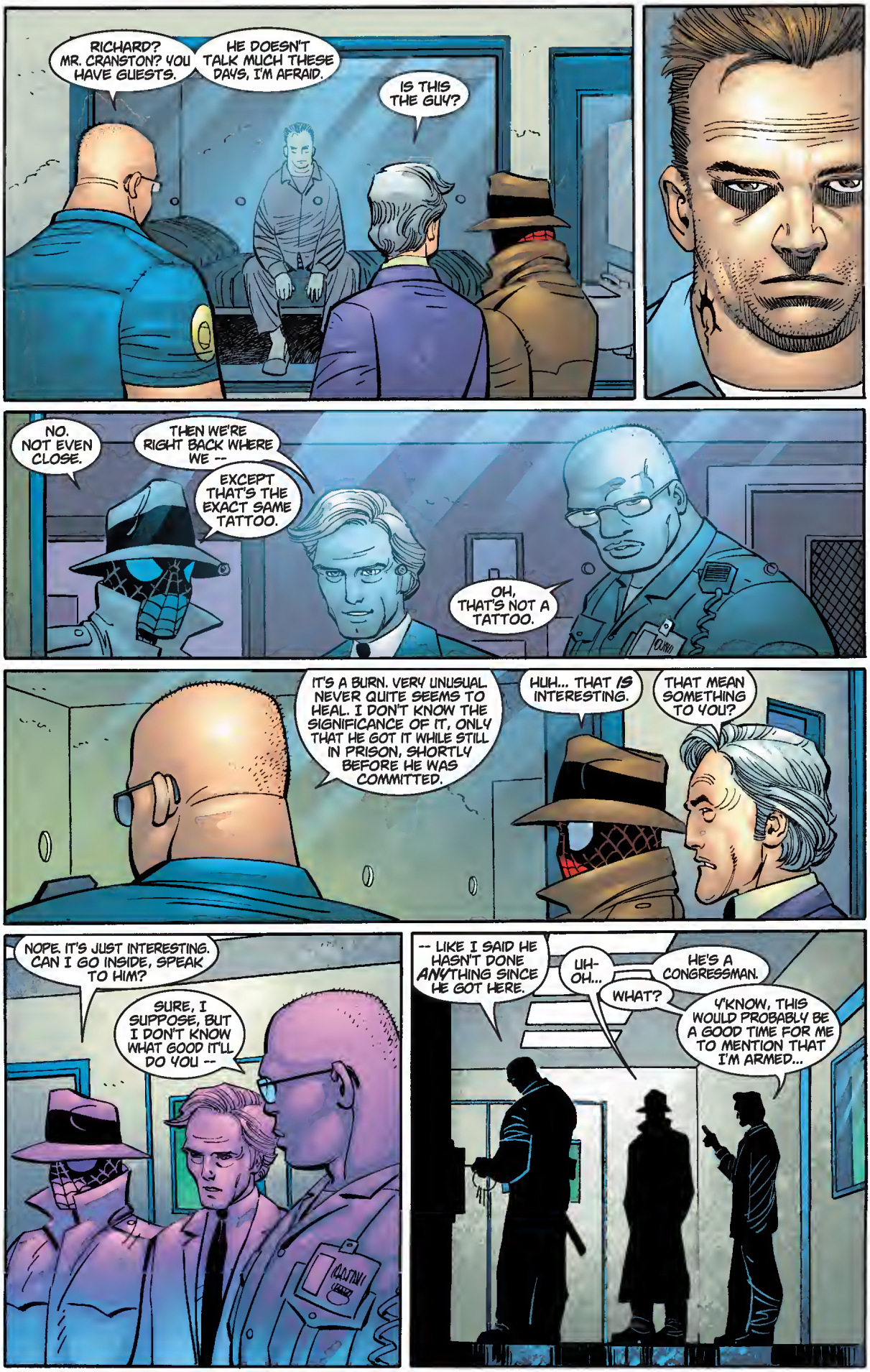

THE NICE COMPUTER BOY WITH THE RED HAIR THAT WORKS AT THE LIBRARY...
SNAIL MAIL. THAT WAS IT. SNAIL MAIL. WHAT AN ODD PHRASE...

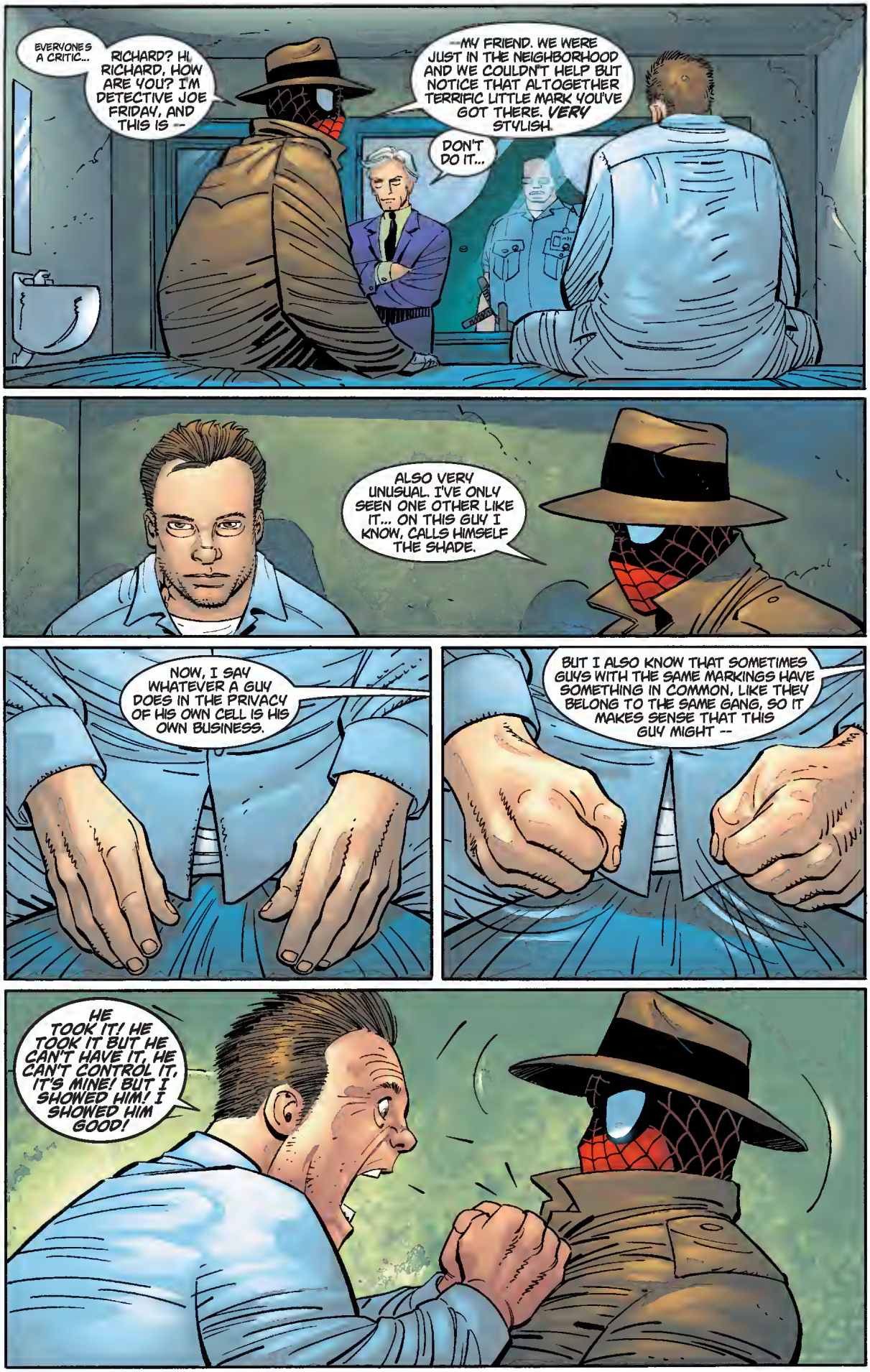

ERM... YOU MAY NOT WANT TO DROP ALL THOSE IN THE MAIL AT ONCE, IT MIGHT DRAW ATTENTION TO --
I WAS PLANNING TO SEND THEM IN FIVE BATCHES, ONE PER DAY, EACH FROM A DIFFERENT MAILBOX. EACH WITH A DIFFERENT NAME.
GOOD. THAT'S GOOD, I --
I JUST CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE THINKING MY NEPHEW IS A BAD PERSON, PETER. I CAN'T HAVE IT.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE OKAY WITH THIS.
I AM. I JUST...
I JUST NEED TO KEEP MOVING, PETER. THAT'S ALL.
YOUR UNCLE BEN USED TO CALL IT WATER SKIING... YOU KEEP MOVING AS FAST AS YOU CAN BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE STANDING ON WON'T SUPPORT YOU IF YOU SLOW DOWN.
WHAT I'M STANDING ON RIGHT NOW WON'T SUPPORT ME IF I SLOW DOWN AND START THINKING ABOUT THIS TOO MUCH. SO I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, CAN'T YOU, PETER?
YEAH... YEAH, I CAN.
I LOVE YOU. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
I DO. AND I LOVE YOU TOO. I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS IF I DIDN'T.
NOW BE A DEAR AND TURN OFF THE OVEN BEFORE THE POT ROAST DRIES OUT.
RIGHT.
AND YOU MIGHT CONSIDER TOSSING THAT COSTUME --
-- UNIFORM --
-- INTO THE WASH SOMETIME. I'M SURE THOSE SUPER-VILLAIN-WHATEVERS DON'T NOTICE, BUT WHENEVER YOU COME BACK THERE'S A CERTAIN MUSTINESS --
IT'S THE *MUSK* OF *RIGHTEOUSNESS* WHICH OVERPOWERS THE *STENCH* OF *EEEEEEVIL* --
PETER --
IT'S JUST... WE'RE HAVING THE SUPER HERO EQUIVALENT OF THE *"ALWAYS WEAR CLEAN UNDERWEAR IN CASE YOU'RE IN AN ACCIDENT"* DISCUSSION.
IT NEVER HURTS TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION.
WHO KNOWS, SOMEDAY SOMEONE MIGHT WANT TO MAKE A *MOVIE* ABOUT YOU.

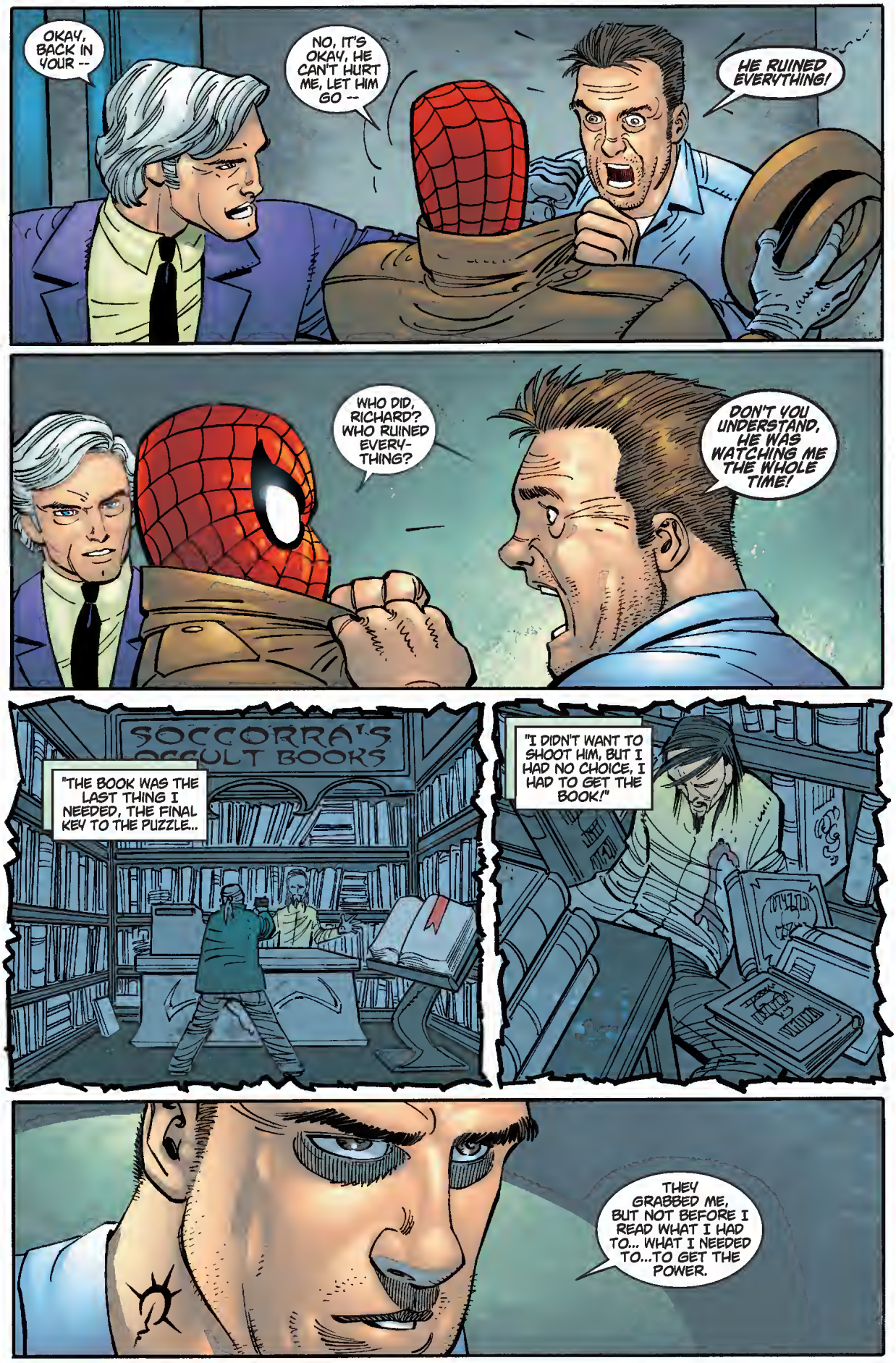

YEAH, RIGHT, LIKE THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...
IT'S JUST I CAN NEVER REMEMBER IF IT'S WARM-WARM, WARM-COLD OR COLD-COLD, WHAT GETS BLEACH AND WHAT DOESN'T, TOO MUCH AND SUDDENLY I'M THE BEIGE SPIDER...
OH, AND PETER...?
YEAH?
MARY JANE CALLED TO CONFIRM THAT SHE'S FLYING IN ON TUESDAY. SHE'LL ONLY BE HERE FOR ONE NIGHT, SO SHE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE BEST FOR YOU TO MEET HER AT THE AIRPORT. THAT WAY YOU CAN TALK ON THE WAY INTO TOWN.
SHALL I TELL HER YOU'LL BE THERE?
YEAH... YOU CAN TELL HER I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON.
I'M SURE THAT WILL GO OVER NICELY WITH THOSE AIRPORT SECURITY SCANNERS.
NOW WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT NICE EDITOR AT TRAVEL AND LEISURE? ORWOLL? NARWHALE? OH DEAR...
"I THINK I GOT A NAME FOR YOU."
COMPUTER SEARCH TURNED UP A FILE ON A PRISON INMATE AT LATTERBY WHO HAD A BLACK STAR TATTOO ON HIS CHEST, SAME AS THE ONE YOU DESCRIBE.


HE WAS POPPED SIX YEARS AGO FOR MURDER. KILLED THE OWNER OF A BOOKSHOP IN LONG ISLAND. VERY WEIRD CASE ALL AROUND.
BUT IF THIS GUY'S STILL INCARCERATED, HE CAN'T BE THE --
WAIT A MINUTE. LATTERBY'S A MENTAL INSTITUTION.
THANKS FOR COMING TO THE PARTY. THEY'VE HAD HIM IN A RUBBER ROOM FOR NEARLY A YEAR NOW. WHICH IS GOOD FOR YOU 'CAUSE THERE'S NO WAY I COULD GET YOU INSIDE A PRISON.
WELL, SHORT OF A CONVICTION, ANYWAY. ANYTHING YOU WANNA CONFESS?
CUTE...
I KNOW A GUY ON STAFF WHO CAN GET US IN. NO WAY YOU'RE GETTING IN LOOKING LIKE THAT, THOUGH, SO I BROUGHT YOU A DISGUISE.
TRENCH COAT. SNAP-BRIM FEDORA.
"INNOVATIVE. ORIGINAL. BRIGHTEST IDEA OF THE THEATER SEASON." NEW YORK TIMES.
JUST PUT IT ON, I --
...SNIFF... SNIFF-SNIFF...
IS THAT CLOROX?
LOOK --
I'M JUST SAYIN, YOU'RE PUTTING WAY TOO MUCH BLEACH IN YOUR LAUNDRY.
JUST... DRIVE, OKAY?

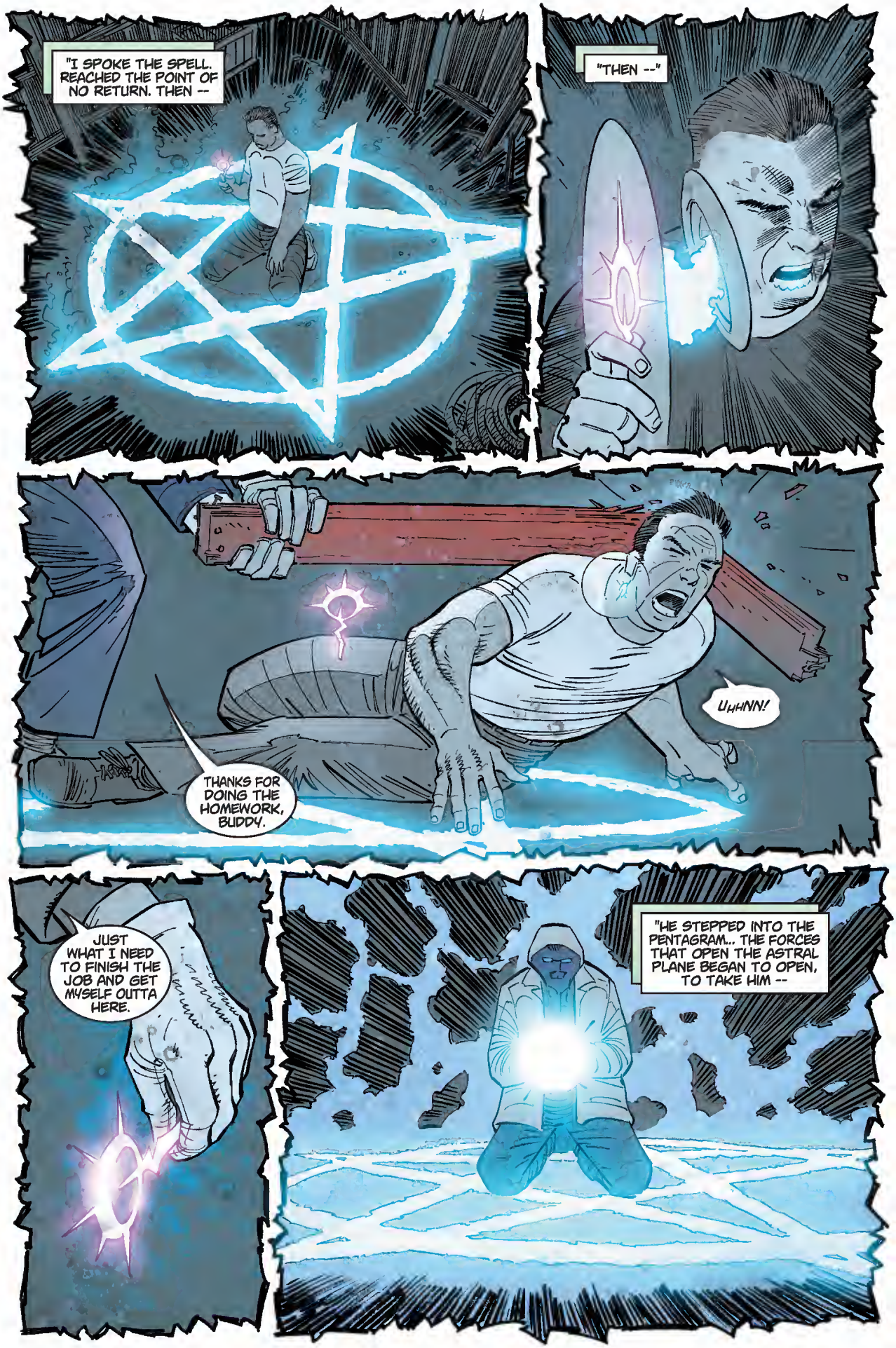

"IT'S RIGHT THIS WAY, LIEUTENANT."
WARD 3
WHAT I DON'T GET IS HOW THIS GUY COULD BE THE SAME ONE I SAW RUNNING AROUND OUTSIDE.
YOU SAID HE CAN COME AND GO AS HE LIKES, FADE IN AND FADE OUT, JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE SCREEN-PLAYS --
THAT'S TRUE, SO I FOLLOW THE GETTING OUT OF HERE PART --
-- IT'S THE "WHY WOULD ANYBODY COME BACK" PART THAT'S GOT ME PUZZLED.
...SNIFF! HEY! HEY YOU! YOU SMELL ALL PRETTY. SMELL NICE. WANNA COME BE MY GIRLY GIRL, LITTLE PRETTY?
HAH!
...SOMEDAY THEY'LL MAKE A MOVIE...SOMEDAY THEY'LL MAKE A MOVIE... SOMEDAY THEY'LL MAKE A MOVIE...
HERE HE IS.

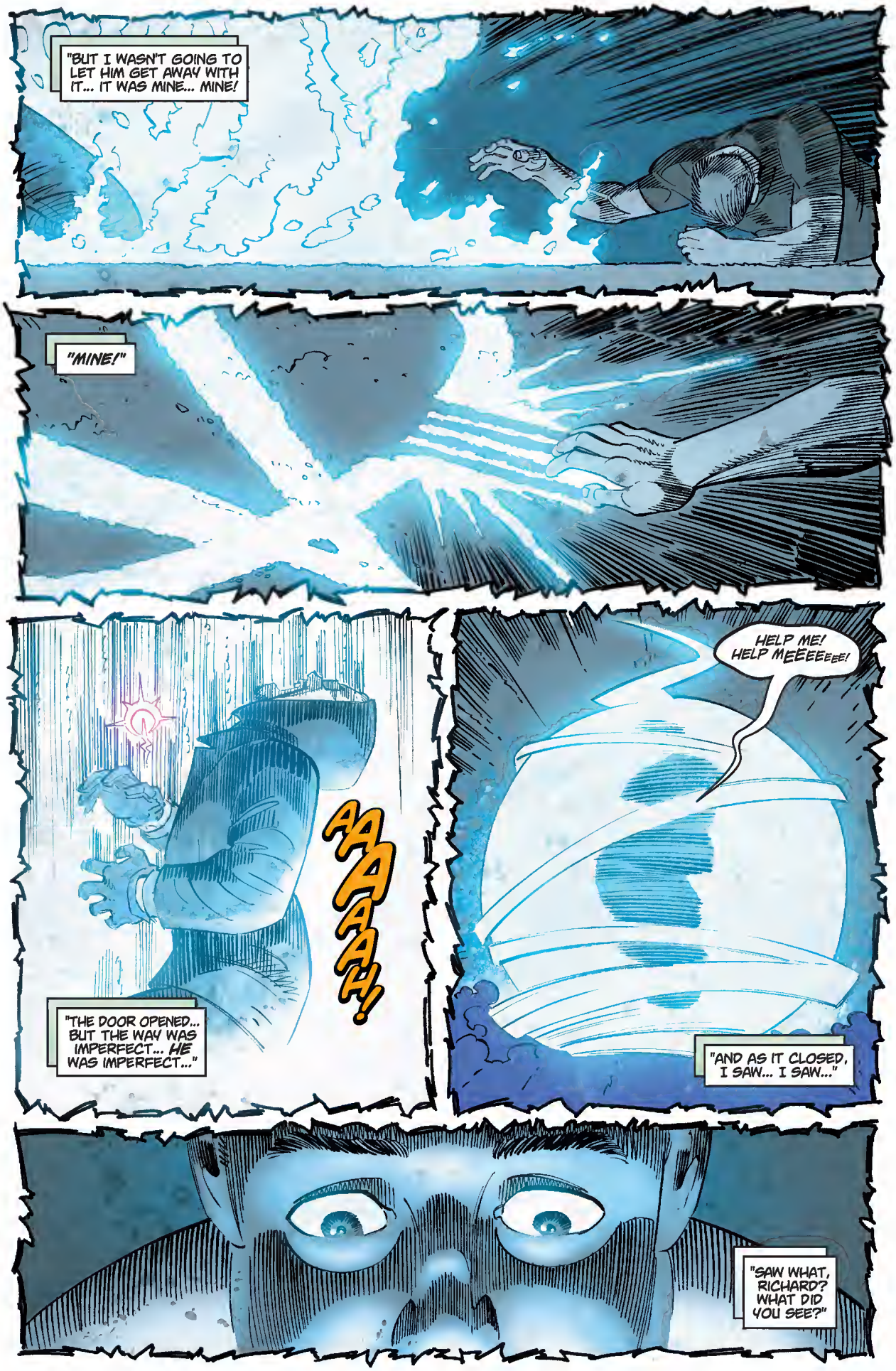

RICHARD? MR. CRANSTON? YOU HAVE GUESTS.
HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH THESE DAYS, I'M AFRAID.
IS THIS THE GUY?
NO. NOT EVEN CLOSE.
THEN WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE --
EXCEPT THAT'S THE EXACT SAME TATTOO.
OH, THAT'S NOT A TATTOO.
IT'S A BURN. VERY UNUSUAL. NEVER QUITE SEEMS TO HEAL. I DON'T KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF IT, ONLY THAT HE GOT IT WHILE STILL IN PRISON, SHORTLY BEFORE HE WAS COMMITTED.
HUH... THAT *IS* INTERESTING.
THAT MEAN SOMETHING TO YOU?
NOPE. IT'S JUST INTERESTING. CAN I GO INSIDE, SPEAK TO HIM?
SURE, I SUPPOSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT'LL DO YOU --
-- LIKE I SAID HE HASN'T DONE *ANY*THING SINCE HE GOT HERE.
UH-OH...
HE'S A CONGRESSMAN.
WHAT?
Y'KNOW, THIS WOULD PROBABLY BE A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO MENTION THAT I'M ARMED...

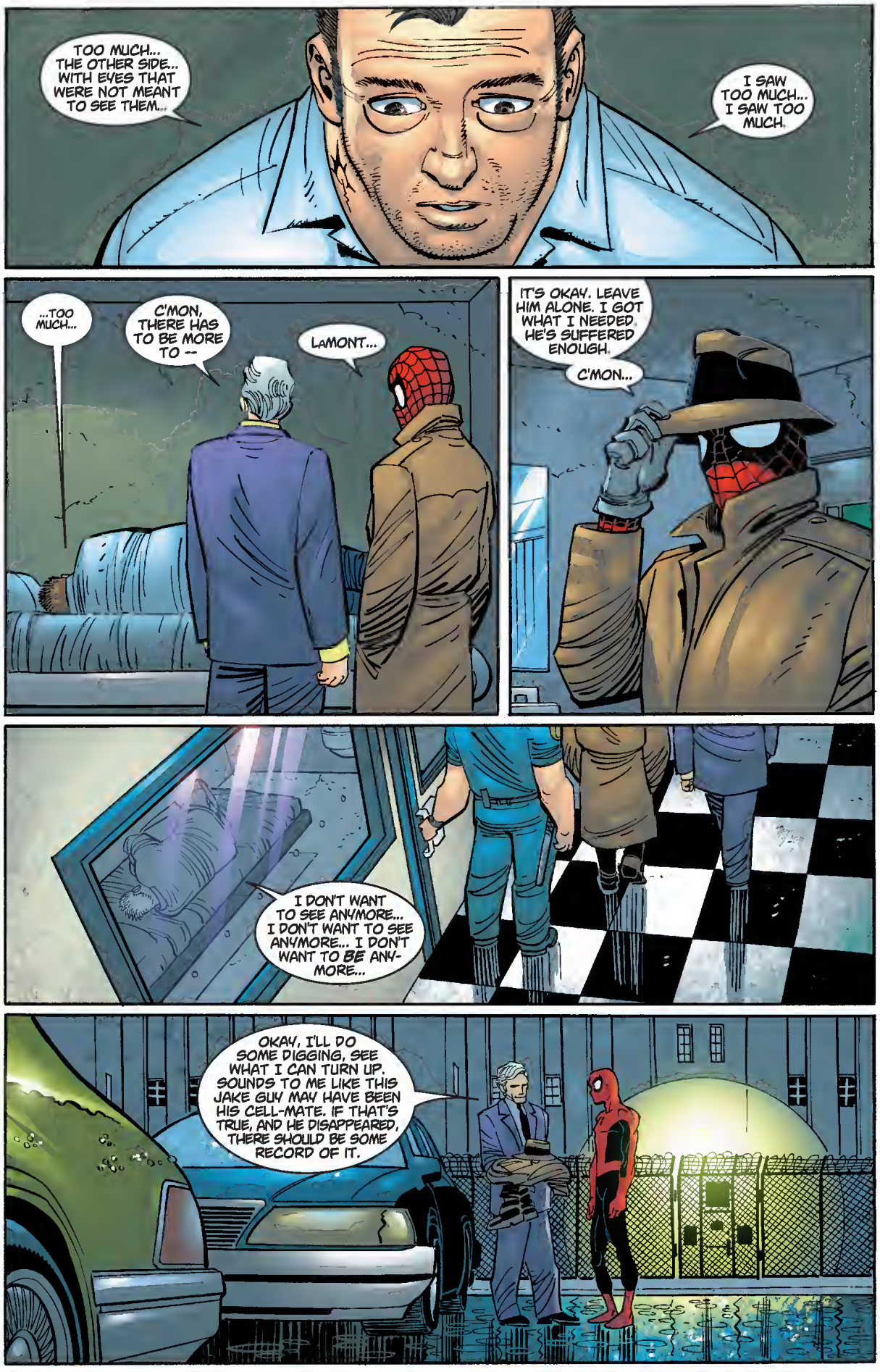

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC...
RICHARD? HI, RICHARD, HOW ARE YOU? I'M DETECTIVE JOE FRIDAY, AND THIS IS --
--MY FRIEND. WE WERE JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND WE COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT ALTOGETHER TERRIFIC LITTLE MARK YOU'VE GOT THERE. VERY STYLISH.
DON'T DO IT...
ALSO VERY UNUSUAL. I'VE ONLY SEEN ONE OTHER LIKE IT... ON THIS GUY I KNOW, CALLS HIMSELF THE SHADE.
NOW, I SAY WHATEVER A GUY DOES IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OWN CELL IS HIS OWN BUSINESS.
BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT SOMETIMES GUYS WITH THE SAME MARKINGS HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON, LIKE THEY BELONG TO THE SAME GANG, SO IT MAKES SENSE THAT THIS GUY MIGHT --
HE TOOK IT! HE TOOK IT BUT HE CAN'T HAVE IT, HE CAN'T CONTROL IT, IT'S MINE! BUT I SHOWED HIM! I SHOWED HIM GOOD!


OKAY, BACK IN YOUR --
NO, IT'S OKAY, HE CAN'T HURT ME, LET HIM GO --
HE RUINED EVERYTHING!
WHO DID, RICHARD? WHO RUINED EVERY-THING?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, HE WAS WATCHING ME THE WHOLE TIME!
SOCCORRA'S OCCULT BOOKS
"THE BOOK WAS THE LAST THING I NEEDED, THE FINAL KEY TO THE PUZZLE...
"I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT HIM, BUT I HAD NO CHOICE, I HAD TO GET THE BOOK!"
THEY GRABBED ME, BUT NOT BEFORE I READ WHAT I HAD TO... WHAT I NEEDED TO...TO GET THE POWER.

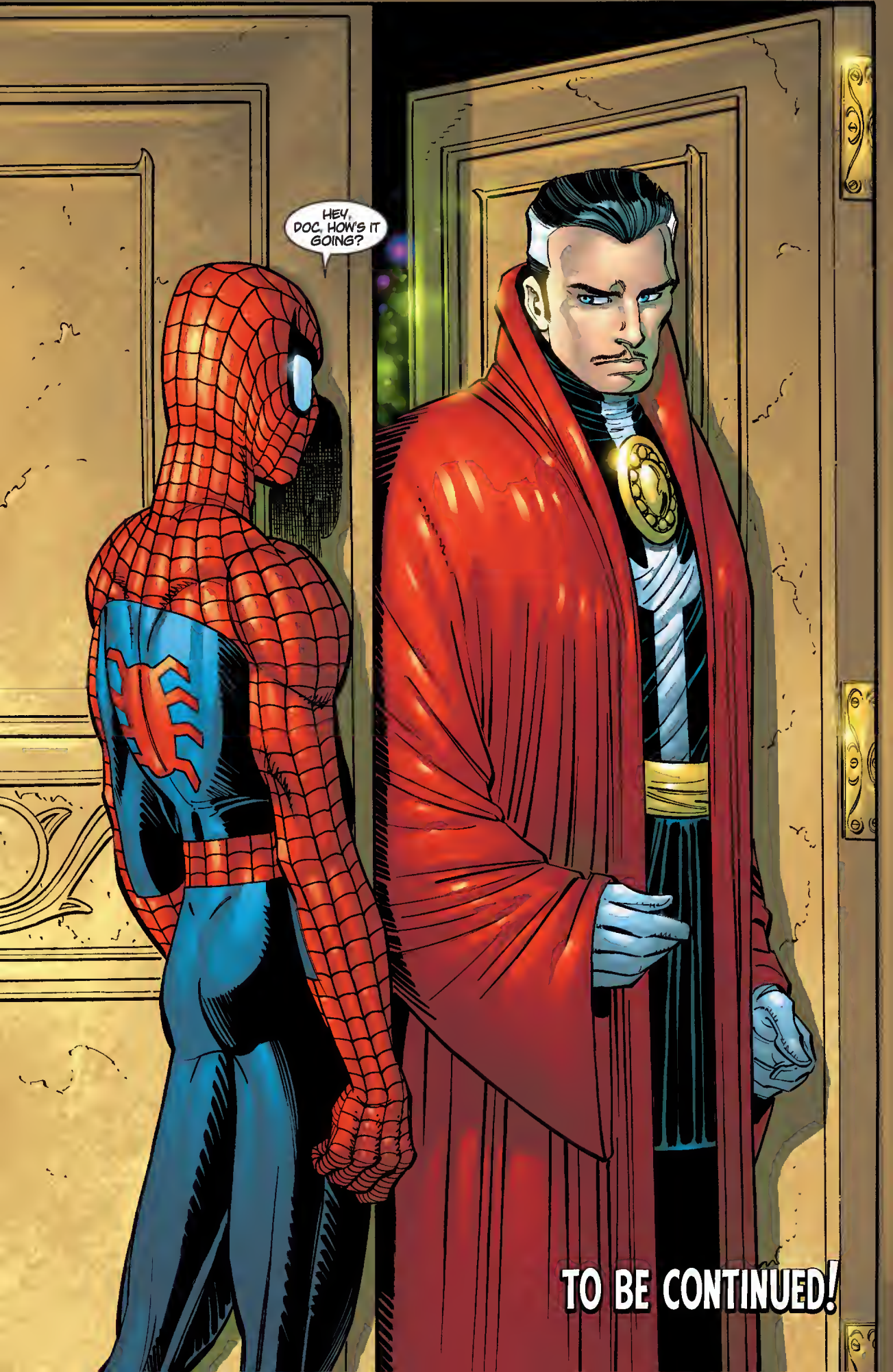

"THERE WERE SOME WORDS MISSING, WORN OUT, BUT I HAD FRIENDS... FRIENDS ON THE OUTSIDE WHO COULD FIGURE 'EM OUT --
21645
"-- SO THEY SNUCK 'EM INTO LETTERS, CODED IN SENTENCES, SO I COULD FINISH THE SPELL.
"WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE WAS SECRETLY MAKING SHANKS IN THE METAL SHOP --
"-- I WAS MAKING THE ICON I NEEDED TO PERFORM THE RITUAL."
21645
WHAT KIND OF RITUAL? WHAT WAS IT SUPPOSED TO DO?
GIVE ME THE POWER I NEEDED TO ESCAPE, TO GO ANY-WHERE I WANTED, TAKE WHATEVER I WANTED, THROUGH THE PLACE IN-BETWEEN.
THE PLACE IN-BETWEEN...?
THE ASTRAL PLANE...


"I SPOKE THE SPELL. REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN. THEN --
"THEN --"
UHHNN!
THANKS FOR DOING THE HOMEWORK, BUDDY.
JUST WHAT I NEED TO FINISH THE JOB AND GET MYSELF OUTTA HERE.
"HE STEPPED INTO THE PENTAGRAM... THE FORCES THAT OPEN THE ASTRAL PLANE BEGAN TO OPEN, TO TAKE HIM --


"BUT I WASN'T GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT... IT WAS MINE... MINE!
"MINE!"
"THE DOOR OPENED... BUT THE WAY WAS IMPERFECT... HE WAS IMPERFECT..."
AAAAAH!
HELP ME! HELP MEEEEeee!
"AND AS IT CLOSED, I SAW... I SAW..."
"SAW WHAT, RICHARD? WHAT DID YOU SEE?"


TOO MUCH... THE OTHER SIDE... WITH EYES THAT WERE NOT MEANT TO SEE THEM...
I SAW TOO MUCH... I SAW TOO MUCH.
...TOO MUCH...
C'MON, THERE HAS TO BE MORE TO --
LAMONT...
IT'S OKAY. LEAVE HIM ALONE. I GOT WHAT I NEEDED. HE'S SUFFERED ENOUGH.
C'MON...
I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYMORE... I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYMORE... I DON'T WANT TO BE ANY-MORE...
OKAY, I'LL DO SOME DIGGING, SEE WHAT I CAN TURN UP. SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THIS JAKE GUY MAY HAVE BEEN HIS CELL-MATE. IF THAT'S TRUE, AND HE DISAPPEARED, THERE SHOULD BE SOME RECORD OF IT.


I'D APPRECIATE IT. THANKS.
NOT A PROB. BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'VE NEVER MUCH BOUGHT INTO THIS WHOLE SUPERNATURAL THING.
SO WHERE IT LEADS, WHAT IT REALLY MEANS, I DUNNO... I MEAN, THE GUY IS NUTS.
YEAH, BUT HE WAS ALSO SCARED. HE WAS SCARED A LOT. MY GUT SAYS IT MEANS SOMETHING.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.
I DON'T TELL HIM, BUT I HOPE THE SAME THING. IT'S THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT, AND I DON'T WANT IT TO COME A-CROPPER.
THERE'S A CONNECTION HERE. I KNOW IT.
BUT I ALSO KNOW WHEN I'M IN OVER MY HEAD. FIGHTING GUYS IN THE HERE-AND-NOW, THAT I KNOW PRETTY GOOD.
MAYRO MOVERS 1926
BUT WHEN YOU START TALKING ASTRAL PLANES AND SPELLS AND MAGIC BOOKS, THAT'S A BIT OUTSIDE MY LEAGUE.
SO LIKE AUNT MAY SAYS, WHENEVER YOU'VE GOT AN UNEXPLAINED AILMENT... GO SEE A DOCTOR.
KNOCK KNOCK


HEY, DOC, HOW'S IT GOING?
TO BE CONTINUED!

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PG 33 413

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS. HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE:

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
WRITER
ALEX MALEEV
ARTIST

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
COMICRAFT'S WES ABBOTT
LETTERS

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NANCI DAKESIAN
MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke's attempt to take over the Kingpin's territory backfires when Vanessa, the Kingpin's estranged wife, exacts revenge on all his fellow conspirators, brutally killing everyone -- including her own son.

Afraid for his life, Silke turns himself in to the FBI. When they refuse his request for protection, he gives them the one piece of information that he thinks will save him:

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

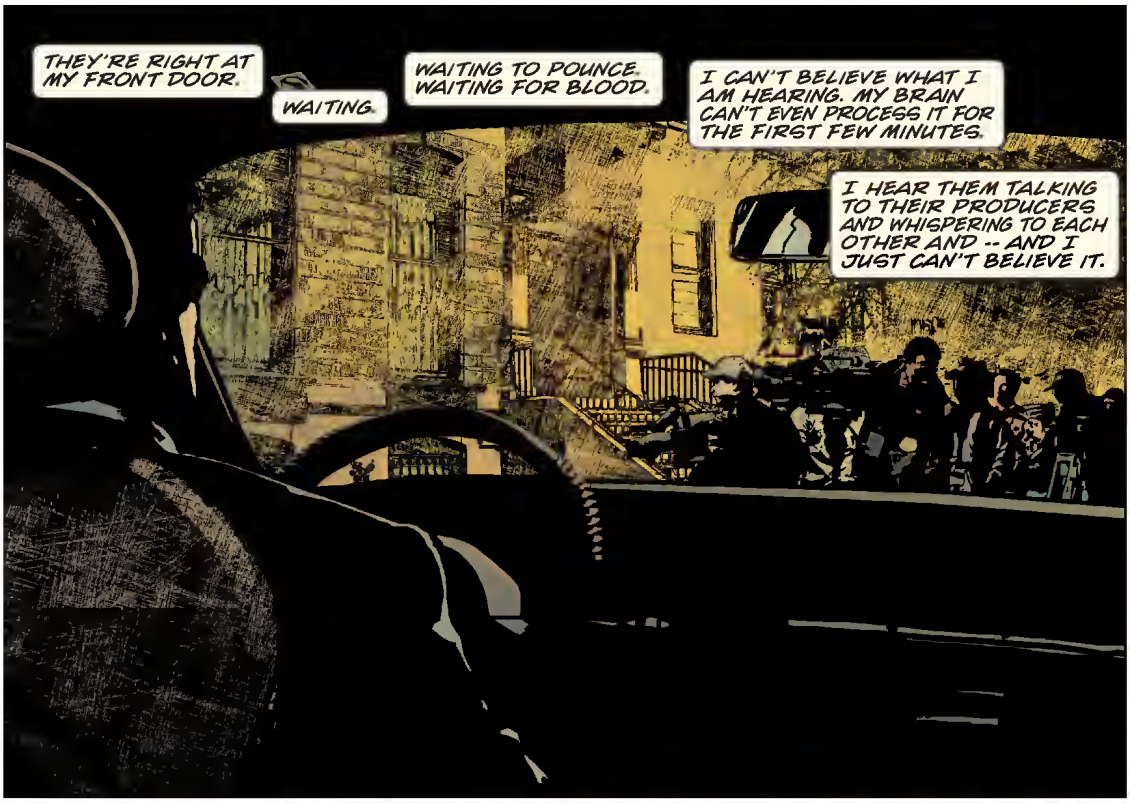
The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information. But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads: DAREDEVIL'S SECRET IDENTITY REVEALED.

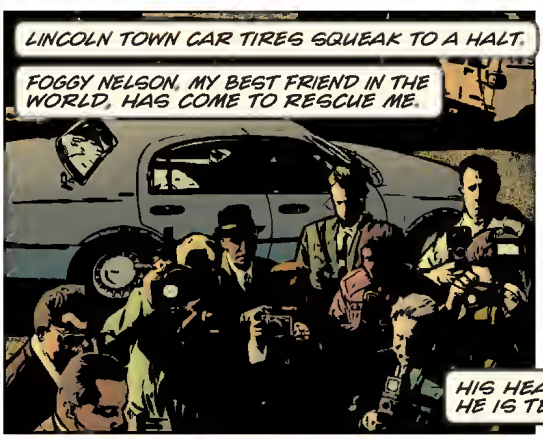
T h e secret is out.

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I KNOW BEFORE I'M EVEN AWAKE.
EVEN IN MY SLEEP I HEAR THEM.
I HEAR THEM ON THEIR CELLS.
I HEAR THE MOTORS IN THEIR CAMERAS WHIRRING AND WINDING.
I HEAR THEIR SNIDE, BACKSTABBING WHISPERS TOWARD EACH OTHER.
THEN I SMELL THEM.
I SMELL THE COFFEE.
THE CROISSANTS.
THE FRESHLY LAID DEODORANT.
I EVEN -- YEP. I EVEN SMELL THE SALINE SOLUTION IN THEIR EYES.
I KNOW BEFORE I WAKE UP...


I KNOW MY LIFE IS OVER.


THEY'RE RIGHT AT MY FRONT DOOR.
WAITING.
WAITING TO POUNCE. WAITING FOR BLOOD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I AM HEARING. MY BRAIN CAN'T EVEN PROCESS IT FOR THE FIRST FEW MINUTES.
I HEAR THEM TALKING TO THEIR PRODUCERS AND WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER AND -- AND I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT.


LINCOLN TOWN CAR TIRES SQUEAK TO A HALT.
FOGGY NELSON, MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD, HAS COME TO RESCUE ME.


IT'S GO TIME.
HIS HEART IS POUNDING. HE IS TERRIFIED FOR ME.
HE SHOULD BE.


WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WAIT, MR. NELSON?
PLEASE.






OVER HERE! OVER HERE!
OVER HERE!
LOOK THIS WAY!
NELSON, PLEASE -- A STATEMENT!
NELSON! MR. NELSON!
OVER HERE! OVER HERE!
LOOK THIS WAY!
OVER HERE!! HERE!!
NELSON! MR. NELSON!
MURDOCK GOING TO JAIL!!
OVER HERE! HERE!
OVER HERE!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?
MURDOCK GOING TO JAIL?
LOOK THIS WAY!
NELSON, PLEASE -- A STATEMENT!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?
OVER HERE! OVER HERE!
IS MURDOCK BLIND OR IS IT JUST PART OF THE ACT?
OVER HERE!
LOOK THIS WAY!
LOOK THIS WAY!
NELSON, PLEASE -- A STATEMENT!
MURDOCK GOING TO JAIL!!
LOOK THIS WAY!
OVER HERE!! HERE!
STOP


OKAY OKAY OKAY. LISTEN. OKAY.
THIS IS EITHER THE BIGGEST MISUNDERSTANDING IN THE HISTORY OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS...
...OR SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A SICK, CRUEL JOKE.
MATT MURDOCK IS A BLIND MAN.
A HANDICAPPED MAN WHO HAS OVERCOME EVERY OBSTACLE EVER PUT IN FRONT OF HIM.
MATT MURDOCK IS AN AMAZING ASSET TO THE CITY, AND WHY THE DAILY GLOBE HAS DECIDED TO REPAY HIS PHILANTHROPIC EFFORTS BY PRINTING A STORY LIKE THIS IS BEYOND ME.


I SUGGEST YOU ALL JUST GO ON BACK TO YOUR OFFICES AND FIND A REAL STORY TO REPORT ON...
...AND STOP PICKING ON THE HANDICAPPED.


BUT IS IT *TRUE?*
IS MATT MURDOCK
REALLY --?



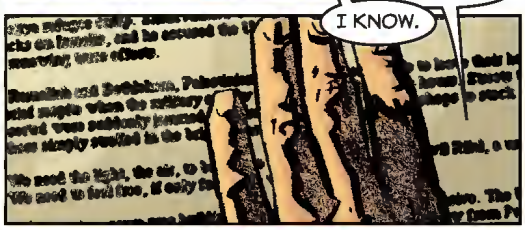



CAN I
SEE IT?

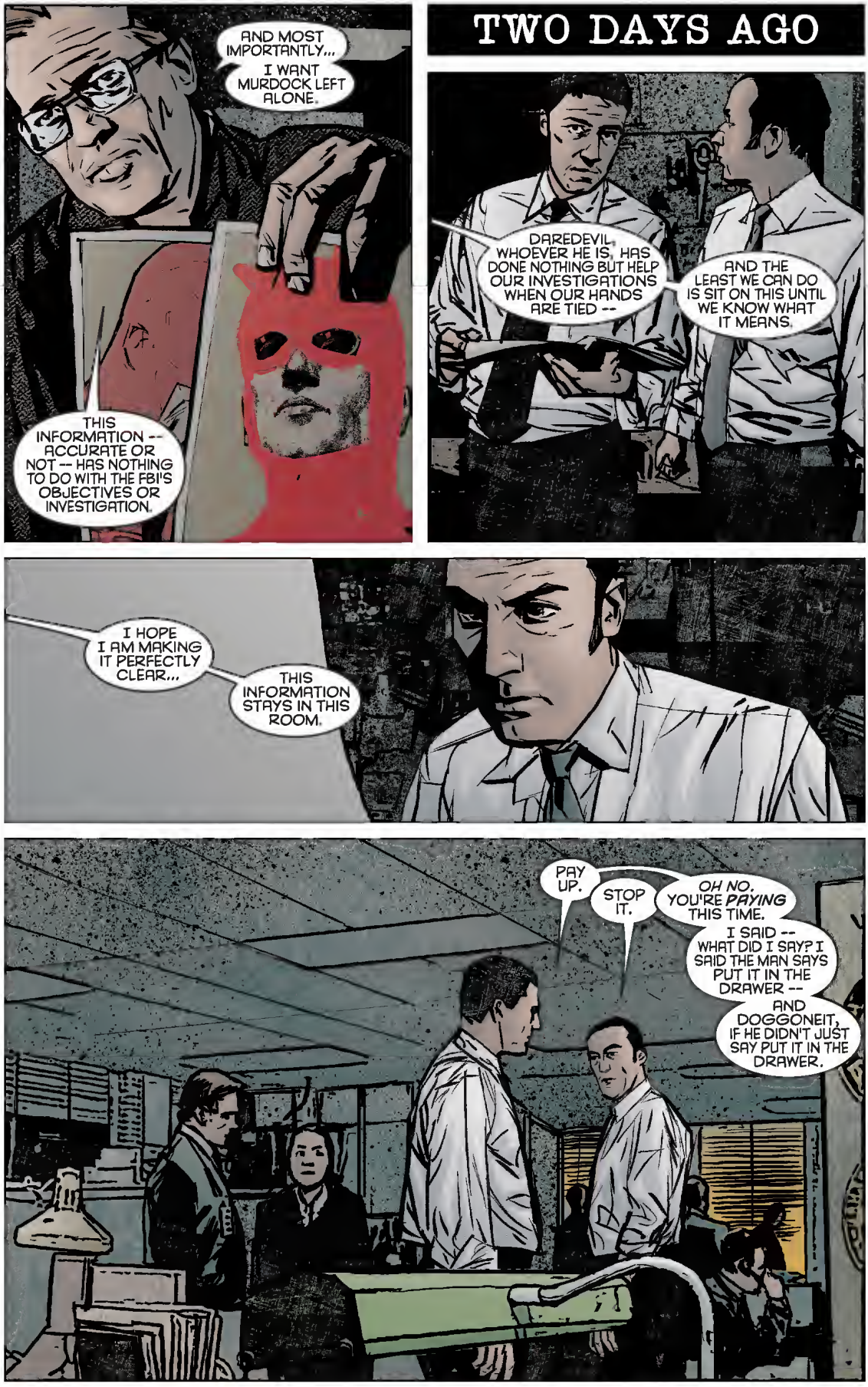

LATE CITY FINAL
DAILY GLOBE
GLOBE EXCLUSIV
PULP HERO OF H
KITCHEN'S
DYING LAWYER
PAGE 2-A


ULP HERO OF HEL
TCHEN IS
ND LAWYER

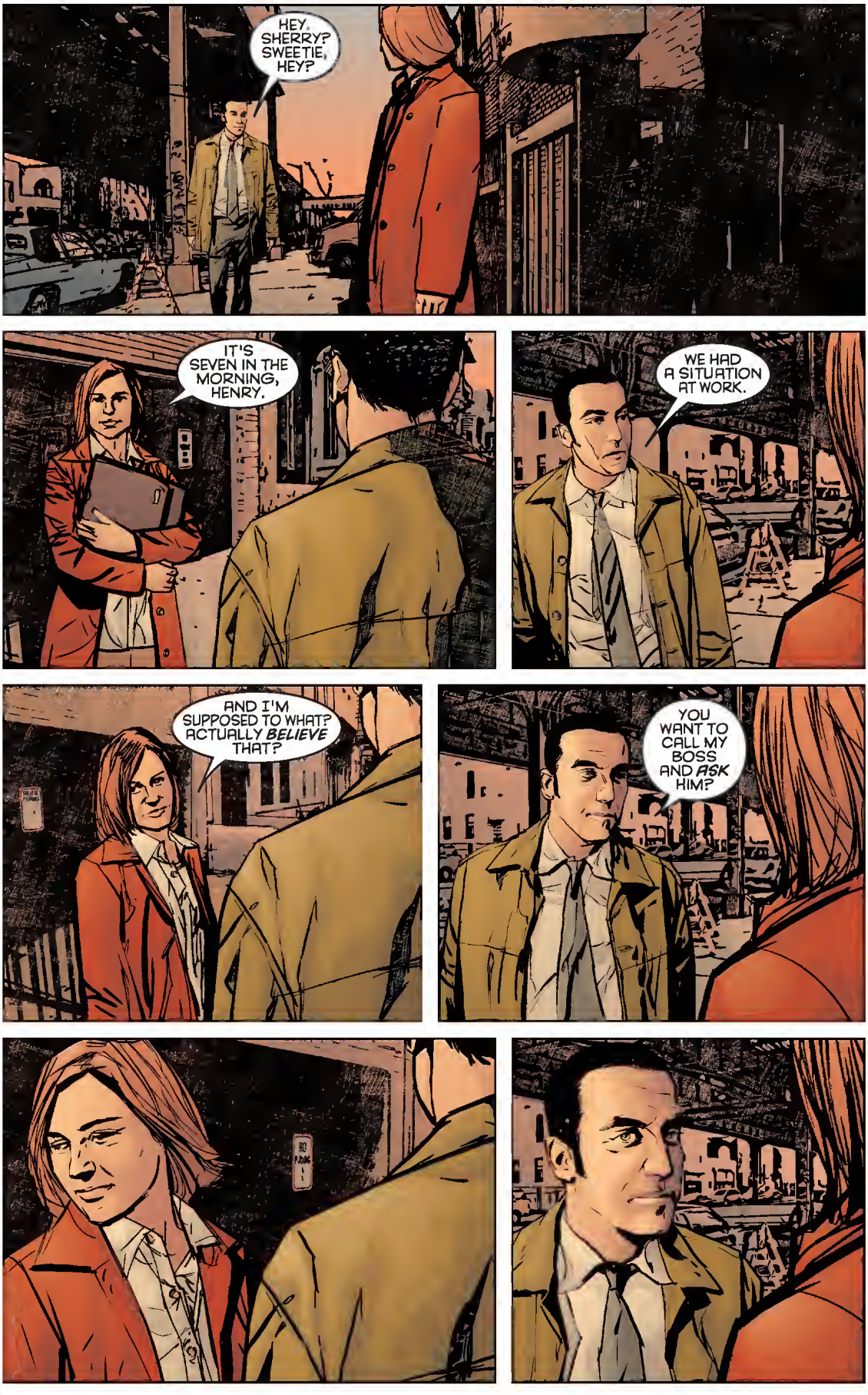

"UNIDENTIFIED
SOURCES..."
I KNOW.
"SPEAKING IN
ANONYMITY..."
I KNOW.




OH FOGGY...
HOW COULD
THIS HAVE
HAPPENED?

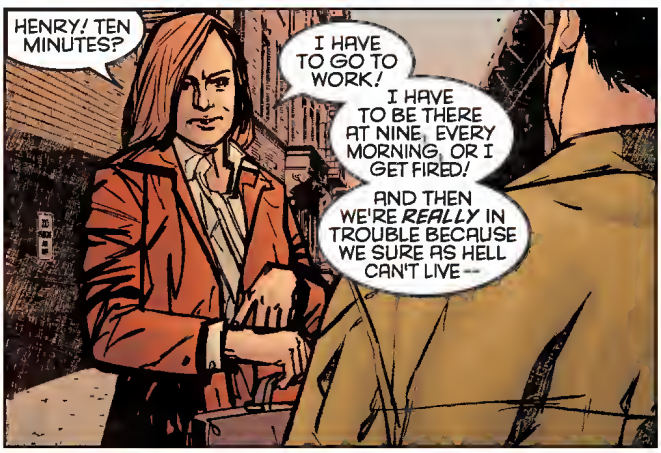

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY...
I WANT MURDOCK LEFT ALONE.
THIS INFORMATION -- ACCURATE OR NOT -- HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FBI'S OBJECTIVES OR INVESTIGATION.
TWO DAYS AGO
DAREDEVIL, WHOEVER HE IS, HAS DONE NOTHING BUT HELP OUR INVESTIGATIONS WHEN OUR HANDS ARE TIED --
AND THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS SIT ON THIS UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.
I HOPE I AM MAKING IT PERFECTLY CLEAR...
THIS INFORMATION STAYS IN THIS ROOM.
PAY UP.
STOP IT.
OH NO. YOU'RE *PAYING* THIS TIME.
I SAID -- WHAT DID I SAY? I SAID THE MAN SAYS PUT IT IN THE DRAWER --
AND DOGGONEIT, IF HE DIDN'T JUST SAY PUT IT IN THE DRAWER.


"DOGGONEIT"?
DOGGONEIT.
I'M EXHAUSTED.
I'M GOING HOME.
YOU WANT BREAKFAST?
NO, I --
I'M BUYING.
WITH MY MONEY.
STILL.
NO, I -- I GOTTA --
-- SEE THE LADY?
SHE LEAVES FOR WORK.
GOT YA.

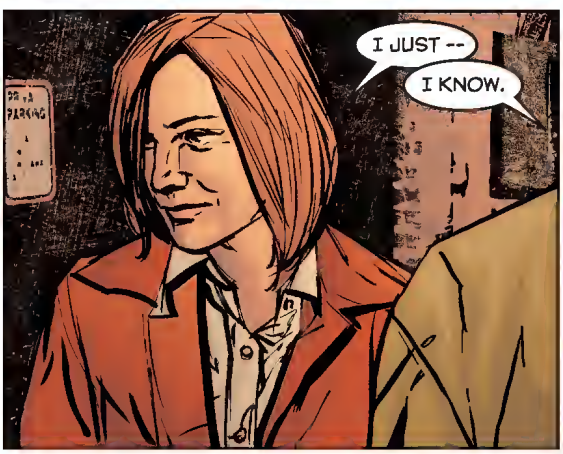

HEY. SHERRY? SWEETIE, HEY?
IT'S SEVEN IN THE MORNING, HENRY.
WE HAD A SITUATION AT WORK.
AND I'M SUPPOSED TO WHAT? ACTUALLY *BELIEVE* THAT?
YOU WANT TO CALL MY BOSS AND *ASK* HIM?


WELL, I -- I HAVE TO GO TO WORK.


TEN MINUTES?


HENRY! TEN MINUTES?
I HAVE TO GO TO WORK!
I HAVE TO BE THERE AT NINE, EVERY MORNING, OR I GET FIRED!
AND THEN WE'RE *REALLY* IN TROUBLE BECAUSE WE SURE AS HELL CAN'T LIVE --




I JUST --
I KNOW.


I FEEL LIKE --
I --


I GOTTA GO TO WORK.



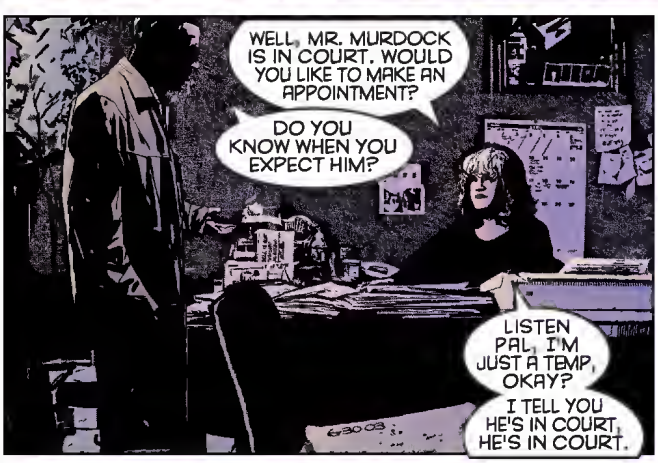

UNO Chicago Grill
BAR & GRILL
"Best Road Around"



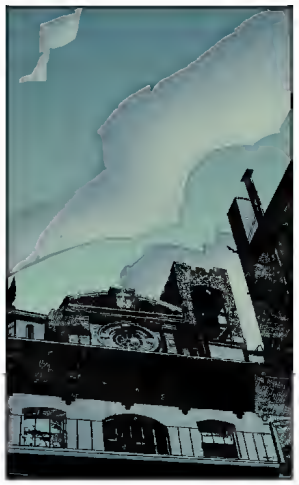

MAY I HELP YOU?
IS MATT MURDOCK IN?


DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?


NO, BUT...


WELL, MR. MURDOCK IS IN COURT. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT?
DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU EXPECT HIM?
LISTEN PAL, I'M JUST A TEMP, OKAY?
I TELL YOU HE'S IN COURT, HE'S IN COURT.













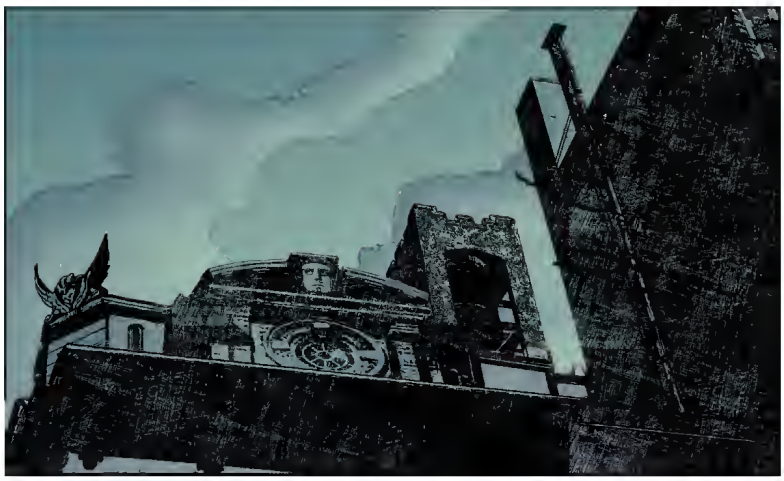













OH MY.













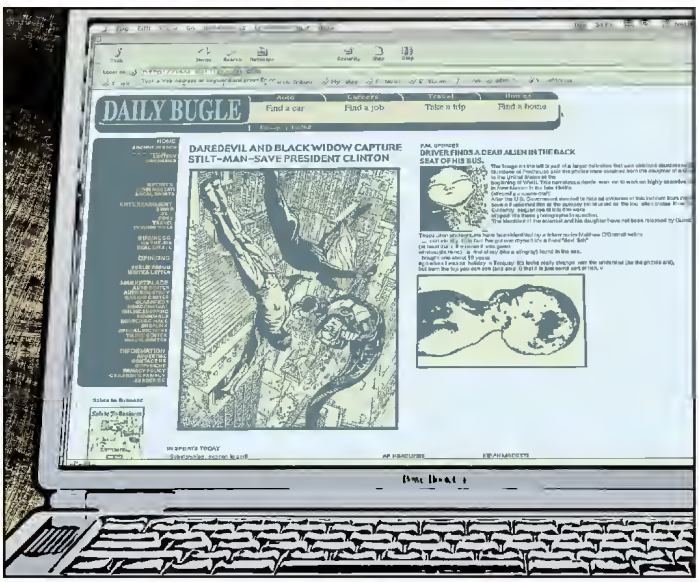

ederal Plaza
TAPTAPTAPTAP
HEY, WHERE YOU BEEN?
DOING STUFF. AROUND.
WHAT'RE YOU WORKING ON?
PERSONAL.
PORN?
SHUT UP.
TAPTAPTAP
THEY BOOKED SILKE.
GOOD.
HE CRIED.
BOOHOO. DID HE GIVE UP HIS OLD MAN?
NOPE.
THEN BOOHOO TWICE.


NOTHING FROM UP HIGH ON DAREDEVIL, THOUGH.
THERE WON'T BE.
YEAH.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS IT.
S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS IT.
OH WELL.


YOU EAT?

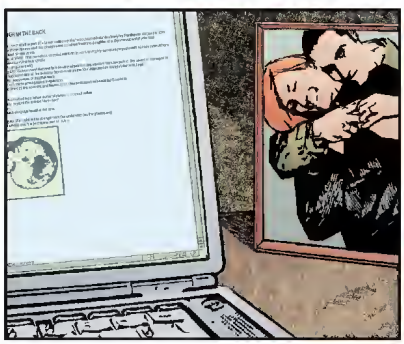

I'M FINE.
OKAY. I GOT FILES.
ME TOO.




DAILY BUGLE
Find a car
Find a job
Take a trip
Find a home
DAREDEVIL AND BLACK WIDOW CAPTURE STILT-MAN–SAVE PRESIDENT CLINTON
DRIVER FINDS A DEAD ALIEN IN THE BACK SEAT OF HIS BUS.



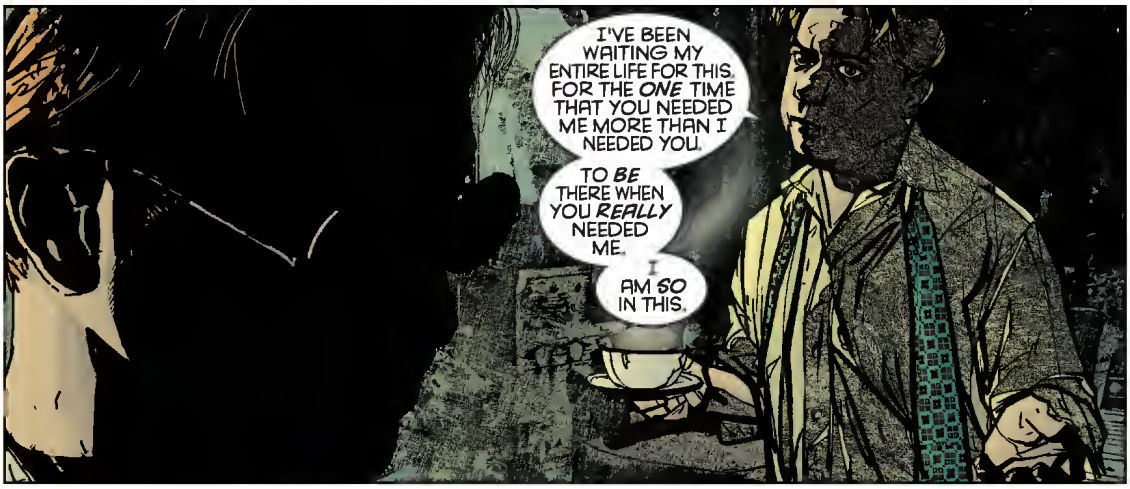


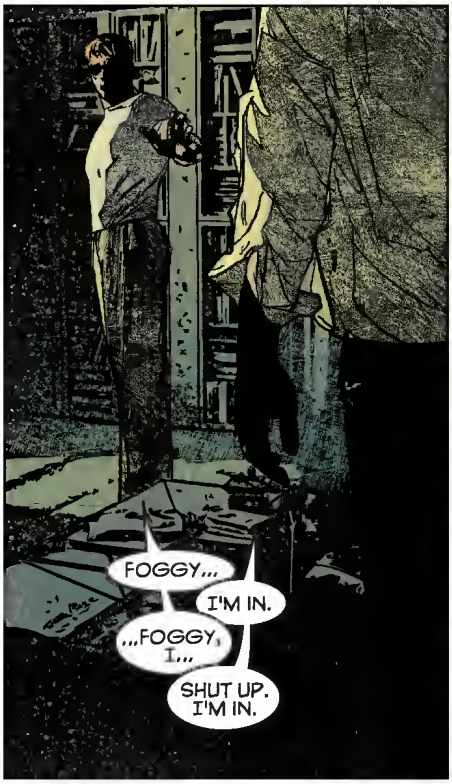





HI, IT'S HENRY.
HEY, YEAH, LISTEN...
WE NEED TO TALK.
NO.
NO, IN PERSON.
WELL, LET ME ASK YOU...
YOUR PAPER-- IS YOUR PAPER STILL PAYING FOR STUFF?
I MEAN -- PAYING FOR A STORY?
WELL, YEAH.
IT'S BIG.


NOW
I'M AN IDIOT, FOGGY.
HOW DOES THIS MAKE YOU AN IDIOT?
I JUST --
I NEVER EVEN IMAGINED I WOULD FIND MYSELF IN THESE SITUATIONS.
NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS.
WELL, IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN TO ONE OF YOU GUYS ONE DAY. RIGHT?
JUST THOUGHT IT'D BE *SPIDER-MAN.*
SO, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
Oh FOGGY, NO!
WHAT?
THIS -- THIS IS *MY* CROSS TO --
Oh NO.
NO NO NO.


I'VE BEEN WAITING MY ENTIRE LIFE FOR THIS. FOR THE *ONE* TIME THAT YOU NEEDED ME MORE THAN I NEEDED YOU.
TO *BE* THERE WHEN YOU *REALLY* NEEDED ME.
I AM *SO* IN THIS.


FOGGY...
I'M IN.
...FOGGY, I...
SHUT UP. I'M IN.


FOGGY, IF I -- IF I BITE THE BULLET AND JUST COME CLEAN...
... YOUR LIFE -- YOUR LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER.


Oh MATT --
"*COME CLEAN*"?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
MATT MURDOCK TRIES CASES AS A *LAWYER*...
... AND AS DAREDEVIL, HE'S A *VIGILANTE?*


WORKING EITHER SIDE OF THE LAW?
THIS MEANS MATT MURDOCK DEFRAUDED THE AMERICAN JUSTICE SYSTEM BY FAKING A TRIAL AGAINST DAREDEVIL.
AND THAT'S JUST THE MOST *RECENT* EXAMPLE.


MATT -- YOU CAN'T.
YOU CAN'T COME CLEAN.
YOU CAN'T COME OUT.
FIRST? YOU'LL GET DISBARRED.
AND THEN...
THEN YOU GO TO JAIL.


YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT, PAL.
SO THE THING WE DO? WE *FIGHT* THIS.
WE DENY! DENY! DENY! 'TIL WE'RE BLUE IN THE FACE.
I SAY WE GET UP ON THE HIGHEST TREE AND WE SCREAM: *LIARS!*
WE SUE EVERYONE IN SIGHT UNTIL THEIR HEADS SPIN OFF THE TOP OF THEIR BODIES.
WE'RE GOING TO *OWN* THAT DISHRAG OF A PAPER.
WHAT *IS* THIS? IS THIS *NEWS?* WHAT THEY DID? NO.
WHO DID THIS TO ME?
THANK YOU FOR NOT TELLING ME THAT I'VE BEEN VERY CARELESS WITH MY SECRETS AND THAT IT COULD BE ANYONE.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
BUT YOU HAVE BEEN...
... AND IT COULD BE.


BUT MAYBE --
-- MAYBE THIS IS A SIGN.
A SIGN?
A BIG FRICKIN' *NEON* SIGN.
AND IT SAYS IT'S TIME TO JUST PUT THE COSTUME AWAY ONCE AND FOR ALL.
YOU'RE DONE -- DON'T YOU THINK?
IT'S TIME TO RETIRE.
TO BE CONTINUED


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.11
ALIAS
nonfiction is so bizarre—
—that it seems like fiction.
PUNISHER
punish punish punish punish punish
love me!
writing, riding, Around with his Head on Fire writer
you are afraid, and
watching a real person.
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S WES ABBOTT
letters

STUART MOORE
editor

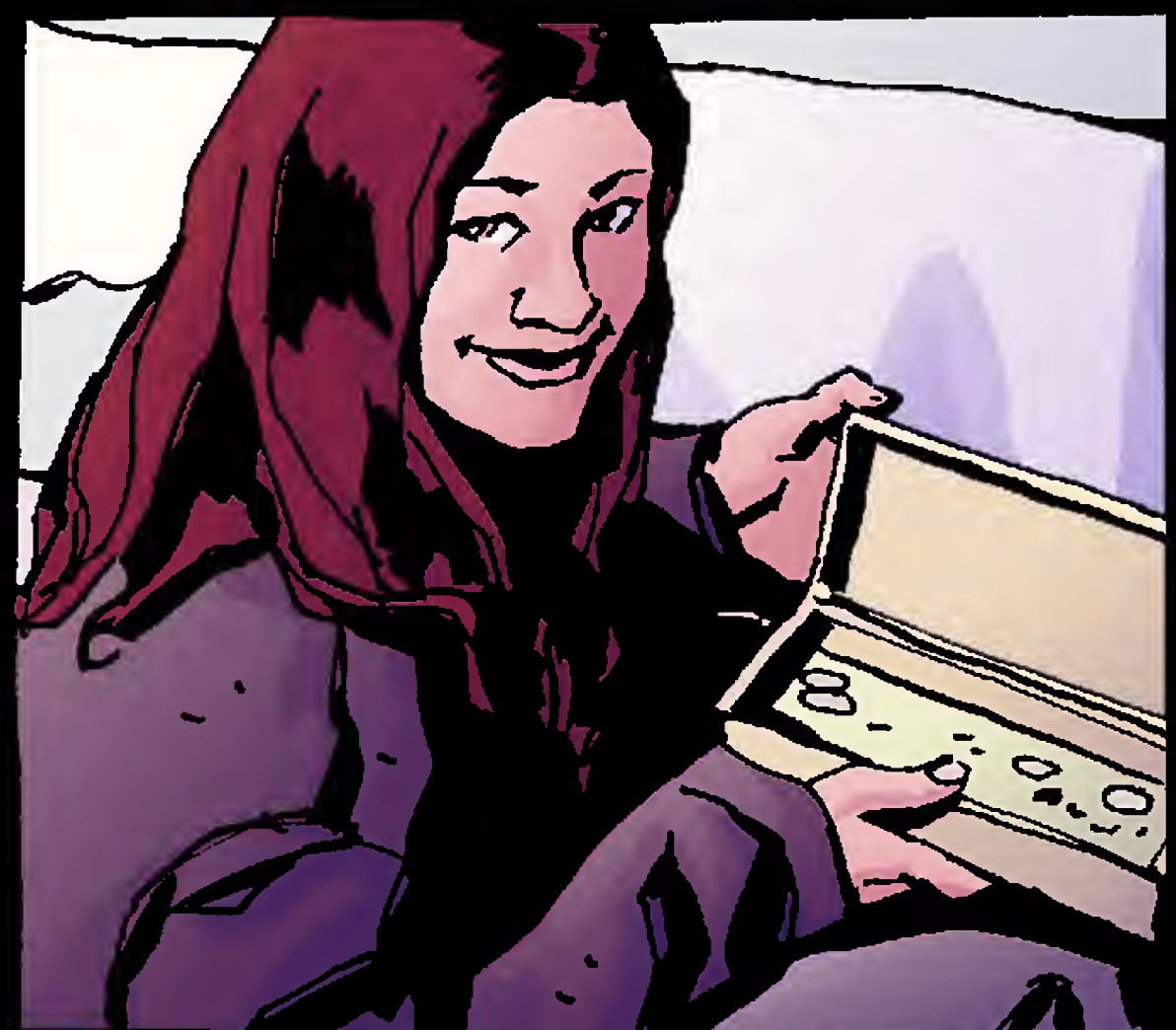
KELLY LAMY
associate managing editor

NANCI DAKESIAN
managing editor

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.

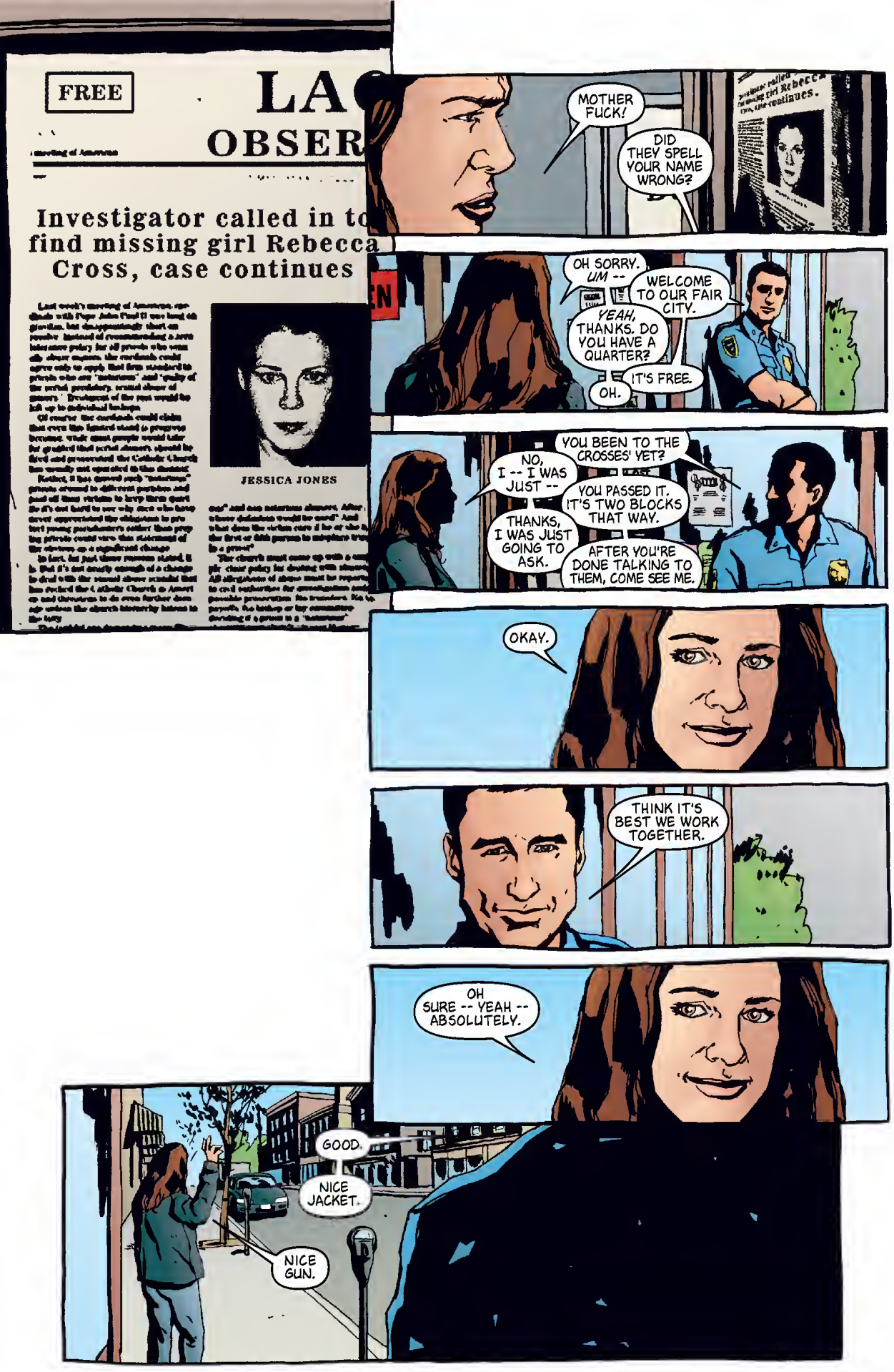


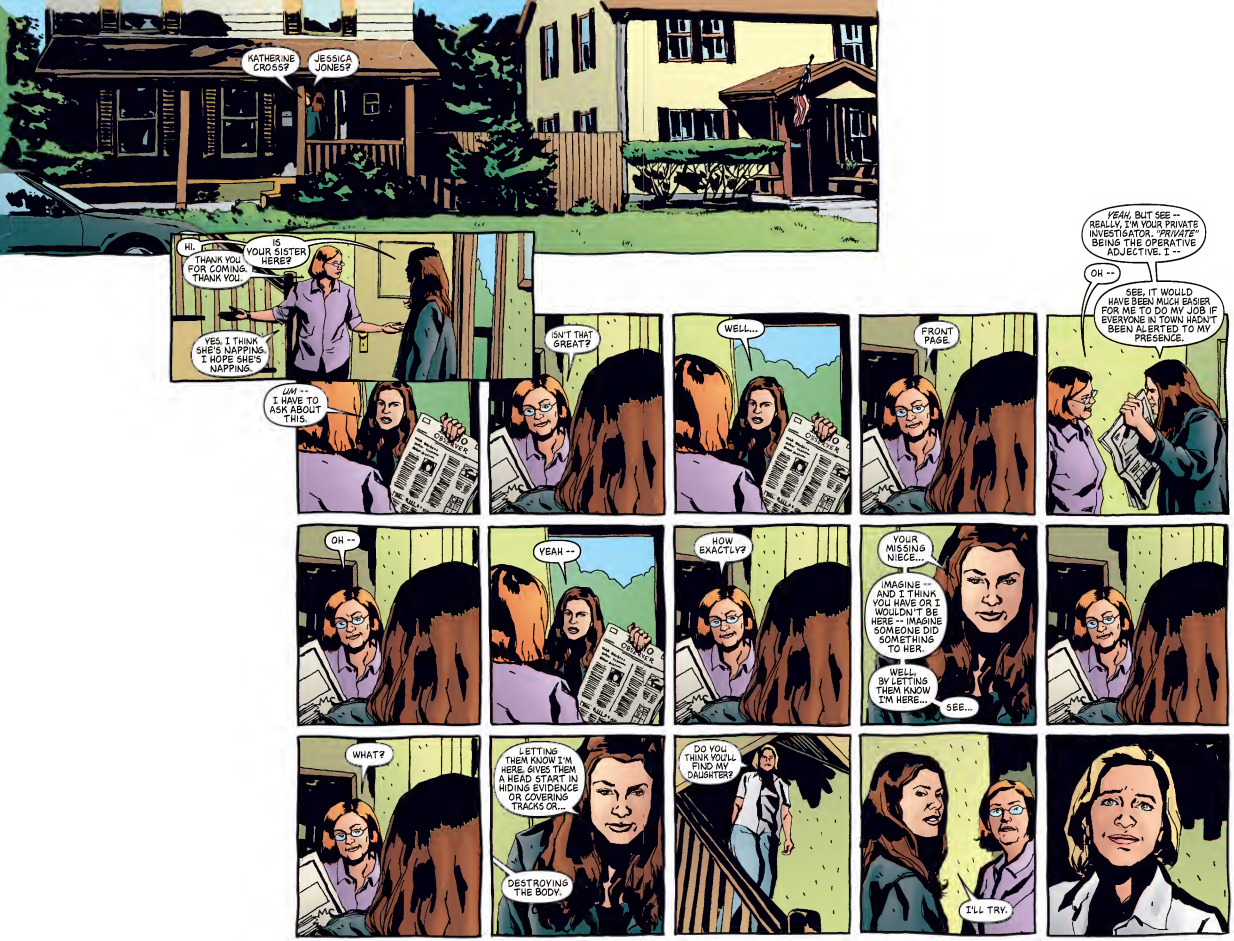
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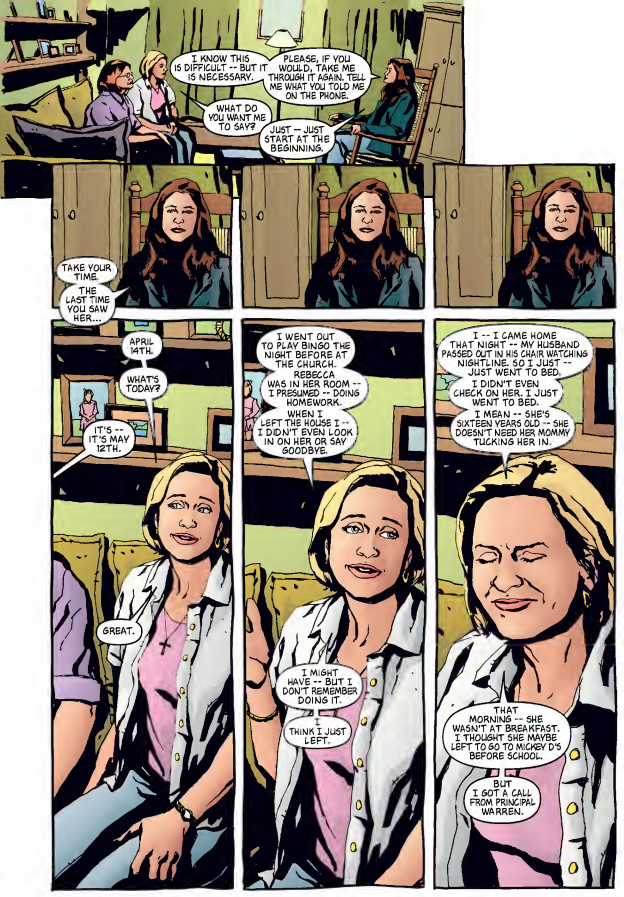

AIN'T NO LOVE.. IN THE HEART OF CITY!!! I SAID TH AIN'T NO LOVE IN HEART OF TOWN
AIN'T NO LOVE... IN THE HEAAAHH OF THE CITAAY!!! I SAID THERE MMMM NO LOOAAAAVE IN THE HEART OF TOAAAWWWN!!
I SAID THERE AIN'T NO --
I SAID THERE HUMM LOOOOVEE!!
IN THE HEART OF THE --
HMMM DA DA DA OF THEEEEEE CITYAAAY!!
I SAID THERE --
I SAID THERE AIN'T...

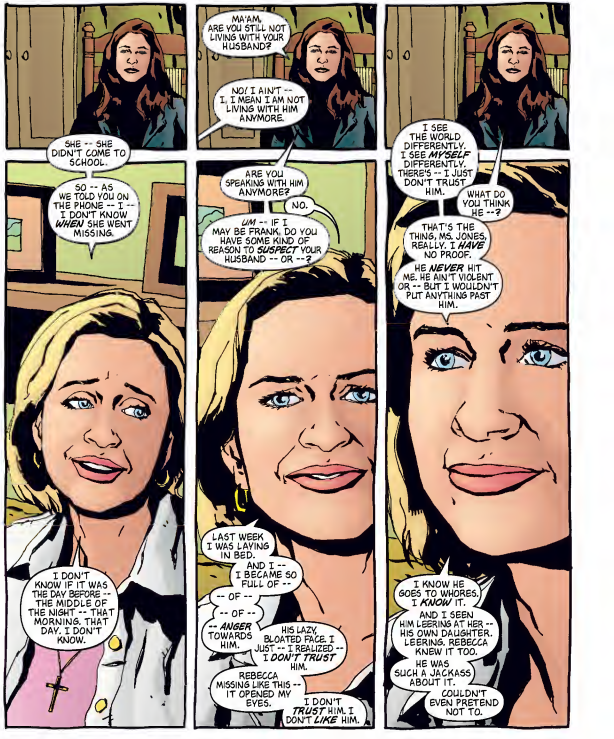

REBECCA,
PLEASE COME
HOME.
WE LOVE YOU.
WELCOME
TO
LAGO
NEW YORK
I SAID THERE AIN'T NO LOVE, IN THE HEART OF TOWN!!


94
17A
TSSK-- I FUCKING PASSED IT, DIDN'T I?
MILLER STREET. MILLER STREET.
THAT'S NOT... NO.
UM, HELLO? I NEED TO --
HELLO?
AAAAAAND-- HE CAN'T HEAR ME.
IT'S LIKE I TRIPPED AND FELL INTO 1978. GOD, I'M SUCH A FUCKING SNOB WHEN I'M --
-- TALKING... TO MYSELF.

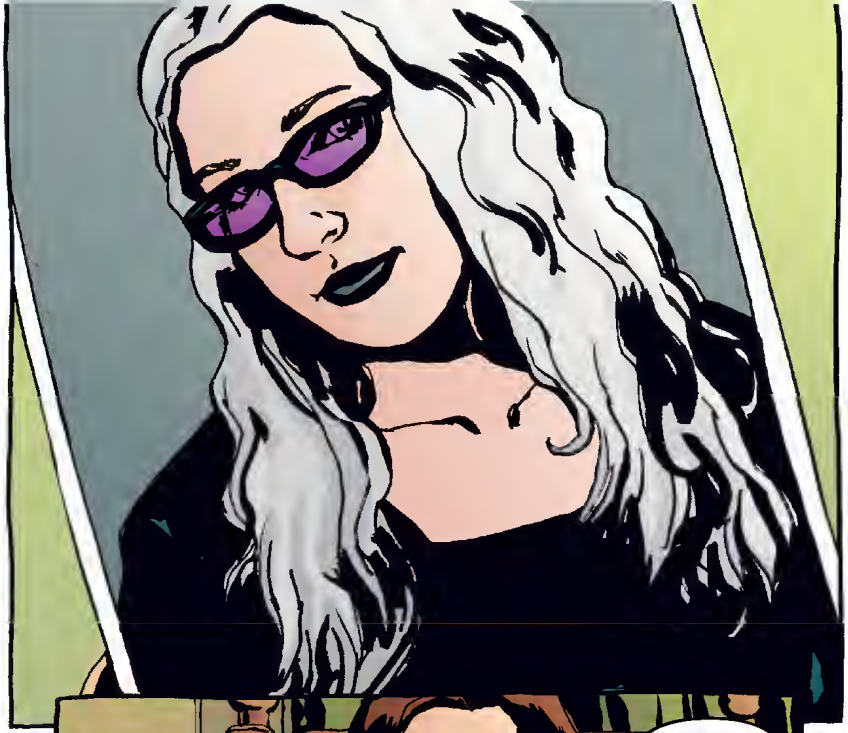

FREE
LA
OBSER
Investigator called in to
find missing girl Rebecca
Cross, case continues
JESSICA JONES
MOTHER FUCK!
DID THEY SPELL YOUR NAME WRONG?
OH SORRY. UM --
WELCOME TO OUR FAIR CITY.
YEAH, THANKS. DO YOU HAVE A QUARTER?
IT'S FREE.
OH.
YOU BEEN TO THE CROSSES' YET?
NO, I -- I WAS JUST --
YOU PASSED IT. IT'S TWO BLOCKS THAT WAY.
THANKS, I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK.
AFTER YOU'RE DONE TALKING TO THEM, COME SEE ME.
OKAY.
THINK IT'S BEST WE WORK TOGETHER.
OH SURE -- YEAH -- ABSOLUTELY.
GOOD.
NICE JACKET.
NICE GUN.


KATHERINE CROSS?
JESSICA JONES?
HI.
THANK YOU FOR COMING. THANK YOU.
IS YOUR SISTER HERE?
YES. I THINK SHE'S NAPPING. I HOPE SHE'S NAPPING.
UM -- I HAVE TO ASK ABOUT THIS.
ISN'T THAT GREAT?
WELL...
FRONT PAGE.
YEAH, BUT SEE -- REALLY, I'M YOUR PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. "PRIVATE" BEING THE OPERATIVE ADJECTIVE. I --
OH --
SEE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH EASIER FOR ME TO DO MY JOB IF EVERYONE IN TOWN HADN'T BEEN ALERTED TO MY PRESENCE.
OH --
YEAH --
HOW EXACTLY?
YOUR MISSING NIECE...
IMAGINE -- AND I THINK YOU HAVE OR I WOULDN'T BE HERE -- IMAGINE SOMEONE DID SOMETHING TO HER.
WELL, BY LETTING THEM KNOW I'M HERE...
SEE...
WHAT?
LETTING THEM KNOW I'M HERE GIVES THEM A HEAD START IN HIDING EVIDENCE OR COVERING TRACKS OR...
DESTROYING THE BODY.
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND MY DAUGHTER?
I'LL TRY.


I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT -- BUT IT IS NECESSARY.
PLEASE, IF YOU WOULD, TAKE ME THROUGH IT AGAIN. TELL ME WHAT YOU TOLD ME ON THE PHONE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?
JUST -- JUST START AT THE BEGINNING.
TAKE YOUR TIME.
THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HER...
APRIL 14TH.
WHAT'S TODAY?
IT'S -- IT'S MAY 12TH.
GREAT.
I WENT OUT TO PLAY BINGO THE NIGHT BEFORE AT THE CHURCH.
REBECCA WAS IN HER ROOM -- I PRESUMED -- DOING HOMEWORK.
WHEN I LEFT THE HOUSE I -- I DIDN'T EVEN LOOK IN ON HER OR SAY GOODBYE.
I MIGHT HAVE -- BUT I DON'T REMEMBER DOING IT.
I THINK I JUST LEFT.
I -- I CAME HOME THAT NIGHT -- MY HUSBAND PASSED OUT IN HIS CHAIR WATCHING NIGHTLINE. SO I JUST -- JUST WENT TO BED.
I DIDN'T EVEN CHECK ON HER. I JUST WENT TO BED.
I MEAN -- SHE'S SIXTEEN YEARS OLD -- SHE DOESN'T NEED HER MOMMY TUCKING HER IN.
THAT MORNING -- SHE WASN'T AT BREAKFAST. I THOUGHT SHE MAYBE LEFT TO GO TO MICKEY D'S BEFORE SCHOOL.
BUT I GOT A CALL FROM PRINCIPAL WARREN.

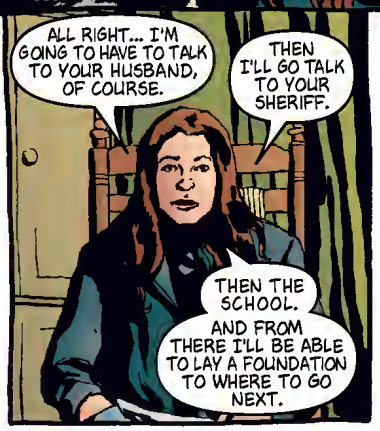

SHE -- SHE DIDN'T COME TO SCHOOL.
SO -- AS WE TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE -- I -- I DON'T KNOW WHEN SHE WENT MISSING.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE -- THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT -- THAT MORNING. THAT DAY. I DON'T KNOW.
MA'AM, ARE YOU STILL NOT LIVING WITH YOUR HUSBAND?
NO! I AIN'T -- I, I MEAN I AM NOT LIVING WITH HIM ANYMORE.
ARE YOU SPEAKING WITH HIM ANYMORE?
NO.
UM -- IF I MAY BE FRANK, DO YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF REASON TO SUSPECT YOUR HUSBAND -- OR --?
LAST WEEK I WAS LAYING IN BED, AND I -- I BECAME SO FULL OF --
-- OF --
-- OF -- -- ANGER TOWARDS HIM.
HIS LAZY, BLOATED FACE. I JUST -- I REALIZED -- I DON'T TRUST HIM.
REBECCA MISSING LIKE THIS -- IT OPENED MY EYES.
I DON'T TRUST HIM. I DON'T LIKE HIM.
I SEE THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY. I SEE MYSELF DIFFERENTLY. THERE'S -- I JUST DON'T TRUST HIM.
WHAT DO YOU THINK HE --?
THAT'S THE THING, MS. JONES, REALLY. I HAVE NO PROOF.
HE NEVER HIT ME. HE AIN'T VIOLENT OR -- BUT I WOULDN'T PUT ANYTHING PAST HIM.
I KNOW HE GOES TO WHORES. I KNOW IT.
AND I SEEN HIM LEERING AT HER -- HIS OWN DAUGHTER. LEERING. REBECCA KNEW IT TOO.
HE WAS SUCH A JACKASS ABOUT IT.
COULDN'T EVEN PRETEND NOT TO.

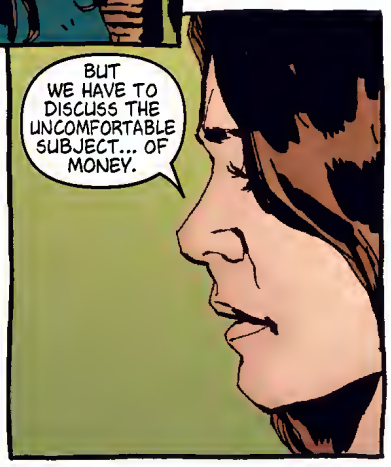

DID REBECCA EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT TO YOU?
ABOUT THE LEERING?
OR ANYTHING INAPPROPRIATE BETWEEN HER AND --
NO.
WERE YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER CLOSE?
NO.
NO?
WELL, I COULD LIE TO YOU TO MAKE MYSELF FEEL BETTER --
I AM DONE LYING TO MYSELF.
WAS YOUR DAUGHTER IN ANY TROUBLE IN SCHOOL?
SHE'D BEEN MOUTHING OFF TO TEACHERS.
I'D BEEN GETTING A LOT OF CALLS ABOUT HER MOUTH.
SHE'D BEEN ALL A'S SINCE THE FIFTH GRADE SO'S THEY NEVER KICKED HER OUTTA CLASS OR NOTHIN'.
BUT -- SHE HAD A MOUTH ON HER.
ANY TROUBLE WITH STUDENTS? BOYS?
MOTHER'S ALWAYS LAST TO KNOW THAT STUFF.
I KNOW SHE HATED THE JOCKS ALL A LOT. I HEARD HER SAY IT.
ARE THOSE PICTURES?
YES...
UM -- I JUST -- I NEED THE MOST RECENT ONE.
THAT ONE -- AND --
-- AND THAT ONE.

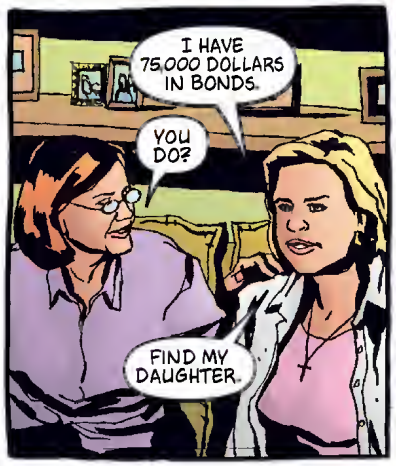



NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED HERE IN THIS TOWN, HAS IT?

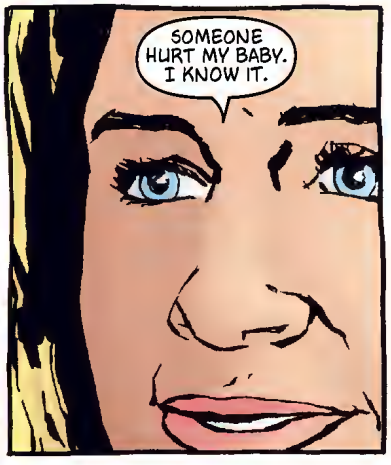

NO.

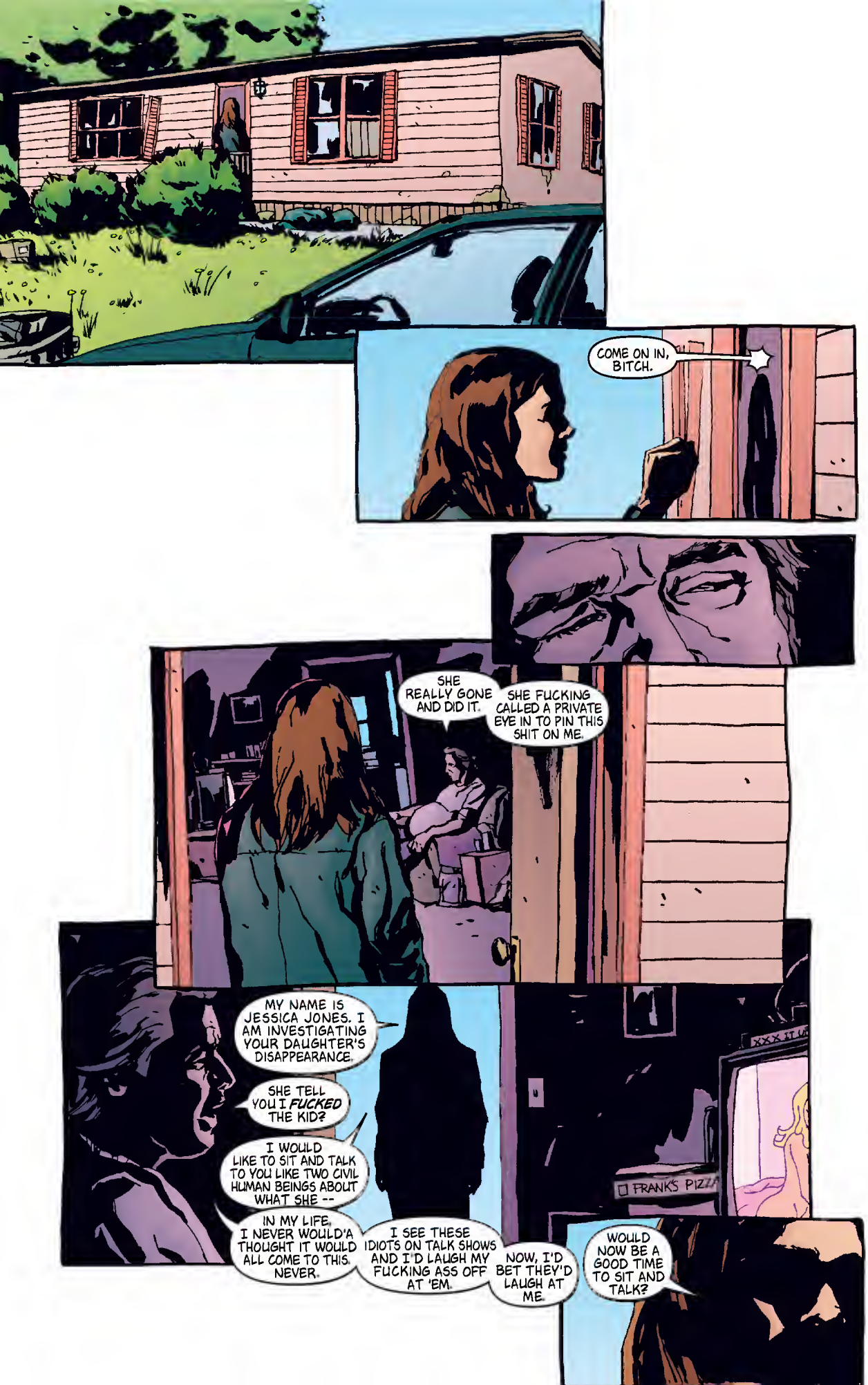

ALL RIGHT... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TALK TO YOUR HUSBAND, OF COURSE.
THEN I'LL GO TALK TO YOUR SHERIFF.
THEN THE SCHOOL.
AND FROM THERE I'LL BE ABLE TO LAY A FOUNDATION TO WHERE TO GO NEXT.

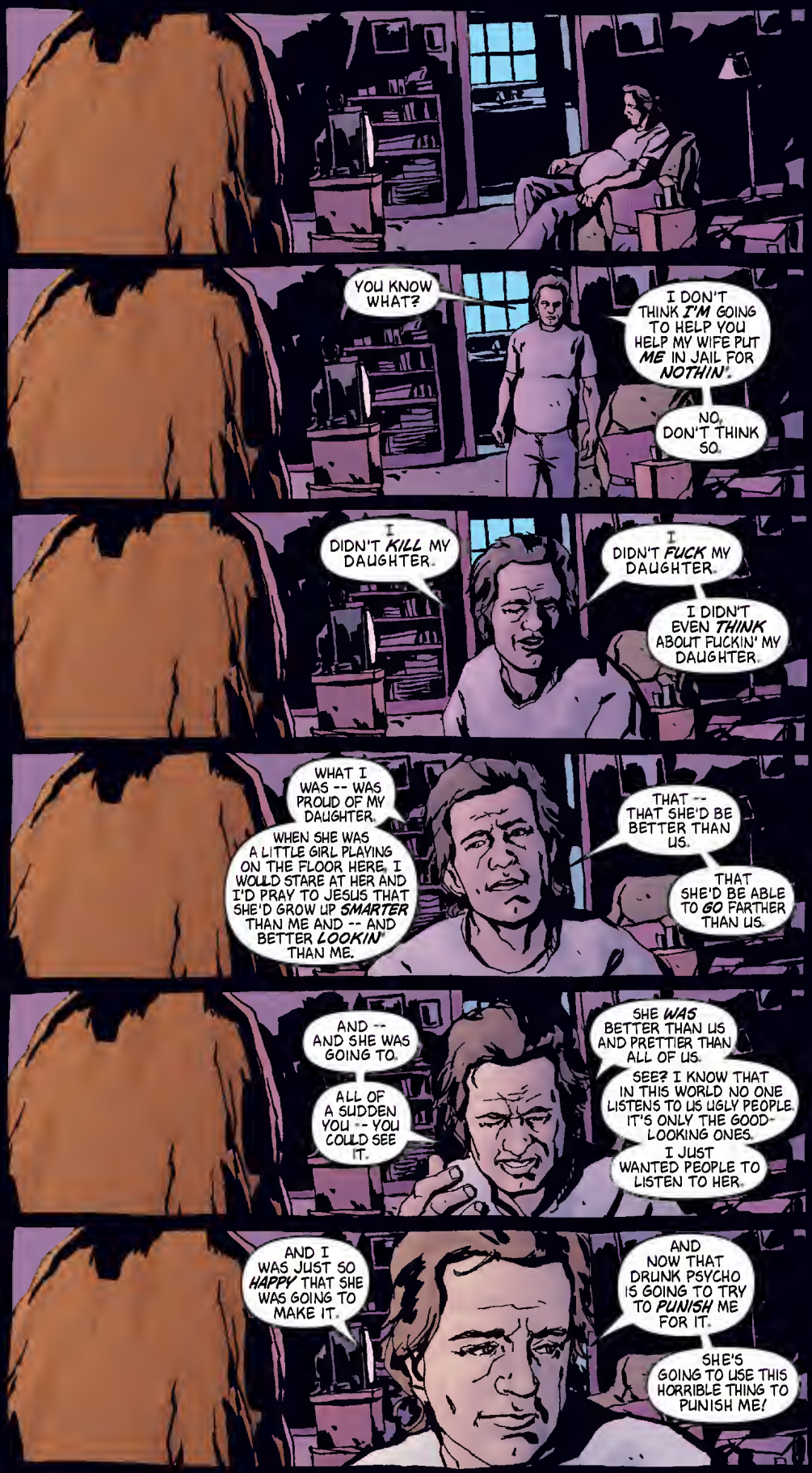

BUT WE HAVE TO DISCUSS THE UNCOMFORTABLE SUBJECT... OF MONEY.

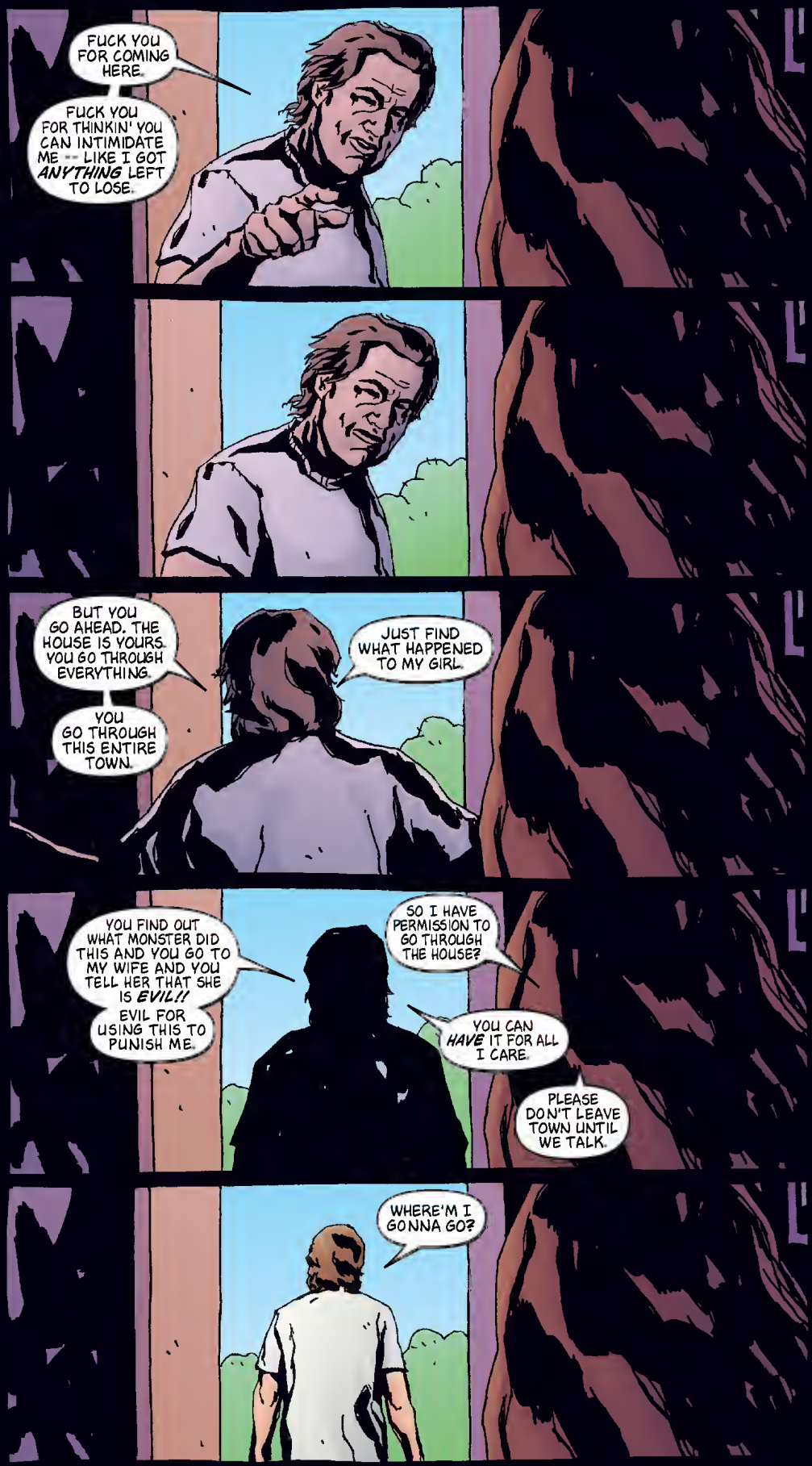

I HAVE 75,000 DOLLARS IN BONDS.
YOU DO?
FIND MY DAUGHTER.




SOMEONE HURT MY BABY. I KNOW IT.


COME ON IN, BITCH.
SHE REALLY GONE AND DID IT.
SHE FUCKING CALLED A PRIVATE EYE IN TO PIN THIS SHIT ON ME.
MY NAME IS JESSICA JONES. I AM INVESTIGATING YOUR DAUGHTER'S DISAPPEARANCE.
SHE TELL YOU I *FUCKED* THE KID?
I WOULD LIKE TO SIT AND TALK TO YOU LIKE TWO CIVIL HUMAN BEINGS ABOUT WHAT SHE --
IN MY LIFE, I NEVER WOULD'A THOUGHT IT WOULD ALL COME TO THIS. NEVER.
I SEE THESE IDIOTS ON TALK SHOWS AND I'D LAUGH MY FUCKING ASS OFF AT 'EM.
NOW, I'D BET THEY'D LAUGH AT ME.
WOULD NOW BE A GOOD TIME TO SIT AND TALK?
FRANK'S PIZ

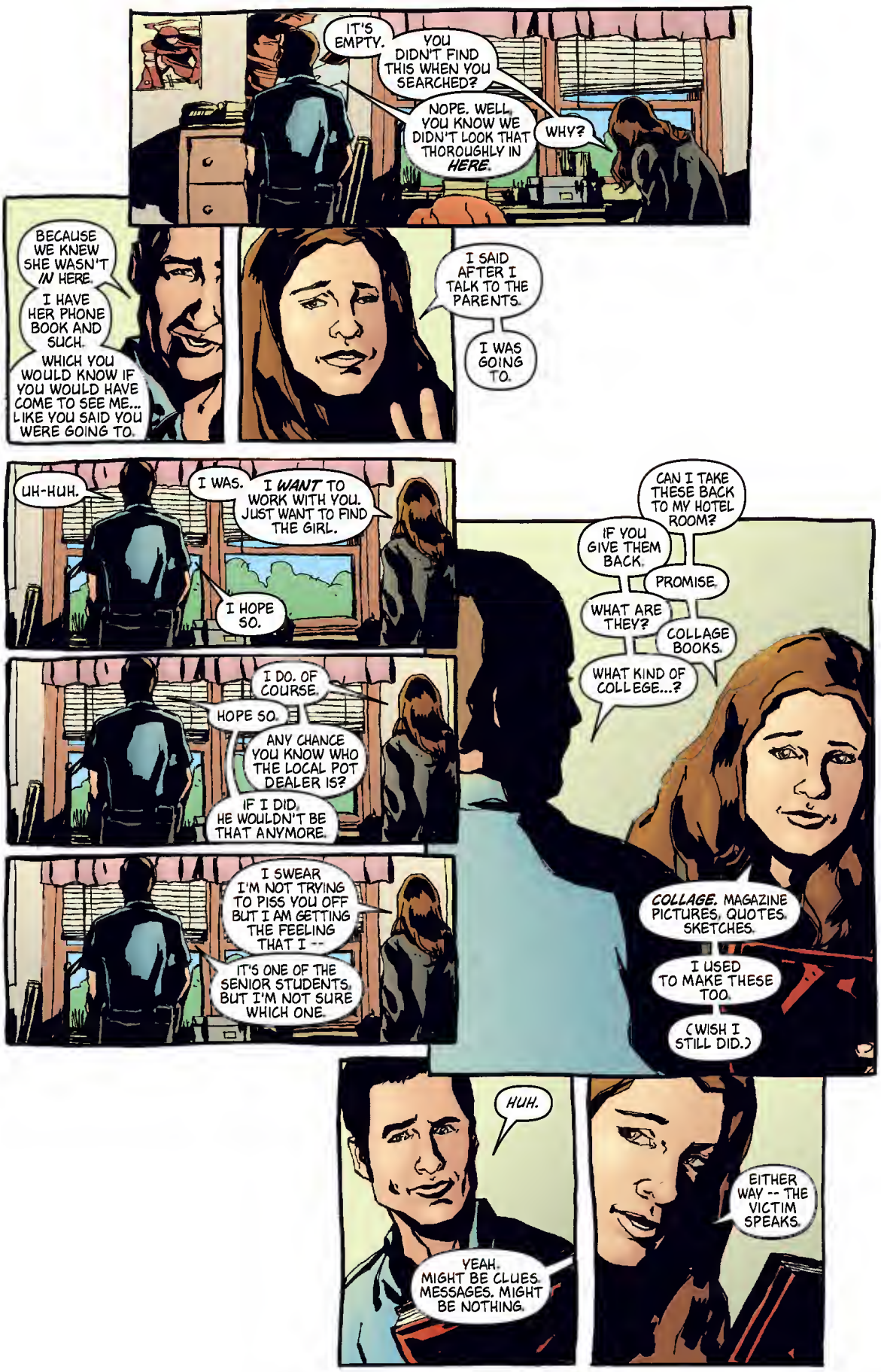

YOU KNOW WHAT?
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO HELP YOU HELP MY WIFE PUT ME IN JAIL FOR NOTHIN'.
NO, DON'T THINK SO.
I DIDN'T KILL MY DAUGHTER.
I DIDN'T FUCK MY DAUGHTER.
I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT FUCKIN' MY DAUGHTER.
WHAT I WAS -- WAS PROUD OF MY DAUGHTER.
WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING ON THE FLOOR HERE, I WOULD STARE AT HER AND I'D PRAY TO JESUS THAT SHE'D GROW UP SMARTER THAN ME AND -- AND BETTER LOOKIN' THAN ME.
THAT -- THAT SHE'D BE BETTER THAN US.
THAT SHE'D BE ABLE TO GO FARTHER THAN US.
AND -- AND SHE WAS GOING TO.
ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU -- YOU COULD SEE IT.
SHE WAS BETTER THAN US AND PRETTIER THAN ALL OF US.
SEE? I KNOW THAT IN THIS WORLD NO ONE LISTENS TO US UGLY PEOPLE. IT'S ONLY THE GOOD-LOOKING ONES.
I JUST WANTED PEOPLE TO LISTEN TO HER.
AND I WAS JUST SO HAPPY THAT SHE WAS GOING TO MAKE IT.
AND NOW THAT DRUNK PSYCHO IS GOING TO TRY TO PUNISH ME FOR IT.
SHE'S GOING TO USE THIS HORRIBLE THING TO PUNISH ME!

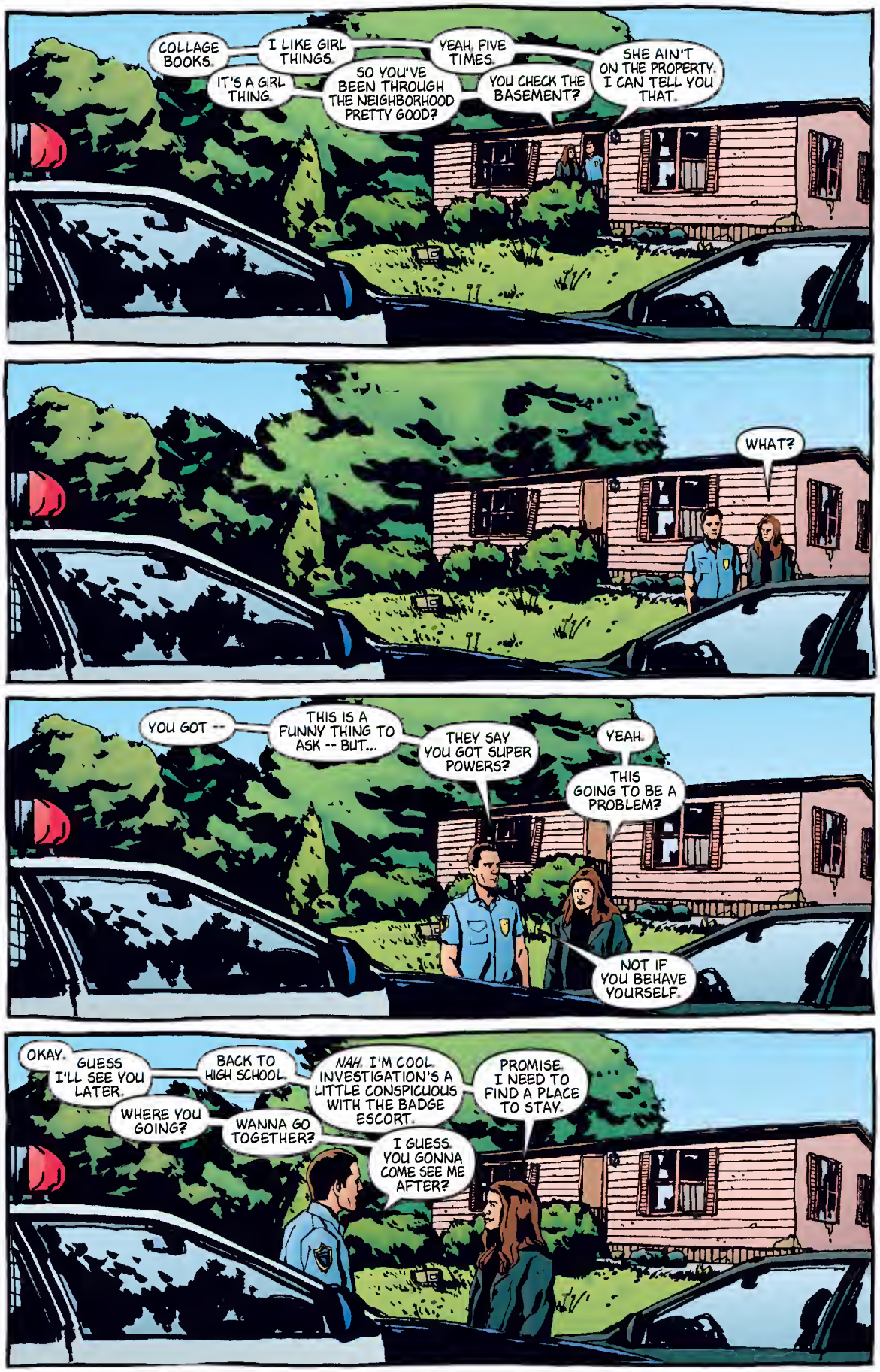

FUCK YOU FOR COMING HERE.
FUCK YOU FOR THINKIN' YOU CAN INTIMIDATE ME -- LIKE I GOT *ANYTHING* LEFT TO LOSE.
BUT YOU GO AHEAD. THE HOUSE IS YOURS. YOU GO THROUGH EVERYTHING.
YOU GO THROUGH THIS ENTIRE TOWN.
JUST FIND WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GIRL.
YOU FIND OUT WHAT MONSTER DID THIS AND YOU GO TO MY WIFE AND YOU TELL HER THAT SHE IS *EVIL!!*
EVIL FOR USING THIS TO PUNISH ME.
SO I HAVE PERMISSION TO GO THROUGH THE HOUSE?
YOU CAN *HAVE* IT FOR ALL I CARE.
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE TOWN UNTIL WE TALK.
WHERE'M I GONNA GO?

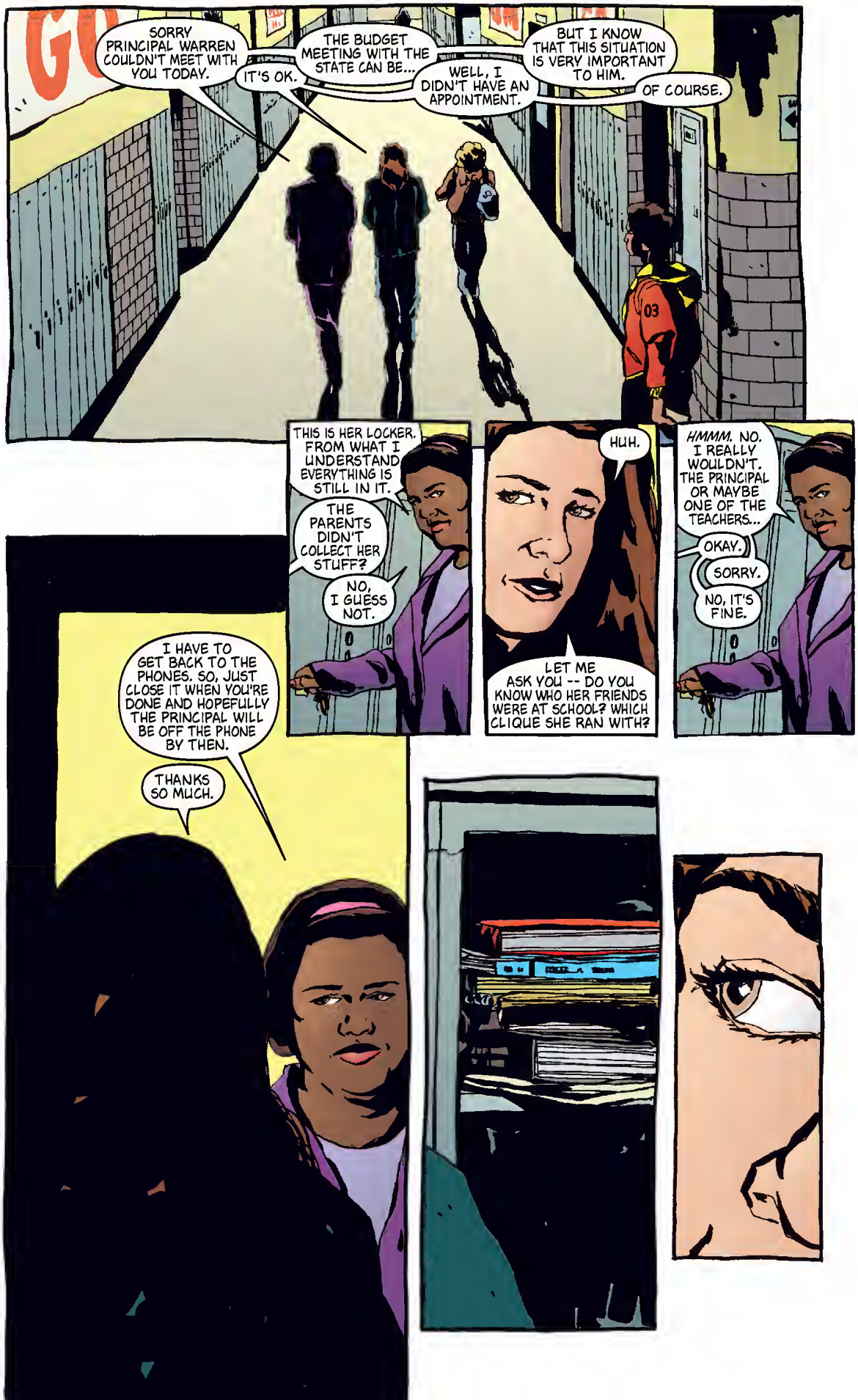

MAN...
WELL...
ANYTHING CREEPIER THAN BEING IN A STRANGER'S HOUSE?
NO.
REBECCA
LOVELY.


MUSIC 40


FIND ANYTHING?
WHERE SHE KEEPS HER POT.
WANT TO SPLIT IT?


IT'S EMPTY.
YOU DIDN'T FIND THIS WHEN YOU SEARCHED?
NOPE. WELL, YOU KNOW WE DIDN'T LOOK THAT THOROUGHLY IN *HERE*.
WHY?
BECAUSE WE KNEW SHE WASN'T *IN* HERE.
I HAVE HER PHONE BOOK AND SUCH.
WHICH YOU WOULD KNOW IF YOU WOULD HAVE COME TO SEE ME... LIKE YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO.
I SAID AFTER I TALK TO THE PARENTS.
I WAS GOING TO.
UH-HUH.
I WAS.
I *WANT* TO WORK WITH YOU. JUST WANT TO FIND THE GIRL.
I HOPE SO.
I DO. OF COURSE.
HOPE SO.
ANY CHANCE YOU KNOW WHO THE LOCAL POT DEALER IS?
IF I DID, HE WOULDN'T BE THAT ANYMORE.
I SWEAR I'M NOT TRYING TO PISS YOU OFF BUT I AM GETTING THE FEELING THAT I --
IT'S ONE OF THE SENIOR STUDENTS, BUT I'M NOT SURE WHICH ONE.
CAN I TAKE THESE BACK TO MY HOTEL ROOM?
IF YOU GIVE THEM BACK.
PROMISE.
WHAT ARE THEY?
COLLAGE BOOKS.
WHAT KIND OF COLLEGE...?
COLLAGE. MAGAZINE PICTURES, QUOTES, SKETCHES.
I USED TO MAKE THESE TOO.
(WISH I STILL DID.)
HUH.
YEAH. MIGHT BE CLUES. MESSAGES. MIGHT BE NOTHING.
EITHER WAY -- THE VICTIM SPEAKS.


COLLAGE BOOKS.
I LIKE GIRL THINGS.
YEAH, FIVE TIMES.
SHE AIN'T ON THE PROPERTY. I CAN TELL YOU THAT.
IT'S A GIRL THING.
SO YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD PRETTY GOOD?
YOU CHECK THE BASEMENT?
WHAT?
YOU GOT --
THIS IS A FUNNY THING TO ASK -- BUT...
THEY SAY YOU GOT SUPER POWERS?
YEAH.
THIS GOING TO BE A PROBLEM?
NOT IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF.
OKAY.
GUESS I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL.
NAH. I'M COOL. INVESTIGATION'S A LITTLE CONSPICUOUS WITH THE BADGE ESCORT.
PROMISE. I NEED TO FIND A PLACE TO STAY.
WHERE YOU GOING?
WANNA GO TOGETHER?
I GUESS. YOU GONNA COME SEE ME AFTER?


SORRY PRINCIPAL WARREN COULDN'T MEET WITH YOU TODAY.
IT'S OK.
THE BUDGET MEETING WITH THE STATE CAN BE...
WELL, I DIDN'T HAVE AN APPOINTMENT.
BUT I KNOW THAT THIS SITUATION IS VERY IMPORTANT TO HIM.
OF COURSE.
03
THIS IS HER LOCKER. FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING IS STILL IN IT.
THE PARENTS DIDN'T COLLECT HER STUFF?
NO, I GUESS NOT.
HUH.
LET ME ASK YOU -- DO YOU KNOW WHO HER FRIENDS WERE AT SCHOOL? WHICH CLIQUE SHE RAN WITH?
HMMM. NO. I REALLY WOULDN'T. THE PRINCIPAL OR MAYBE ONE OF THE TEACHERS...
OKAY.
SORRY.
NO, IT'S FINE.
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE PHONES. SO, JUST CLOSE IT WHEN YOU'RE DONE AND HOPEFULLY THE PRINCIPAL WILL BE OFF THE PHONE BY THEN.
THANKS SO MUCH.


YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE WRONG SIDE OF THE DOOR.
WHAT?
WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS ON THE FRONT OF THE LOCKER.
SEE IT?
NO, WHAT ARE --?
OH.
WHAT IS THIS?
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT...
...SHE WAS A MUTANT.


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...AHEM...
AND THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO COME TO YOU.
I'M MEDITATING ON THE PROBLEM YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME.
OH.
THIS GONNA TAKE LONG? 'CAUSE I COULD HEAD DOWN TO TIMES SQUARE, GET A SLICE OF PIZZA...
...DISCOVER RADIUM...
...WORK OUT THAT WHOLE UNIFIED FIELD THEORY...
...'CAUSE WHILE YOU'RE BUSY... YOU KNOW... MEDITATING, THERE'RE PEOPLE GETTING GRABBED AND I HAVE A WIFE I HAVEN'T SEEN IN A LONG TIME FLYING IN SOON AND I'M PICKING HER UP AT THE AIRPORT AND I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE.


YOU HAVE AN UNQUIET SPIRIT.
YEAH, I GET THAT A LOT.
SO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU A SLICE WITH PEPPERONI WHILE I'M AT IT, OR ARE WE GONNA FIGURE THIS OUT THIS CENTURY?
ONE DOES NOT ENTER THE ASTRAL PLANE UNPREPARED. IF THE ONE YOU CALL THE SHADE DID NOT PREPARE HIMSELF, AND IF THE SPELL OF ENTRY WAS DISRUPTED, THE GATEWAY TO THE ASTRAL PLANE WOULD HAVE BEEN DAMAGED. THE CONSEQUENCES FOR ANYONE PASSING THROUGH A FLAWED GATEWAY WOULD BE DIRE INDEED.
FOR ALL THINGS, THERE MUST BE A BALANCE. IT MAY BE THAT, IN ORDER TO RETURN HERE FOR ANY PERIOD OF TIME, HE MUST BALANCE THE SCALES BY BRINGING SOMEONE FROM HERE INTO THE ASTRAL PLANE, ALLOWING HIM TO FUNCTION IN THIS REALITY FOR A SET PERIOD OF TIME.
THAT'S WHY HE'S GOING AFTER RUNAWAYS, STREET KIDS AND USERS. PICKING PEOPLE NOBODY'S GONNA MISS.
EXACTLY.
OKAY, SO NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, WHEN DO WE GO AFTER HIM?
WE DON'T. YOU DO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WE DON'T? I MEAN, YOU'RE LIKE THE SORCERER'S MONTHLY FOLD-OUT FOR THE ASTRAL PLANE. YOU LIKE FUZZY ANIMALS AND SAVING WORLDS AND YOUR TURN-OFFS ARE RUDE PEOPLE AND GUYS WITH MOIST GRABBY TENTACLES.
—WHICH IS MOST GUYS, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT.
I'M SORRY.

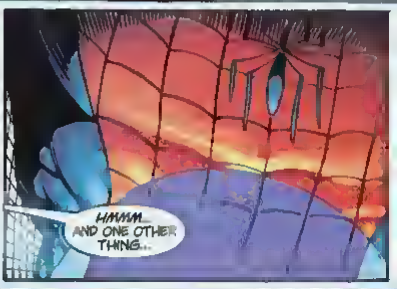

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT THAT I CANNOT MISS.
SURE YOU CAN TELL 'EM YOU'RE BUSY. TELL 'EM YOU WENT OUT WITH AN OLD WAR BUDDY AND WE'RE COMPARING SCAR
AN APPOINTMENT... WITH DEATH.
OKAY, YOU GOT ME ON THAT ONE. WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?
THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO WOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO GUIDE YOU INTO THE ASTRAL PLANE AND RETURN YOU SAFELY TO THE WORLD YOU KNOW. BUT I HAVE NEED OF ITS POWERS SO INSTEAD...
THE HAND OF THE VISHANTI WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE
DO. NOT. MOVE.
WAIT A MINNIT... DON'T I GET TO --
• As seen in the Doctor Strange miniseries, "The Other Side of Darkness." ••
•• Which, okay, hasn't been written yet, but it will be, and then this will make a lot more sense. ••••
••••No, really it will. Would we lie about a thing like that?


AAAAGGGG!


OWW
OH, MAAAANNNY WHERE THE HELL DID THAT TRUCK COME FROM?


WAS THE PHRASE "DON'T MOVE" REALLY THAT DIFFICULT A CONCEPT?
THE GLOW WILL SOON FADE FROM SIGHT ON THIS SIDE OF REALITY, BUT THEIR POWER REMAINS WHEN THE PORTAL TO THE ASTRAL PLANE IS OPENED AGAIN, THEY WILL BRING YOUR ASTRAL FORM TO THE PLACE OF MAGICAL POWER. THERE YOU MAY CONFRONT YOUR FOE AND FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE MAY GO, EVEN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE ASTRAL PLANE ITSELF.
COOL...
SO, WHERE DOES THE ASTRAL PLANE LAND, AND IS THERE ALSO AN ASTRAL HELICOPTER?


CERTAIN THINGS SHOULD NOT BE JOKED ABOUT. YOU MUST APPROACH THIS SITUATION WITH CAUTION, REVERENCE, AND GREAT SERIOUSNESS

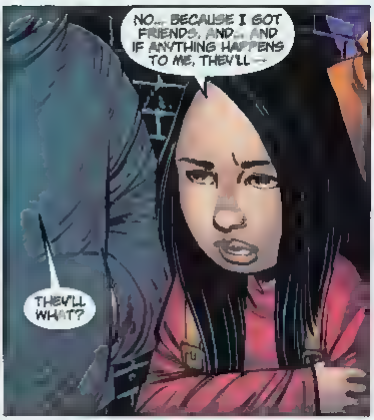

HMMM... AND ONE OTHER THING...

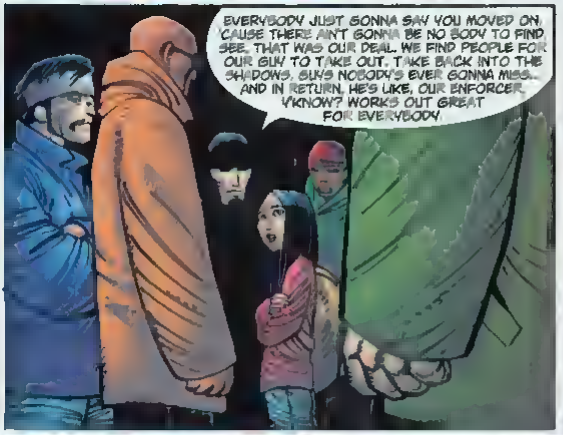

DO NOT LEAVE THE PATH, NO MATTER HOW FAMILIAR OR INVITING SOME THINGS MAY APPEAR. THERE ARE THINGS YOU ARE NOT YET READY TO CONFRONT.
SURE THING, DOC. SO WHAT'S THE PROGRAM FROM HERE?
THE WORST THING YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE
YOU MUST SIT IN THAT CHAIR. WAIT... AND MEDITATE. FOR AS LONG AS NEEDED.
DOESN'T SOUND THAT BAD...
YOU MUST DO IT... SILENTLY.
HA --
COMMA HA --
--COMMA HA.
I MUST GO NOW. DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR AGAIN UNTIL I RETURN.
IF I RETURN AT ALL.
DOOM
AND TO THINK THE MAN GAVE UP A PROMISING CAREER AS A STAND-UP COMIC FOR THIS...


FLUSSSSH


HEY
UHHMMM
SO WHAT'S YOUR FREAKIN' PROBLEM?


I SEEN YOU BRINGING GUYS IN HERE ASKIN' QUESTIONS AND THAT CREEP SPIDER-MAN. YOU MESSIN' WITH MY CRIB, LITTLE GIRL AND I DON'T LIKE IT
LOOK, YOU DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING TO ME --
NO?


NO... BECAUSE I GOT FRIENDS, AND... AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, THEY'LL --
THEY'LL WHAT?


EVERYBODY JUST GONNA SAY YOU MOVED ON, 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO BODY TO FIND, SEE. THAT WAS OUR DEAL. WE FIND PEOPLE FOR OUR GUY TO TAKE OUT, TAKE BACK INTO THE SHADOWS, SUCH NOBODY'S EVER GONNA MISS... AND IN RETURN, HE'S LIKE, OUR ENFORCER. YKNOW? WORKS OUT GREAT FOR EVERYBODY

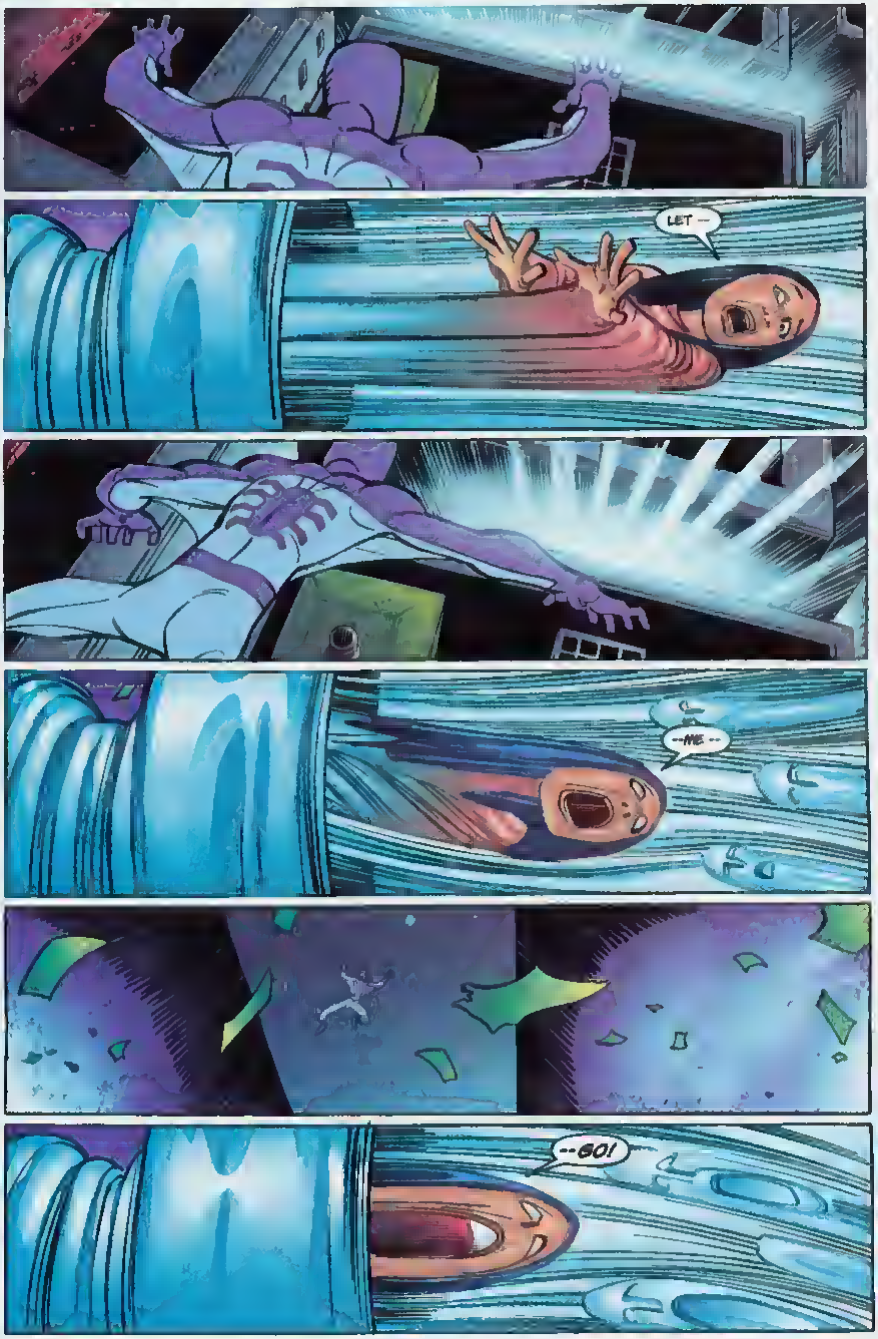

SO NOW WE GONNA DO SOME ENFORCING




EEEE EEEEE!


HEY, WHAT THE --
WAITAMINNIT... THIS ISN'T HOW I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA... I'M LEAVING MY BODY?! WAITAMINNIT... WAITAMINNIT...
WAITAMINNNIIITTTT!
HOLY...!
SO...
...YOU WANNA GO FOR A RIDE WITH A STRANGER?


UH-OH... HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT WALL... CAN'T TURN... CAN'T --
YWCA
--TURN!
...SILICON... MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINS OF SILICON... THE HORROR... THE HORROR...
NOW C'MERE --
NO!


LET --
--ME --
--GO!


JENNY!
OH MY --
--STARS AND GARTERS.


LET ME GO!
SURE THING JUST GONNA SHOVE YOU IN HERE WITH THE REST SOON AS YOU'RE INSIDE YOU'RE GONNA BUY ME A WHOLE DAY BEIN SOLID AGAIN
NEVER SEEMS TO BE LONG ENOUGH, BUT THEN, TIME DOESN'T WORK THE SAME WAY HERE AS BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE
NOW WE --
UNGH!
RUN, JENNY! GET CLEAR!


SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE STUCK HERE FOR A WHILE.
STUCK HERE
WITH ME.
SUITS ME JUST FINE.
I HIT THE SHADE WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT BUT WHATEVER FORCES HE'S TAPPED INTO MAKE HIM POWERFUL ON THIS SIDE
DOESN'T MATTER. I'M ON HIM NOW.
AND ONCE I'M ON SOMEONE, I DON'T LET GO.
EVER.
AND THEN I SEE WHAT MAY BE MY ACE IN THE HOLE.
HURRY! C'MON!


WHAT'S WRONG? I'M NOT HEARING ANY JOKES ALL OF A SUDDEN. MAYBE YOU'RE FINALLY AFRAID OF SOMEBODY FOR A CHANGE?
NO. JUST THINKING. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOMETIME.
IF HE WAS USING THAT THING TO DRAIN OFF THEIR ENERGY TO SUSTAIN HIS EXISTENCE...
...THEN I HAVE TO WONDER WHAT KIND OF LOOP IT WOULD CAUSE IF HE GOT SHOVED IN THERE HIMSELF?
SO HERE'S THE DEAL, SUNSHINE...
I'D LOVE TO STICK AROUND AND DO THIS ALL NIGHT, 'CAUSE I DON'T USUALLY HAVE MUCH BETTER TO DO WITH MY TUESDAYS --
BUT I GOT PLANS TO MEET A SPECIAL LADY AT THE AIRPORT TONIGHT, AND NOBODY'S GETTING IN MY WAY
ESPECIALLY --
--NOT -- YOU!
UNGH!


NO.
NO!
AAAGGGHHH!
THRAXOOM


IS EVERYBODY OKAY? IS --
...DUDE.
IS HE DEAD?
HE WENT BOOM.
YEAH, BUT IS HE DEAD?
LOOKS LIKE. BUT THAT NEVER SEEMS TO LAST AROUND HERE, DOES IT? HALF THE GUYS I KNOW WERE DEAD AT LEAST ONCE.
DID MOST OF 'EM A WORLD OF GOOD, TOO.
SO HOW DO WE GET OUTTA HERE?
THE DOC SAID THE HAND OF VISHANTI COULD GET ME INTO THE ASTRAL PLANE, SO I'M GONNA HAVE TO GUESS THAT IF I CONCENTRATE, IT CAN GET ME BACK TO --
BINGO.
JUST A GUESS BUT I THINK THAT'S OUR RIDE


C'MON! LET'S GO!
YOU COMING, SPIDER-MAN?
YEAH, I... I JUST GOT A WEIRD FEELING
WAIT HERE.
WHAT WAS IT DOC STRANGE SAID?
"DO NOT LEAVE THE PATH, NO MATTER HOW FAMILIAR OR INVITING SOME THINGS MAY APPEAR."
"THERE ARE THINGS YOU ARE NOT READY TO CONFRONT."
BUT I FEEL SOMETHING DRAWING ME. SOMETHING... FAMILIAR
DAMNED FAMILIAR...


YOU WHO ARE OF US...AND NOT OF US. YOUR TIME IS NOT YET.
YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE.
LEAVE.
HOLY... LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SPIDER, BUT HUGE...
BUT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT ARE YOU?
WHAT YOU ARE. AND WHAT YOU WILL BE.
DEPART THIS PLANE.
NOW.
AGH!
YEEEEOOOOOWWWW!


OH!
LOOK --
-- OU
NU
TIMES
SPIDER-MAN? WHERE'D YOU GO?
SPIDER-MAN?
SHE CAN'T SEE ME ON THIS SIDE. NO PROBLEM. JUST GO TO THE DOC AND HE'LL PUT ME BACK IN MY BODY --
NO! CAN'T BE...
WAIT... THE SHADE SAID THAT TIME DOESN'T WORK THE SAME WAY ON THE ASTRAL PLANE AS IT DOES HERE. SO THE FIGHT TOOK LONGER HERE THAN.
IT'S WEDNESDAY MORNING!
MARY JANE CAME INTO TOWN LAST NIGHT!
LAST NIGHT!


NO, AUNT MAY... I DID I WAITED AN HOUR, THEN I HAD TO GO. PETER NEVER SHOWED UP
YES, I'M SURE THERE WAS A GOOD REASON.
THERE ALWAYS IS.
I CAN'T, MAY... I'D LIKE TO, BUT AS I SAID, IT WAS JUST FOR THE ONE NIGHT... I HAVE TO GET BACK FOR A SHOOT.
MARY JANE, WAIT!
WELL, WHEN YOU SEE HIM, SAY HI FOR ME, AND TELL HIM --
--TELL HIM I GUESS SOME THINGS JUST WEREN'T MEANT TO BE.
I'M HERE... I'M RIGHT HERE!
I LOVE YOU TOO, MAY. BYE.
YOU'VE GOT TO FEEL ME HERE, YOU HAVE TO!
--TO LOS ANGELES NOW BOARDING AT GATE SEVENTEEN
THERE'S -- THERE'S SO MANY THINGS I WANTED TO TELL YOU... LIKE HOW I PULLED OUT EVERY BIRTHDAY CARD YOU EVER GAVE ME...
...HOW I KEPT YOUR LAST MESSAGE ON MY ANSWERING MACHINE JUST SO I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT...
I WAS GONNA... I WAS GONNA MAKE YOU LAUGH AND TELL YOU THAT I MISSED YOU AND THAT ANYBODY WHO MISSES SOMEBODY ELSE THAT MUCH, THERE HAS TO BE A CHANCE, Y'KNOW? THERE JUST HAS TO --
MJ... WAIT PLEASE!


I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU...
END

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DAREDEVIL®

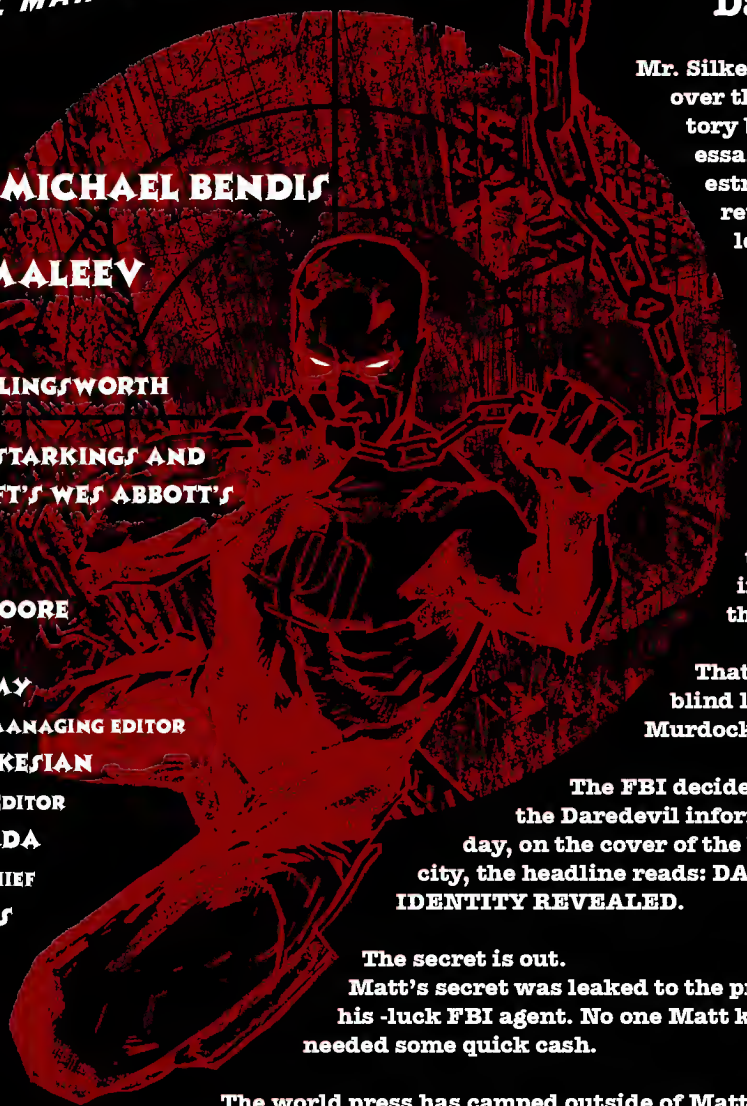


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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS. HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE.

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke's attempt to take over the Kingpin's territory backfires when Vanessa, the Kingpin's estranged wife, exacts revenge on all his fellow conspirators, brutally killing everyone -- including her own son.

Afraid for his life, Silke turns himself in to the FBI. When they refuse his request for protection, he gives them the one piece of information that he thinks will save him:

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information. But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads: DAREDEVIL'S SECRET IDENTITY REVEALED.

The secret is out.
Matt's secret was leaked to the press by a down- on- his -luck FBI agent. No one Matt knows, just a guy who needed some quick cash.

The world press has camped outside of Matt's house, waiting for a statement- waiting for confirmation. Foggy Nelson, Matt's partner and best friend rallies behind Matt in his darkest hour. Foggy tells Matt that it is time for Matt to retire his costume and secret identity as a vigilante, but that if he confesses his double life that he will be disbarred and go to jail.

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?
THIS IS A LIST OF ALL YOUR SALARIES HERE AT THE DAILY BUGLE.
I ASKED ROBBIE TO PULL THIS FOR ME. I WANTED TO TAKE A MINUTE AND ADD UP HOW MUCH IT COST ME—
"HOW MUCH WHAT COST YOU, MISTER JAMESON?"
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED... I WANTED TO KNOW HOW MUCH IT COST ME...


TO GET MY TOOKIS KICKED *THIS* BADLY!!
CELEBRATING 150 YEARS
DAILY
WEDNESDAY
COULD MD
THE WIZARDS
NBA FIV
GLOBE EXPOSI
KITCHEN
BLIND LAN
AGE 2-4

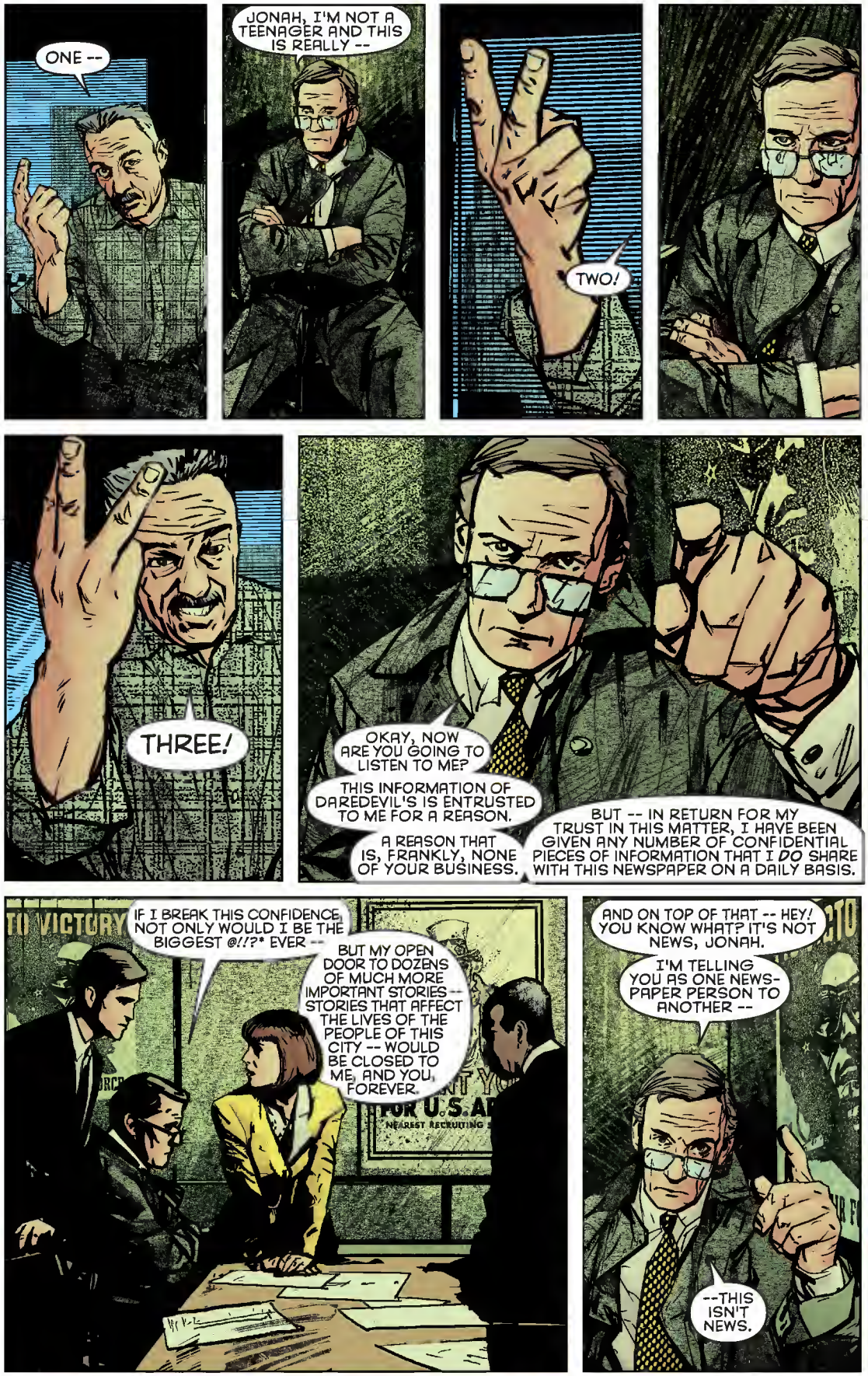

AND -- UGH -- AND BY A PIECE OF CRAP PAPER LIKE THE ##@%&# DAILY GLOBE!?!
I CAN'T EVEN RELATE TO YOU IN WORDS HOW MUCH I *HATE* YOU ALL RIGHT NOW!
THE STORY WAS *THERE!!*
OUT THERE FOR *ANY* OF YOU TO GRAB AND *NONE* OF YOU GOT IT!
NONE OF YOU!
YOU CALL YOURSELVES PRINT JOURNALISTS?
YOU CALL YOURSELVES REPORTERS?
THIS *DISGUSTS* ME!
WELL, KIDS, I WANT YOU TO FEAR FOR YOUR JOBS AS YOU *SWARM* ON THIS SHYSTER WITH *EVERYTHING* YOU'VE GOT!
I WANT THIS -- THIS MATT MURDOCK'S ENTIRE *WORLD* TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN!
I WANT YOU TO TELL THE STORY OF DAREDEVIL AS ONLY *WE* COULD!
THESE IDIOTS AT THE GLOBE *GRABBED* THE STORY OF THE CENTURY AND THEY'RE TREATING IT LIKE A CELEBRITY BREAKUP! THEY'RE SKATING OVER IT, DANCING AROUND IT!
I WANT YOU TO *KICK* IT IN THE *FACE!*
THIS -- THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS MY WHOLE LIFE!
DREAMING OF IT!
THIS IS THE FIRST CHINK IN THE ARMOR FOR *ALL* THESE COSTUMED YUTZES!
A SLIMY SUPER HERO *AND* A LAWYER? ALL IN THE SAME PERSON?
HOO HOO HOHOHOHOO IT'S CHRISTMAS!
I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THIS MURDOCK!
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HIS BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP WITH THE KINGPIN IS!
I WANT TO SEE HIS MEDICAL RECORDS! I WANT TO TALK TO EVERY GIRL HE EVER
IT'S NOT TRUE.


STORY'S NOT TRUE.
WHAT?
THE STORY'S A HOAX.
IT'S NOT TRUE.
REALLY?
HOW SO?
I KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS --
AND HE'S NOT THIS MURDOCK GUY.
DID YOU JUST SAY YOU KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS?
YES.


YOU KNOW WHO HE IS WHEN HE ISN'T DRESSED UP IN HIS LITTLE COSTUME?
YES.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
IT'S TRUE.
WHO IS THAT, BACK THERE?
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR. JAMESON.
EXIT
IS THAT PETER PARKER COMING INTO A MEETING HE WASN'T INVITED TO?
PARKER, DO YOU EVEN WORK HERE ANYMORE? HOW DID YOU GET IN THE NEWSROOM?
YEAH, SORRY.
I JUST --
AND WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

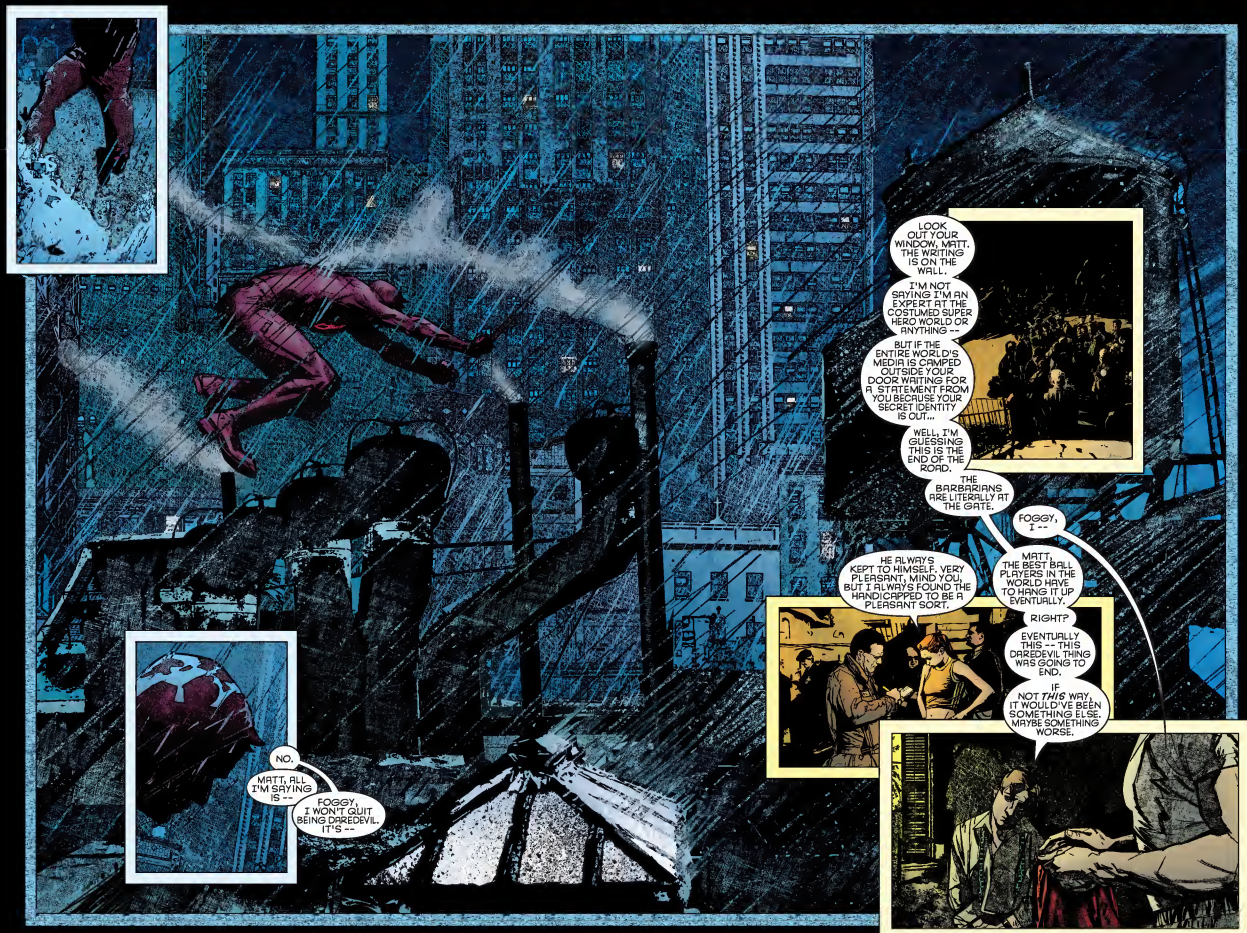

I SAID IT'S TRUE WHAT BEN SAID.
I -- UH -- I ALSO KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS, AND IT'S NOT THIS MURDOCK PERSON.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY PUT THAT IN THE PAPER LIKE THAT BUT I FIGURED -- YOU KNOW -- THAT YOU WERE GOING TO FOLLOW UP ON IT.
SO I CAME DOWN HERE TO TELL YOU IT'S NOT TRUE.
YOU KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS, TOO?
YEAH --
AND *YOU* KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS?
YES, I DO.
THEN WHO IS HE?!


I'M NOT TELLING, JONAH.
SORRY.
SORRY.
"SORRY"?
"SORRY"?
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME RIGHT NOW OR YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!
BOO HOO, I DON'T EVEN WORK HERE.
ADIOS MUCHACHOS!
BEN, YOU HAVE TO THE COUNT OF THREE...
JONAH, I WOULD PREFER TO DO THIS IN PRIVATE.


ONE --
JONAH, I'M NOT A TEENAGER AND THIS IS REALLY --
TWO!
THREE!
OKAY, NOW ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO ME?
THIS INFORMATION OF DAREDEVIL'S IS ENTRUSTED TO ME FOR A REASON.
A REASON THAT IS, FRANKLY, NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
BUT -- IN RETURN FOR MY TRUST IN THIS MATTER, I HAVE BEEN GIVEN ANY NUMBER OF CONFIDENTIAL PIECES OF INFORMATION THAT I DO SHARE WITH THIS NEWSPAPER ON A DAILY BASIS.
IF I BREAK THIS CONFIDENCE, NOT ONLY WOULD I BE THE BIGGEST @!!?* EVER --
BUT MY OPEN DOOR TO DOZENS OF MUCH MORE IMPORTANT STORIES -- STORIES THAT AFFECT THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY -- WOULD BE CLOSED TO ME, AND YOU, FOREVER.
AND ON TOP OF THAT -- HEY! YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S NOT NEWS, JONAH.
I'M TELLING YOU AS ONE NEWSPAPER PERSON TO ANOTHER --
--THIS ISN'T NEWS.

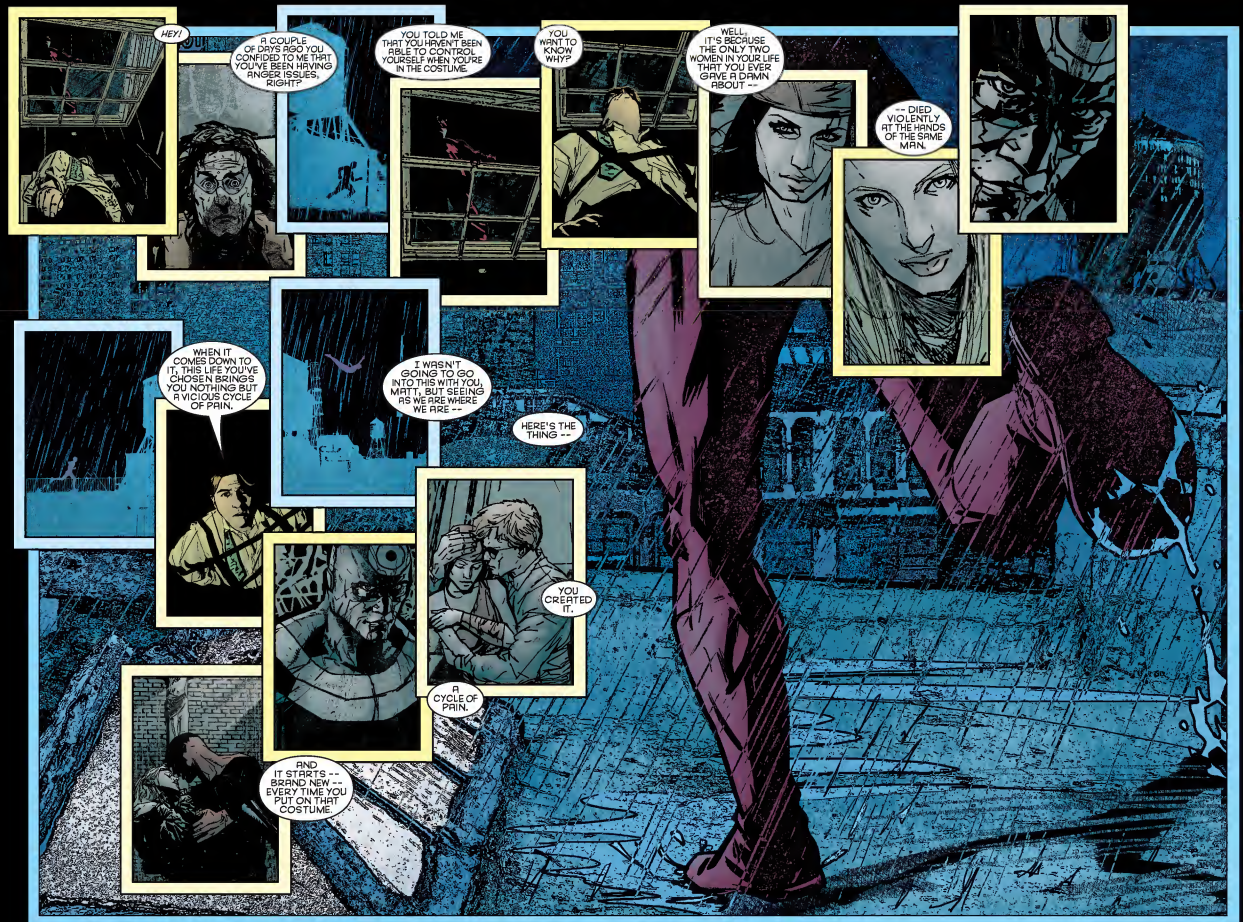

REALLY?
THIS ISN'T NEWS?
OUTING SOMEONE?
ENDANGERING THE LIFE OF A DECENT PERSON FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF SELLING NEWSPAPERS?
YOU WANT TO RIP HIM ONE JUST TO RIP HIM ONE.
YOU JUST SAID SO.
IT'S NOT NEWS. IT'S AN ASSASSINATION.
THIS IS THE LIFE OF A GOOD, DECENT PERSON YOU ARE ASKING TO --
DECENT PERSON?! HE'S A COSTUMED VIGILANTE OF QUESTIONABLE MORAL...
WHATEVER, JONAH.
PEOPLE NEED HIM -- AND I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU WHO HE IS.
GET OUT!
AM I FIRED?
JUST GET OUT!
YOU'RE AN EMBARRASSMENT TO THE PROFESSION!
SURE, I AM.

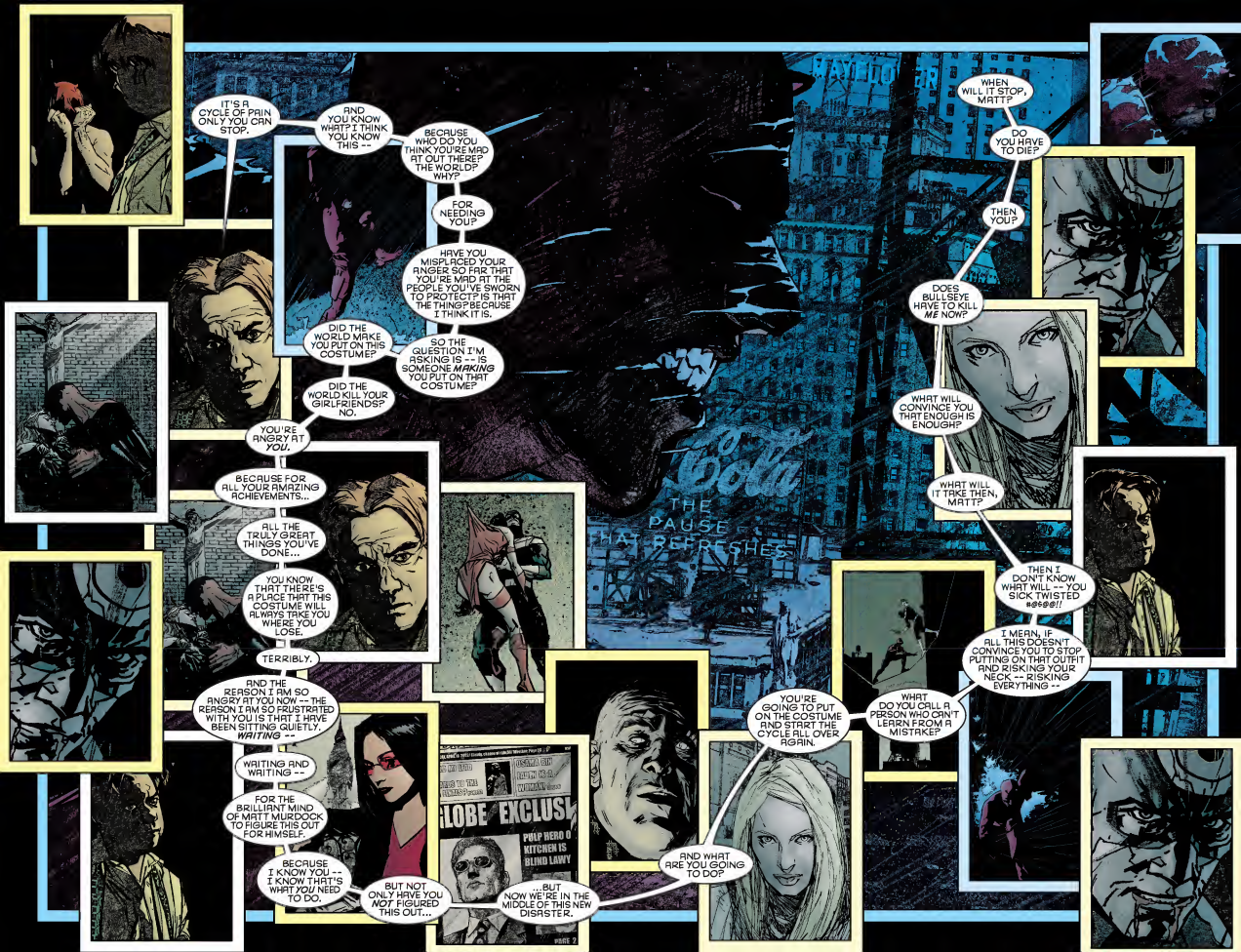

PETER!
PETER!
DAILY BUGLE
HEY, BEN.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW.
I DIDN'T KNOW *YOU* KNEW.
WELL, NOW WE KNOW.
Cellular Phones
HAVE YOU TALKED TO HIM?
NO.
I CAN'T GET THROUGH. I'M GOING TO GO OVER THERE.
BEN, THAT WAS A PRETTY COOL MOVE UP THERE.
WELL, I HAD TO DO SOMETHING.
HE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS.
NO...
...HE DOESN'T.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO NOW.


LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW, MATT. THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL.
I'M NOT SAYING I'M AN EXPERT AT THE COSTUMED SUPER HERO WORLD OR ANYTHING --
BUT IF THE ENTIRE WORLD'S MEDIA IS CAMPED OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR WAITING FOR A STATEMENT FROM YOU BECAUSE YOUR SECRET IDENTITY IS OUT...
WELL, I'M GUESSING THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD.
THE BARBARIANS ARE LITERALLY AT THE GATE.
FOGGY, I --
MATT. THE BEST BALL PLAYERS IN THE WORLD HAVE TO HANG IT UP EVENTUALLY.
RIGHT?
HE ALWAYS KEPT TO HIMSELF. VERY PLEASANT, MIND YOU, BUT I ALWAYS FOUND THE HANDICAPPED TO BE A PLEASANT SORT.
EVENTUALLY THIS -- THIS DAREDEVIL THING WAS GOING TO END.
IF NOT THIS WAY, IT WOULD'VE BEEN SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE SOMETHING WORSE.
NO.
MATT, ALL I'M SAYING IS --
FOGGY, I WON'T QUIT BEING DAREDEVIL. IT'S --


YOU COULDA GOTTEN HURT -- OLD RSE -- SOMETHING WOULD HAVE DONE IN THIS "SECOND CAREER" OF YOURS.
THIS MEANS SOMETHING TO ME, FOGGY.
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DO REMEMBER SOME RATHER STRANGE NOISES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
I KNOW. ME TOO.
I'M NOT SAYING THIS DOESN'T STINK. OF COURSE IT DOES.
I'M JUST -- I'M BEING PRAGMATIC.
PUT THE TIGHTS AWAY --
WE'LL SUE THE @#&@% THAT DID THIS TO YOU...
THE DUST WILL CLEAR...
YOU'LL MEET A NICE GIRL WHO ISN'T, YOU KNOW, NUTS...
YOU'LL SETTLE DOWN...
AND JUST BE THE DAMN GOOD LAWYER WE BOTH KNOW YOU ARE.
IT'S TIME TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE, HUH? WHAT DO YOU THINK?


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GOING OUT.
OUT THERE? TO FACE THEM?
NO.
OUT THERE.
TO DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE FOR SOMEONE.
YOU'RE A STUBBORN @?%* YOU KNOW THAT?
YOU'RE A STUBBORN @!?*!!
I -- I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU, MATT...
THIS -- THIS IS NUTS.
I DID HEAR A SCREAM ONCE --


HEY!
A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO YOU CONFIDED TO ME THAT YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ANGER ISSUES, RIGHT?
YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONTROL YOURSELF WHEN YOU'RE IN THE COSTUME.
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY?
WELL, IT'S BECAUSE THE ONLY TWO WOMEN IN YOUR LIFE THAT YOU EVER GAVE A DAMN ABOUT --
-- DIED VIOLENTLY AT THE HANDS OF THE SAME MAN.
WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT, THIS LIFE YOU'VE CHOSEN BRINGS YOU NOTHING BUT A VICIOUS CYCLE OF PAIN.
I WASN'T GOING TO GO INTO THIS WITH YOU, MATT, BUT SEEING AS WE ARE WHERE WE ARE --
HERE'S THE THING --
YOU CREATED IT.
A CYCLE OF PAIN.
AND IT STARTS -- BRAND NEW -- EVERY TIME YOU PUT ON THAT COSTUME.


IT'S A CYCLE OF PAIN ONLY YOU CAN STOP.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK YOU KNOW THIS --
BECAUSE WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE MAD AT OUT THERE? THE WORLD? WHY?
FOR NEEDING YOU?
HAVE YOU MISPLACED YOUR ANGER SO FAR THAT YOU'RE MAD AT THE PEOPLE YOU'VE SWORN TO PROTECT? IS THAT THE THING? BECAUSE I THINK IT IS.
DID THE WORLD MAKE YOU PUT ON THIS COSTUME?
SO THE QUESTION I'M ASKING IS -- IS SOMEONE *MAKING* YOU PUT ON THAT COSTUME?
DID THE WORLD KILL YOUR GIRLFRIENDS? NO.
YOU'RE ANGRY AT *YOU*.
BECAUSE FOR ALL YOUR AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS...
ALL THE TRULY GREAT THINGS YOU'VE DONE...
YOU KNOW THAT THERE'S A PLACE THAT THIS COSTUME WILL ALWAYS TAKE YOU WHERE YOU LOSE.
TERRIBLY.
AND THE REASON I AM SO ANGRY AT YOU NOW -- THE REASON I AM SO FRUSTRATED WITH YOU IS THAT I HAVE BEEN SITTING QUIETLY. *WAITING* --
WAITING AND WAITING --
FOR THE BRILLIANT MIND OF MATT MURDOCK TO FIGURE THIS OUT FOR HIMSELF.
BECAUSE I KNOW YOU -- I KNOW THAT'S WHAT *YOU* NEED TO DO.
BUT NOT ONLY HAVE YOU *NOT* FIGURED THIS OUT...
BUT NOW WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS NEW DISASTER.
AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ON THE COSTUME AND START THE CYCLE ALL OVER AGAIN.
WHAT DO YOU CALL A PERSON WHO CAN'T LEARN FROM A MISTAKE?
I MEAN, IF ALL THIS DOESN'T CONVINCE YOU TO STOP PUTTING ON THAT OUTFIT AND RISKING YOUR NECK -- RISKING EVERYTHING --
THEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL -- YOU SICK TWISTED @$%@#!!
WHEN WILL IT STOP, MATT?
DO YOU HAVE TO DIE?
THEN YOU?
DOES BULLSEYE HAVE TO KILL *ME* NOW?
WHAT WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH?
WHAT WILL IT TAKE THEN, MATT?
Coca-Cola
THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES
GLOBE EXCLUSI
PULP HERO O KITCHEN IS BLIND LAWY


WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FACE THE MUSIC?


TO BE CONTINUED


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.12
ALIAS
You CAN'T Hold Me In THIS
There are a lot of kinds of love.
Listen
broken
look at me
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

DAVID MACK
"journal" art

MARK BAGLEY AND RODNEY RAMOS
"jewel art"

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S WES ABBOTT
letters

STUART MOORE
editor

KELLY LAMY
associate managing editor

NANCI DAKESIAN
managing editor

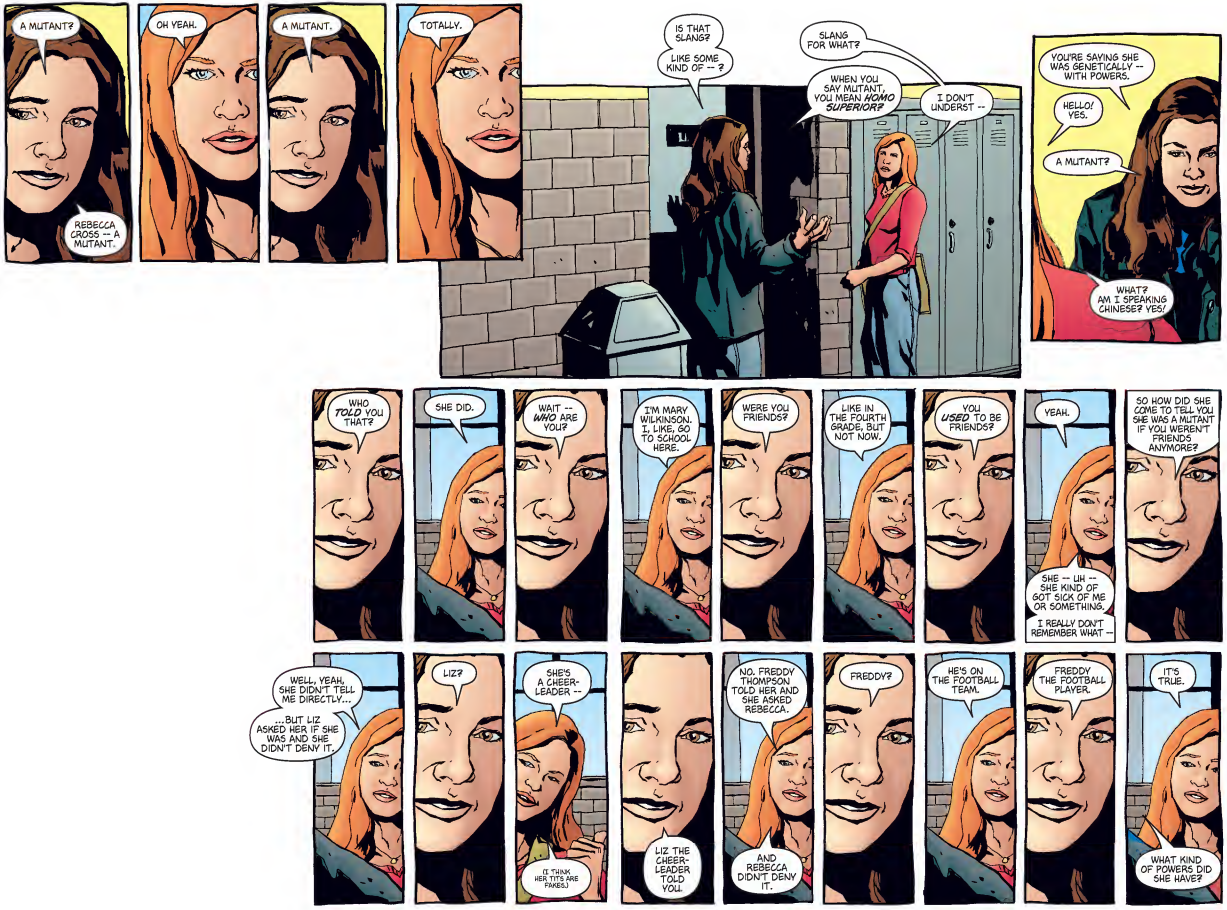
JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

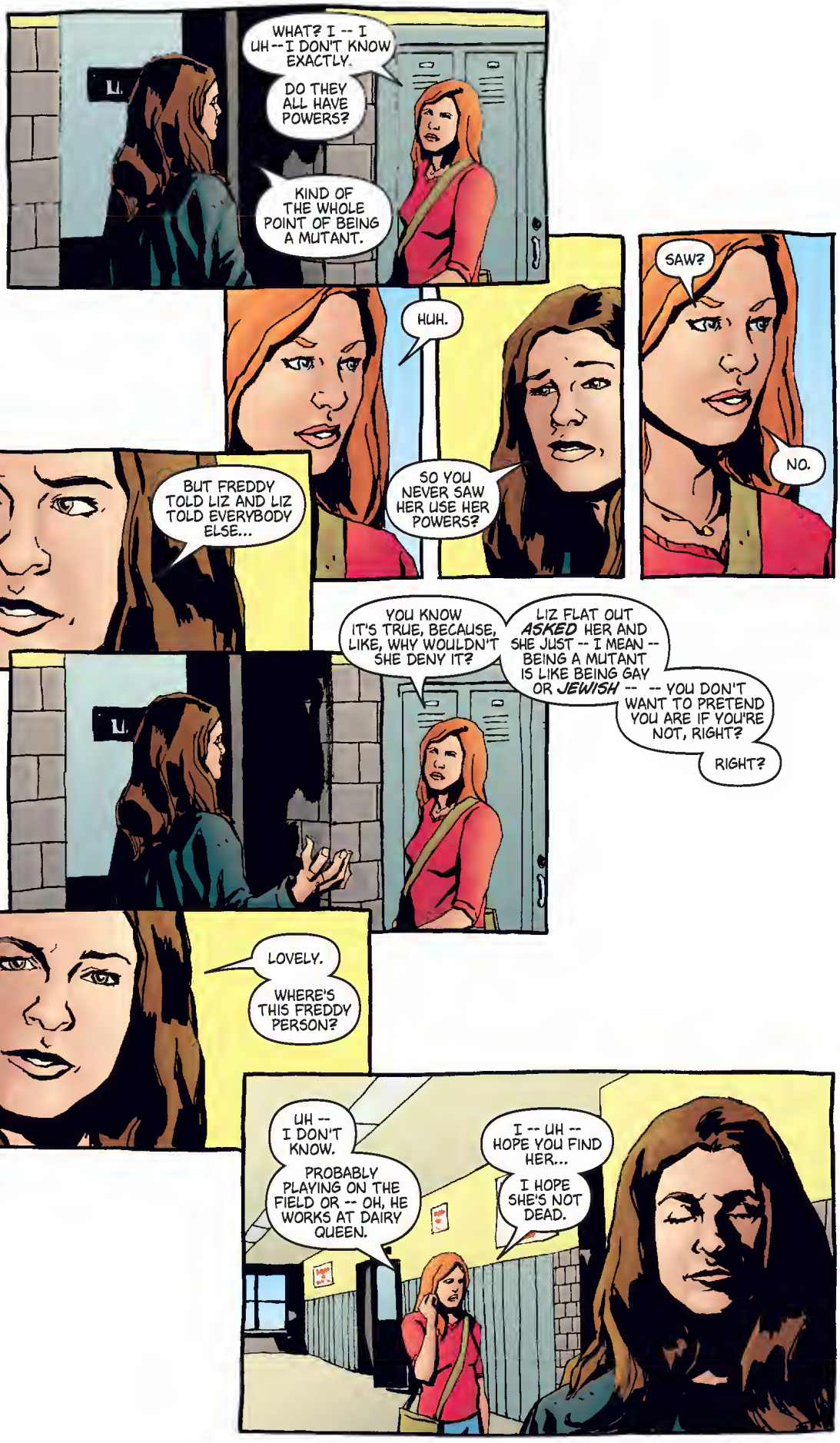
BILL JEMAS
president

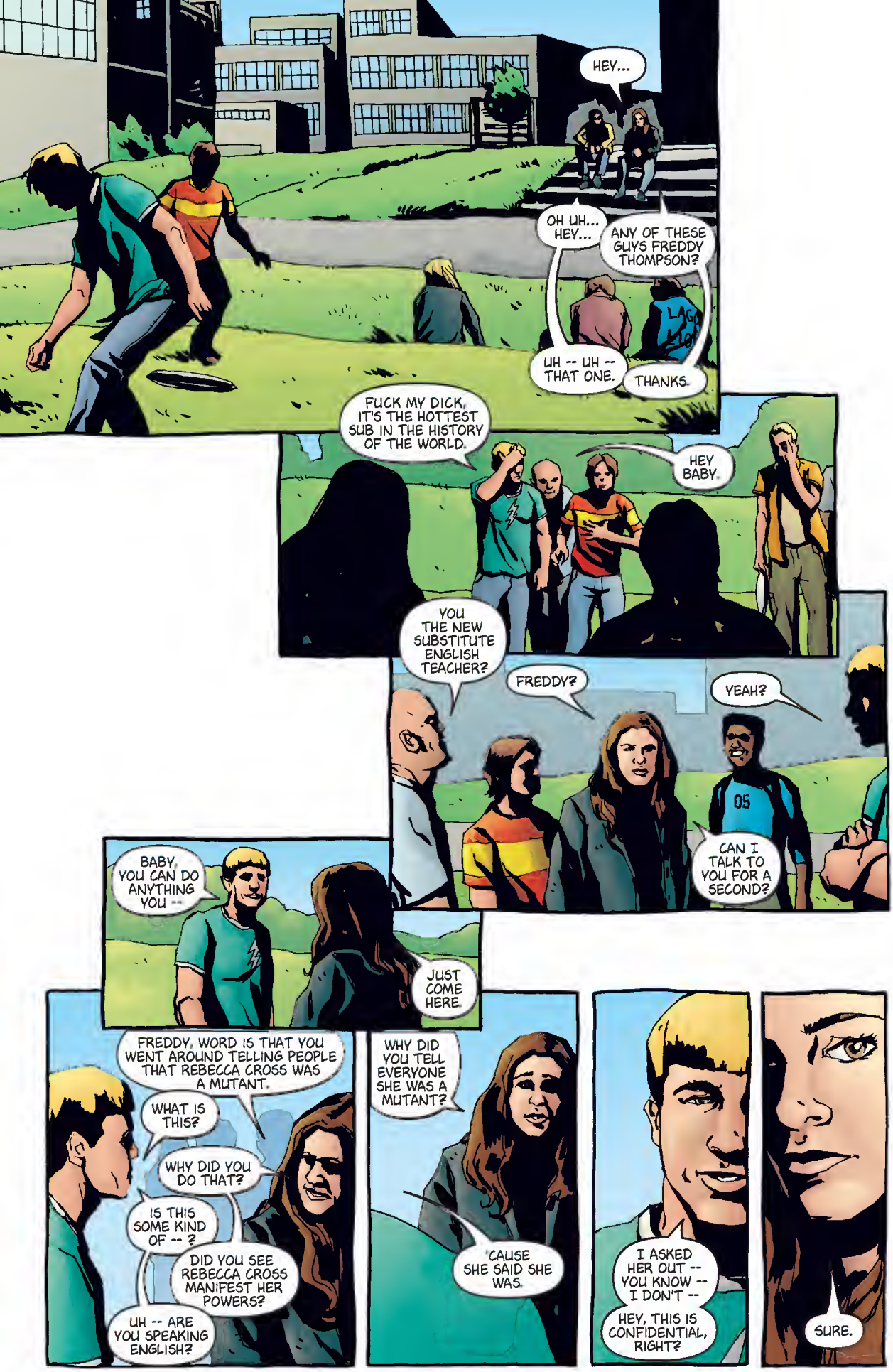
Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



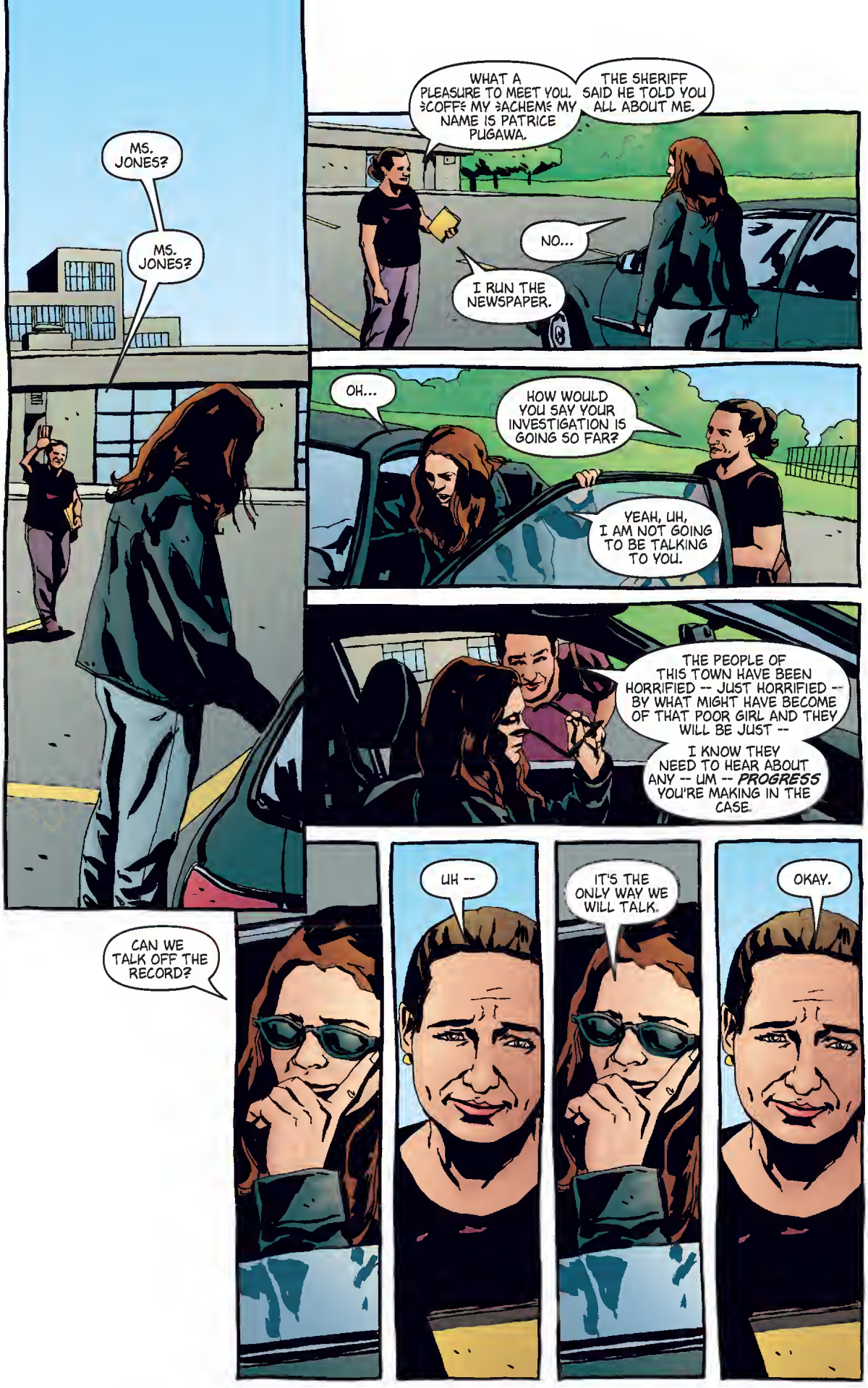
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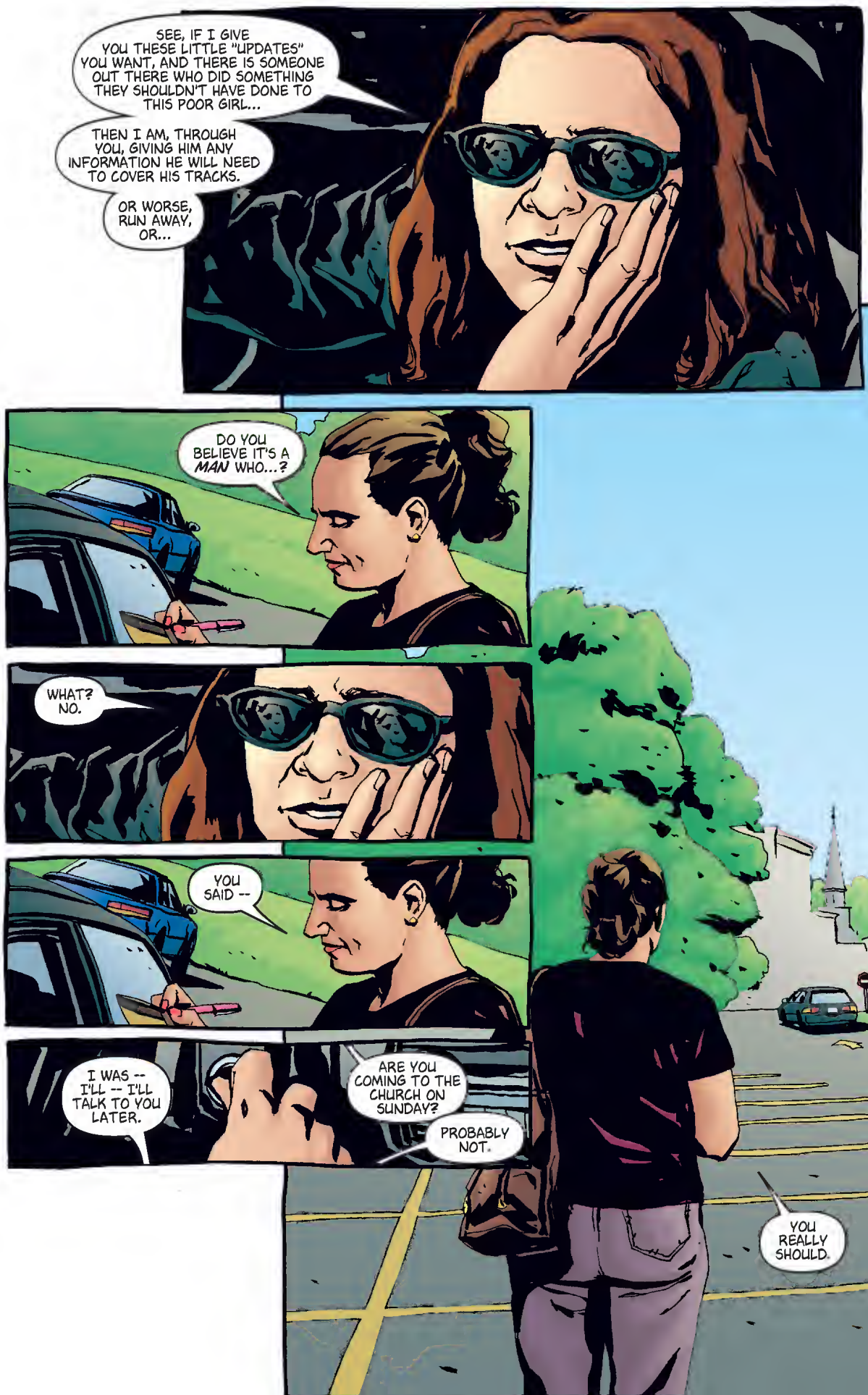

A MUTANT?
REBECCA CROSS -- A MUTANT.
OH YEAH.
A MUTANT.
TOTALLY.
IS THAT SLANG?
LIKE SOME KIND OF -- ?
SLANG FOR WHAT?
WHEN YOU SAY MUTANT, YOU MEAN HOMO SUPERIOR?
I DON'T UNDERST --
YOU'RE SAYING SHE WAS GENETICALLY -- WITH POWERS.
HELLO! YES.
A MUTANT?
WHAT? AM I SPEAKING CHINESE? YES!
WHO TOLD YOU THAT?
SHE DID.
WAIT -- WHO ARE YOU?
I'M MARY WILKINSON. I, LIKE, GO TO SCHOOL HERE.
WERE YOU FRIENDS?
LIKE IN THE FOURTH GRADE, BUT NOT NOW.
YOU USED TO BE FRIENDS?
YEAH.
SHE -- UH -- SHE KIND OF GOT SICK OF ME OR SOMETHING.
I REALLY DON'T REMEMBER WHAT --
SO HOW DID SHE COME TO TELL YOU SHE WAS A MUTANT IF YOU WEREN'T FRIENDS ANYMORE?
WELL, YEAH, SHE DIDN'T TELL ME DIRECTLY...
...BUT LIZ ASKED HER IF SHE WAS AND SHE DIDN'T DENY IT.
LIZ?
SHE'S A CHEER-LEADER --
(I THINK HER TITS ARE FAKE!)
LIZ THE CHEER-LEADER TOLD YOU.
NO. FREDDY THOMPSON TOLD HER AND SHE ASKED REBECCA.
AND REBECCA DIDN'T DENY IT.
FREDDY?
HE'S ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM.
FREDDY THE FOOTBALL PLAYER.
IT'S TRUE.
WHAT KIND OF POWERS DID SHE HAVE?

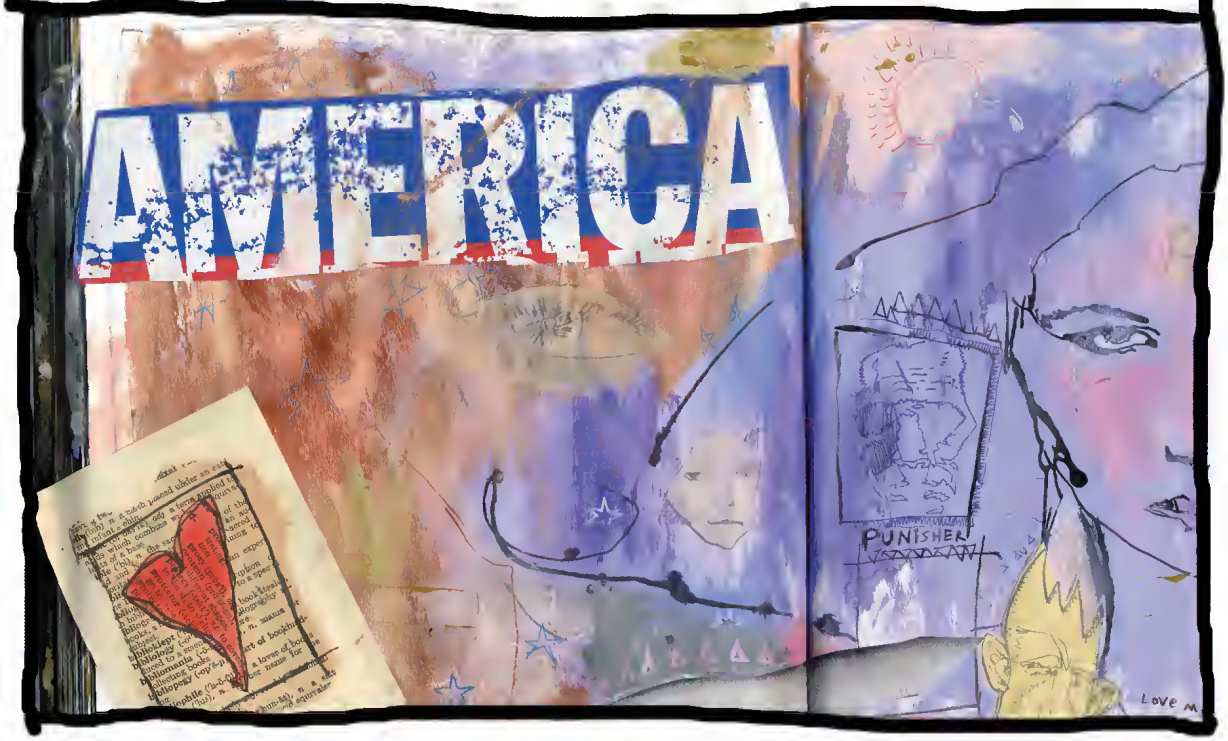

WHAT? I -- I UH--I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY.
DO THEY ALL HAVE POWERS?
KIND OF THE WHOLE POINT OF BEING A MUTANT.
HUH.
SO YOU NEVER SAW HER USE HER POWERS?
SAW?
NO.
BUT FREDDY TOLD LIZ AND LIZ TOLD EVERYBODY ELSE...
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE, BECAUSE, LIKE, WHY WOULDN'T SHE DENY IT?
LIZ FLAT OUT ASKED HER AND SHE JUST -- I MEAN -- BEING A MUTANT IS LIKE BEING GAY OR JEWISH -- -- YOU DON'T WANT TO PRETEND YOU ARE IF YOU'RE NOT, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
LOVELY.
WHERE'S THIS FREDDY PERSON?
UH -- I DON'T KNOW.
PROBABLY PLAYING ON THE FIELD OR -- OH, HE WORKS AT DAIRY QUEEN.
I -- UH -- HOPE YOU FIND HER...
I HOPE SHE'S NOT DEAD.

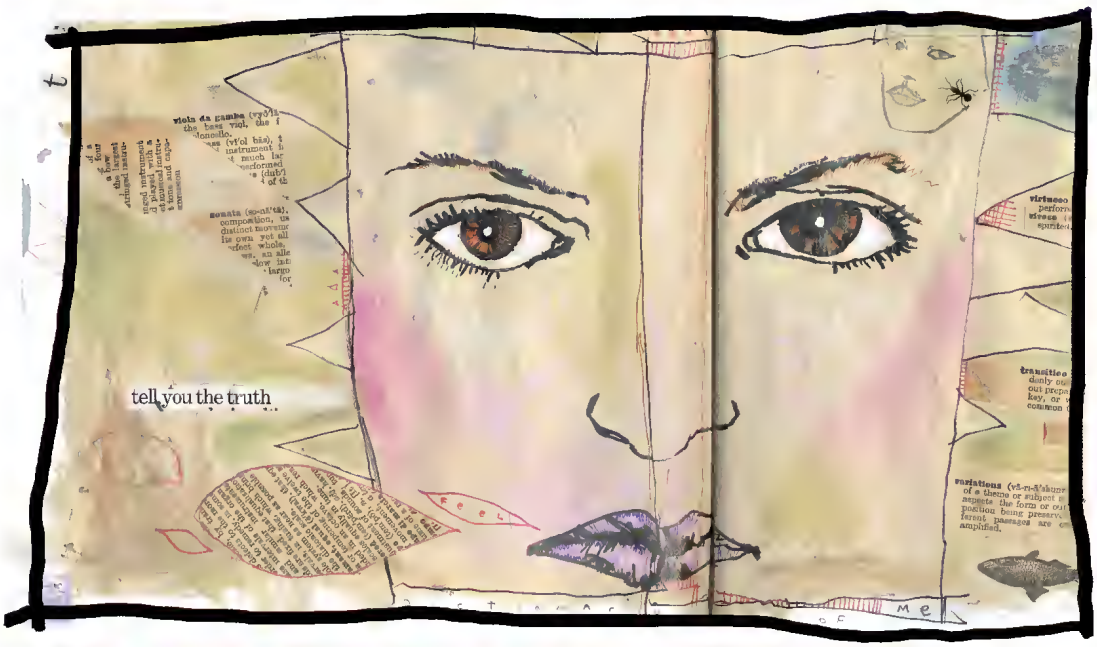

HEY...
OH UH... HEY...
ANY OF THESE GUYS FREDDY THOMPSON?
UH -- UH -- THAT ONE.
THANKS.
FUCK MY DICK, IT'S THE HOTTEST SUB IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.
HEY BABY.
YOU THE NEW SUBSTITUTE ENGLISH TEACHER?
FREDDY?
YEAH?
05
CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A SECOND?
BABY, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU --
JUST COME HERE.
FREDDY, WORD IS THAT YOU WENT AROUND TELLING PEOPLE THAT REBECCA CROSS WAS A MUTANT.
WHAT IS THIS?
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
IS THIS SOME KIND OF -- ?
DID YOU SEE REBECCA CROSS MANIFEST HER POWERS?
UH -- ARE YOU SPEAKING ENGLISH?
WHY DID YOU TELL EVERYONE SHE WAS A MUTANT?
'CAUSE SHE SAID SHE WAS.
I ASKED HER OUT -- YOU KNOW -- I DON'T --
HEY, THIS IS CONFIDENTIAL, RIGHT?
SURE.


THIS -- WELL, I ASKED HER OUT.
NOT "OUT" OUT...
BUT, YOU KNOW...
I EXPRESSED AN INTEREST.
YOU HIT ON HER.
(UH -- YEAH, SURE, BUT -- NICELY.)
AND SHE GOT ALL WEIRD AND SHIT ON ME...
STARTED TALKING ABOUT HOW HER MUTANT POWERS WOULD KILL ME IF WE ACTUALLY DID IT.
HER MUTANT POWERS --
UH -- WHO ARE YOU?
LIKE, THE MUTANT POLICE?
IT'S NOT ILLEGAL TO TRY TO BANG A MUTANT, IS IT? BECAUSE I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S...


MS. JONES?
MS. JONES?
WHAT A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. ≥COFF≤ MY ≥ACHEM≤ MY NAME IS PATRICE PUGAWA.
THE SHERIFF SAID HE TOLD YOU ALL ABOUT ME.
NO...
I RUN THE NEWSPAPER.
OH...
HOW WOULD YOU SAY YOUR INVESTIGATION IS GOING SO FAR?
YEAH, UH, I AM NOT GOING TO BE TALKING TO YOU.
THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN HAVE BEEN HORRIFIED -- JUST HORRIFIED -- BY WHAT MIGHT HAVE BECOME OF THAT POOR GIRL AND THEY WILL BE JUST --
I KNOW THEY NEED TO HEAR ABOUT ANY -- UM -- PROGRESS YOU'RE MAKING IN THE CASE.
CAN WE TALK OFF THE RECORD?
UH --
IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE WILL TALK.
OKAY.

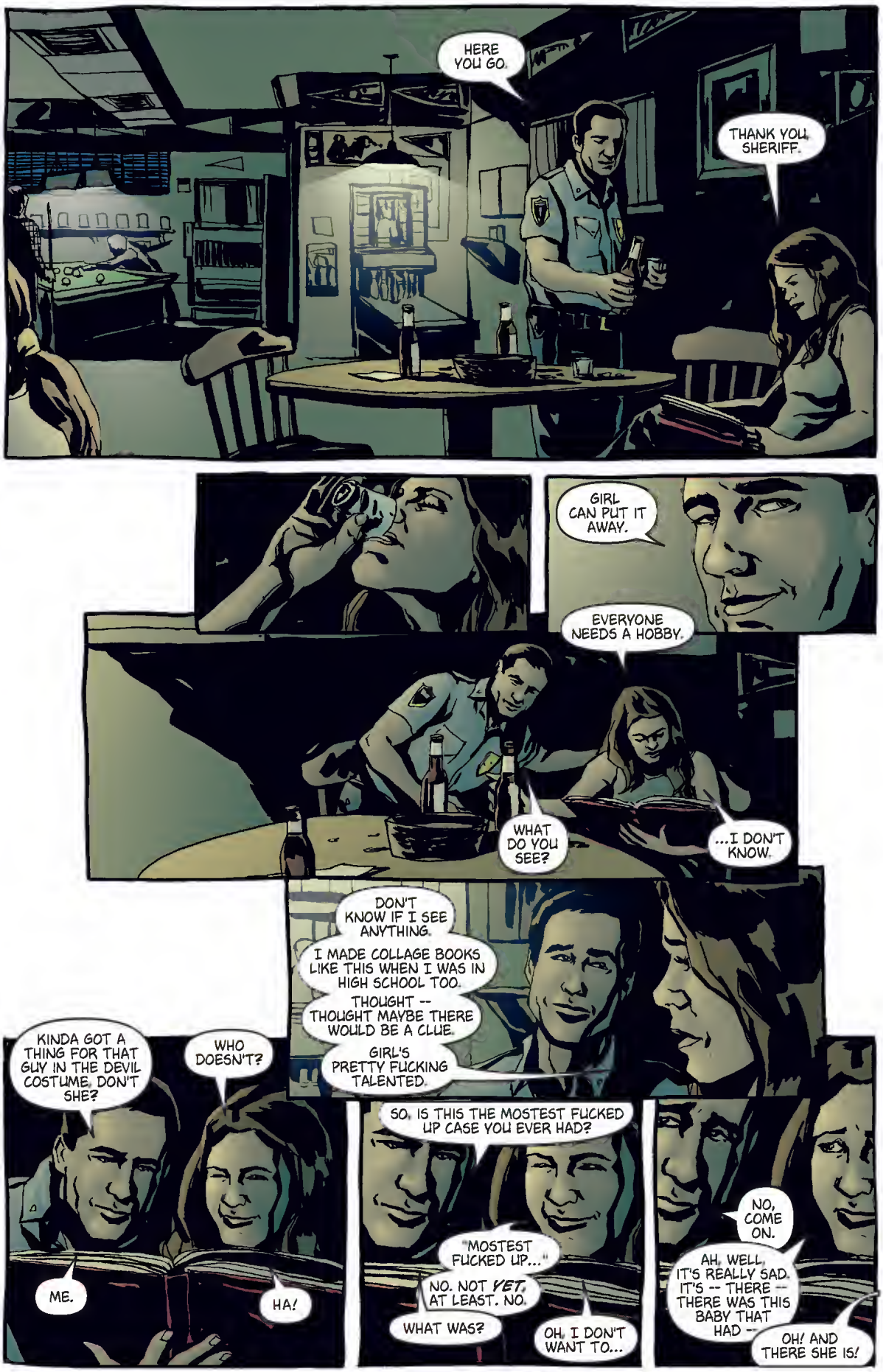

SEE, IF I GIVE YOU THESE LITTLE "UPDATES" YOU WANT, AND THERE IS SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO DID SOMETHING THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE TO THIS POOR GIRL...
THEN I AM, THROUGH YOU, GIVING HIM ANY INFORMATION HE WILL NEED TO COVER HIS TRACKS.
OR WORSE, RUN AWAY, OR...
DO YOU BELIEVE IT'S A *MAN* WHO...?
WHAT? NO.
YOU SAID --
I WAS -- I'LL -- I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER.
ARE YOU COMING TO THE CHURCH ON SUNDAY?
PROBABLY NOT.
YOU REALLY SHOULD.


AMERICA
PUNISHER
LOVE M


tell you the truth


YOU KEEP
PROTECTORATE
hidden
YOUR
SECRETS ?
slave but to
most essential self; the
anything), and happy. Oh, right then.
"Emotions are stored in the body, often as physical p
the wounded child inside, and
subsequent steps fitted in after that.


This particle has no nucleus.
LAST ENTRY
Birdcage
Black Raven Tea
Net Wt. 3 oz. (85 g)
Eastern Shore Tea Co.


HERE YOU GO.
THANK YOU, SHERIFF.
GIRL CAN PUT IT AWAY.
EVERYONE NEEDS A HOBBY.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
...I DON'T KNOW.
DON'T KNOW IF I SEE ANYTHING.
I MADE COLLAGE BOOKS LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL TOO.
THOUGHT -- THOUGHT MAYBE THERE WOULD BE A CLUE.
GIRL'S PRETTY FUCKING TALENTED.
KINDA GOT A THING FOR THAT GUY IN THE DEVIL COSTUME, DON'T SHE?
WHO DOESN'T?
ME.
HA!
SO, IS THIS THE MOSTEST FUCKED UP CASE YOU EVER HAD?
"MOSTEST FUCKED UP..."
NO. NOT *YET*, AT LEAST. NO.
WHAT WAS?
OH, I DON'T WANT TO...
NO, COME ON.
AH, WELL, IT'S REALLY SAD. IT'S -- THERE -- THERE WAS THIS BABY THAT HAD --
OH! AND THERE SHE IS!

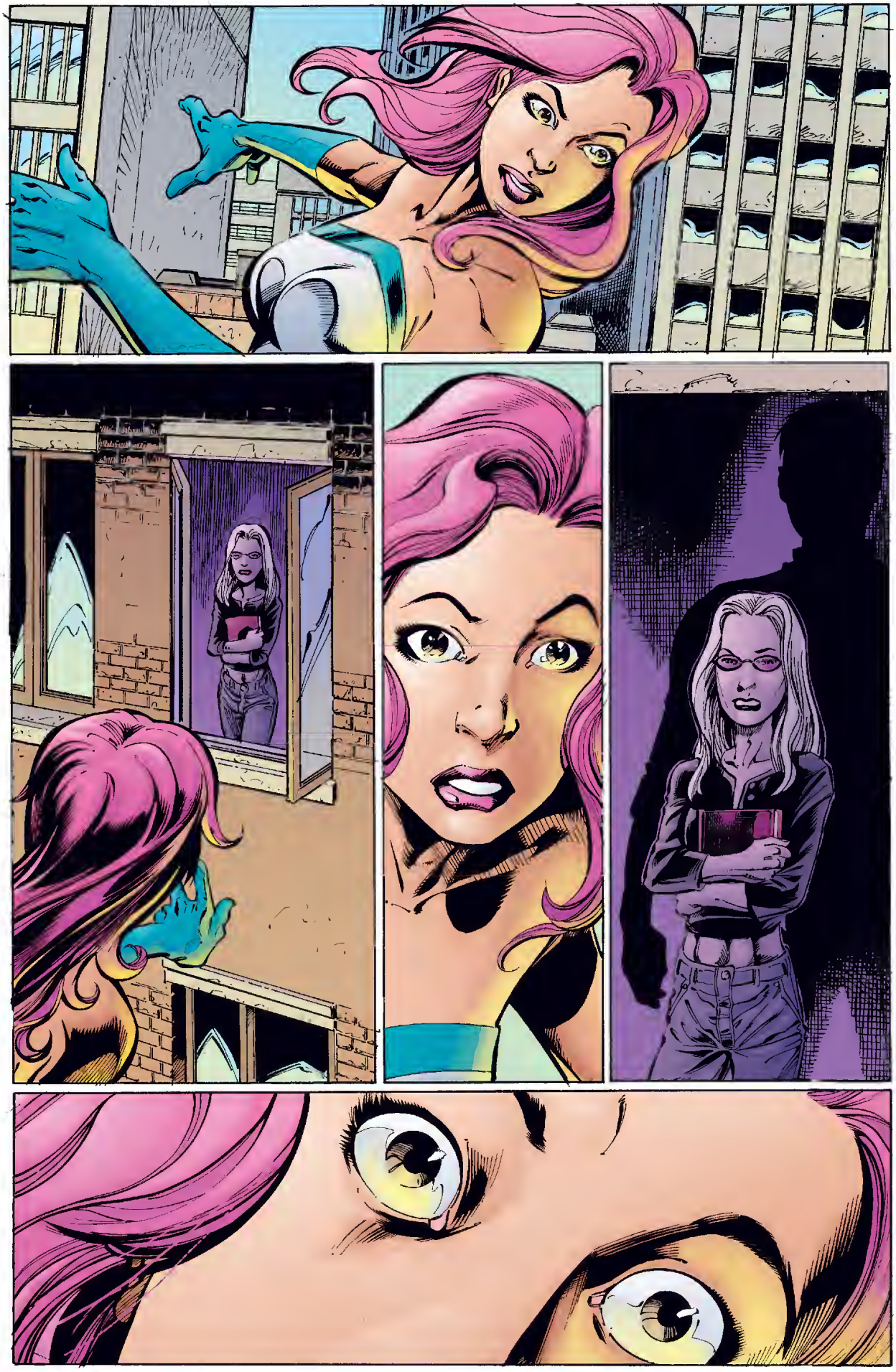

THE BITCH THAT'S GOING TO FUCK UP MY LIFE!
OH, MAN...
SUPERBITCH!
WHAT KIND OF SUPERPOWERS YOU NEED TO COME AROUND HERE AND FUCK UP MY LIFE?
SSSHHUPER BITCH POWERS?
ED!
YOU TWO ALL BUDDIES, IS IT? YOU HER LITTLE BOY WONDER SIDEKICK?
YEAH, WHATEVER.
ED, NOW WHY YOU WANT TO GO AND MAKE A FUSS AROUND HER? GIVING HER A HARD TIME?
SEEMS TO ME SHE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THIS TOWN WE KNOW FOR SURE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR DAUGHTER.
YOU KNOW WHO ACTS THE WAY YOU'RE ACTIN'? GUILTY PEOPLE.
PEOPLE WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE.


AW... FUCK YOU.
HOW YOU GONNA SAY THAT SHIT TO ME?
YOU SHOULD SOBER YOUR ASS UP AND BE HELPING HER.
IF IT WAS MY DAUGHTER...
I JUST...
I KNOW...
SORRY...
SORRY...
WELL...
YEAH...
WHAT...?
YOU -- UH -- YOU SAID YOU WERE SINGLE, RIGHT?


TOM'S BAR
MMMMM, YOU GOING TO FUCK ME, SHERIFF? HUH? YOU GOING TO --?
UHMMMMM...
MMM... WAIT -- WAIT, I...
WHAT? COME ON, COME ON, COME'NNNN...

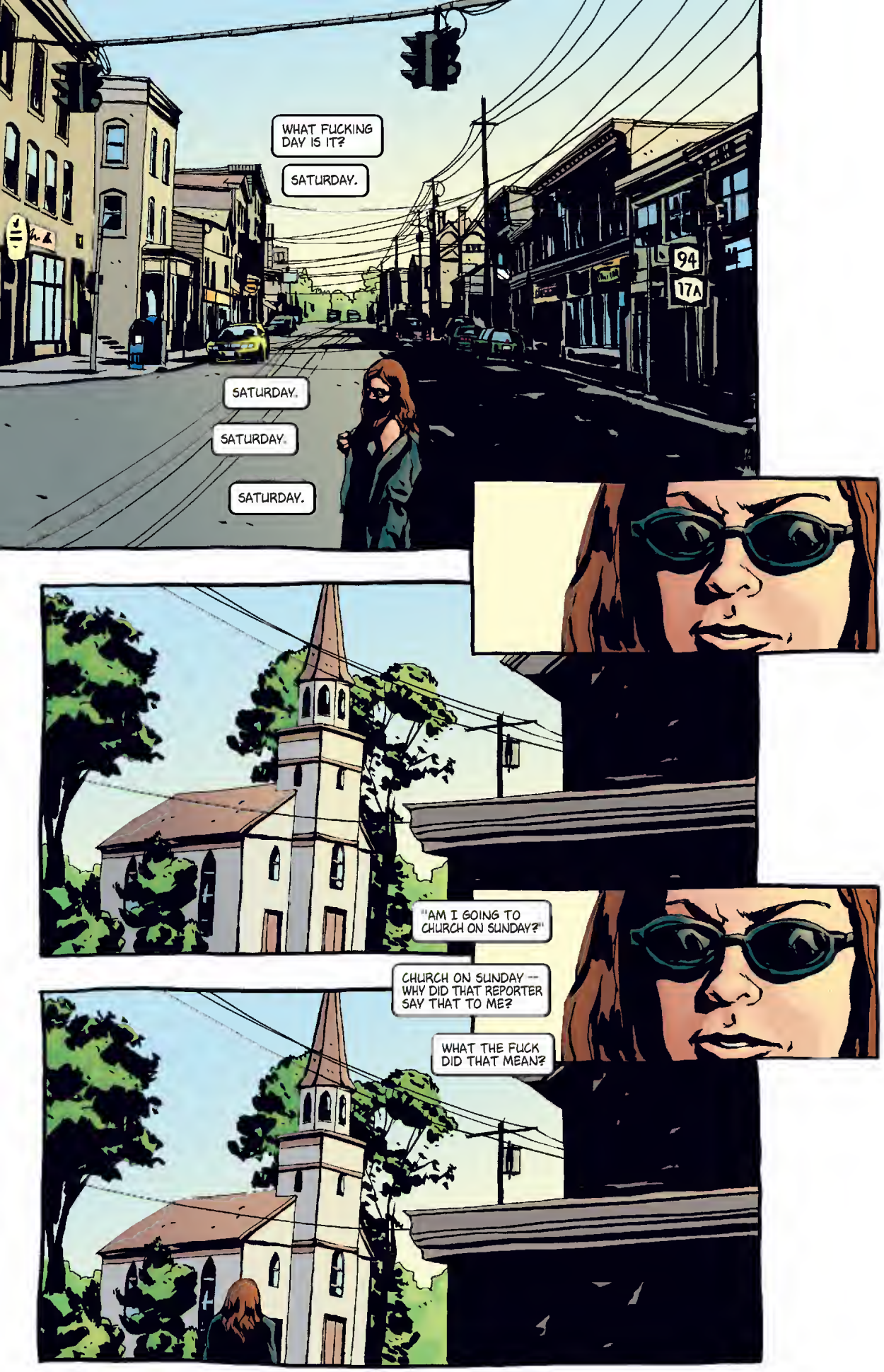

I THINK YOU'RE DRUNK.
WELL DUH! HA!!!
COME ON...
COME BACK HERE...
COME HERE! COME HERE!
I -- I DON'T WANT TO.
COME ON!
LISTEN, WITH YOUR POWERS -- YOU -- YOU MIGHT HURT ME OR SOMETHING...
NOT UNLESSH YOU WANT ME TO --
KIDDING...
COME ON...
WE'RE TWO CONSENTING ADULT PEOPLES...
THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT MEEEE AND YOOOU...
JUST ME AND YOU...
AND THISSSS GUY.
OOOOOOH MAN...
WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT...
WHATEVER WE WANT...
WHATEVER WE WANT






FUF...
HELLO?
COUGH... AGH...
UAAGGHH...
WHAT THE FUCK, MAN?
THE FUCK --
YOU FUCKED ME AND THREW ME IN JAIL?


WELL, I -- ACHEM --
I CERTAINLY WASN'T GOING TO HAVE YOU STAY IN MY HOUSE.
FUCK YOU...
DO YOU REMEMBER LAST NIGHT?
FUCK YOU, YOU...
...OH.
YEAH.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE USED TO -- BUT THAT WAS A BIT MUCH FOR ME, SO...


WHAT FUCKING DAY IS IT?
SATURDAY.
SATURDAY.
SATURDAY.
SATURDAY.
94
17A
"AM I GOING TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY?"
CHURCH ON SUNDAY -- WHY DID THAT REPORTER SAY THAT TO ME?
WHAT THE FUCK DID THAT MEAN?


OKAY, WHERE WAS I? FEAST OF THE BLAH BLAH BLAH... THE SACRAMENT OF THE... UH... OH YEAH.
AND IN ALL OF THE BIBLE, I COULD NOT FIND ONE MENTION OF THE WORD MUTATION.
THAT'S NOT TO SAY THE WORD DOESN'T EXIST, BECAUSE IT DOES.
BUT GOD CREATED MAN AND HE CREATED WOMAN AND HE CREATED ALL THE ANIMALS THAT WALKED TWO BY TWO ONTO NOAH'S ARK...
...BUT WHAT GOD DIDN'T CREATE, ARE MUTANTS.
MAN CREATED MUTANTS.
MUTANTS ARE AN ABOMINATION BROUGHT ON BY MAN'S GREED.
AND THOUGH GOD WANTS US ALL TO LOVE ALL OF GOD'S CREATURES...
OH, HELLO --
CAN YOU HEAR ME BACK THERE?
JUST PRACTICING FOR TOMORROW AND I CAN NEVER TELL IF MY VOICE IS --
I HEAR YOU JUST FINE.
To Be CoNTiNueD

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BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

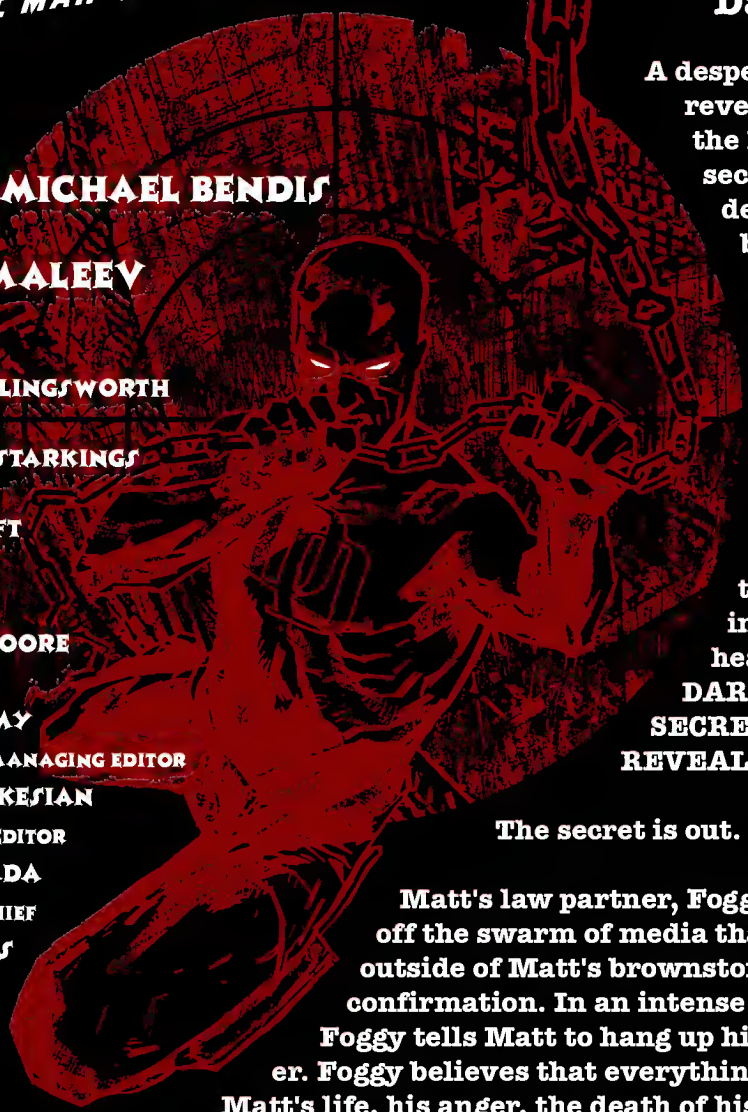


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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS. HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE.

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
WRITER
ALEX MALEEV
ARTIST

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
COLORS
RICHARD STARKINGS
AND
COMICRAFT
LETTERS

STUART MOORE
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NANCI DAKESIAN
MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil:

A desperate mobster has revealed to the FBI the Kingpin's biggest secret: that Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information. But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads: DAREDEVIL's SECRET IDENTITY REVEALED.

The secret is out.

Matt's law partner, Foggy Nelson, holds off the swarm of media that have camped outside of Matt's brownstone waiting for confirmation. In an intense heart-to-heart, Foggy tells Matt to hang up his costume forever. Foggy believes that everything wrong with Matt's life, his anger, the death of his girlfriend Karen, all stem from his life as Daredevil.

Matt ignores him and dons his costume. As Daredevil, Matt prepares to face the media in front of his house.

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I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU...
(I'M NOT AFRAID OF JAIL.)
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU...
(I'M NOT AFRAID FOR MY LIFE.)
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU...
I'M
NOT
AFRAID
OF
YOU...


I'M THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.


LOOK UP HERE -- I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU.
YOU WILL HEAR ME OUT -- YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I AM. WHAT THIS UNIFORM MEANS TO ME.
YOU WILL HEAR ME AND YOU WILL --
THAT'S --
OH NO, WHAT AM I DOING?
WHAT AM I DOING?!
IDIOT!
IDIOT!
LIVESS


DAMN IT!
WHAT?
DAREDEVIL! HE -- HE WAS RIGHT THERE --
ARE YOU SURE? WHERE?
RIGHT THERE!
WHERE?
RIGHT THERE!
SNAPSNAPSNAP SSNAP SNAP SDAPT SANAP
SNAPSNAPSNAP SSNAP SNAP
SNAPSNAPSNAP SSNAP SNAP

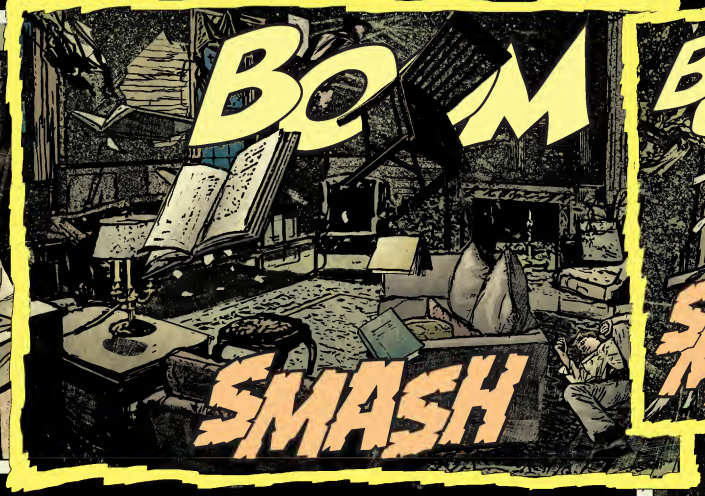

I'VE GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.
MY WORLD IS FALLING APART AND I AM HELPING IT EVERY SINGLE STEP OF THE WAY.
I HAVE TO FOCUS.
FOCUS.
FOGGY IS RIGHT. MY ENTIRE LIFE -- EVERYTHING IS UP FOR GRABS. EVERYTHING I'VE BUILT -- EVERYTHING I AM -- CAN BE TAKEN AWAY FROM ME.
HAVE TO CENTER MY ENERGIES. HAVE TO THINK.
FOCUS. CENTER AND FOCUS. CENTER AND FOCUS.
DON'T LISTEN TO THEIR CAMERA MOTORS AND THEIR CELL PHONES.
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM.
THE PHONE CALLS.
ALL I HEAR IS MY NAME OVER AND OVER: MURDOCK. MURDOCK. MURDOCK.
THAT NAME IS NOT THEIRS TO SAY. IT'S NOT THEIRS! IT'S MINE.
THEY'RE STEALING IT FROM ME.
NO! STOP IT.
CENTER AND FOCUS.
CENTER AND FOCUS. CENTER AND --
NOOOO!
FOCUS.
ORTLAND
HOTEL


NOOOO!
COME ON!
LADY, LET GO!
NOOOO!
JUST LET GO!
LADY, YOU WANT ME TO PUNCH YOU IN THE *FACE*?! LET GO OF THE --
NOOOO!
GET OVER HERE AND CUT HER!
NOOOO!
WHAT?
GET OVER HERE AND STICK HER.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
DO IT!
BUT...
COME ON!


SMACK
FTUNK
BASH
TUNK
JEEZ!
OOF!
SMASH
MA'AM...
TH-THANK YOU.
SORRY ABOUT THE DISTURBANCE.
NO, THANK YOU, THANK YOU SO MUCH.
HEY, DAREDEVIL...
HEY, UH, DAREDEVIL...
...WHAT COLOR'S MY SHIRT?


BOOM
THE HELL IS THAT?
DINER
Moondance
HE DIDN'T ANSWER...


HELLO/ MY NAME IS -- IS FOGGY NELSON. I AM AT THE HOME OF MATT MURDOCK AT --


BOOM
SMASH


BOOM
SMASH


HELLO/ YOU HEAR THAT/ THAT AIN'T THE TV, LADY!
SOMETHING HAS ATTACKED THE HOUSE/
CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE SOURCE OF THE --?

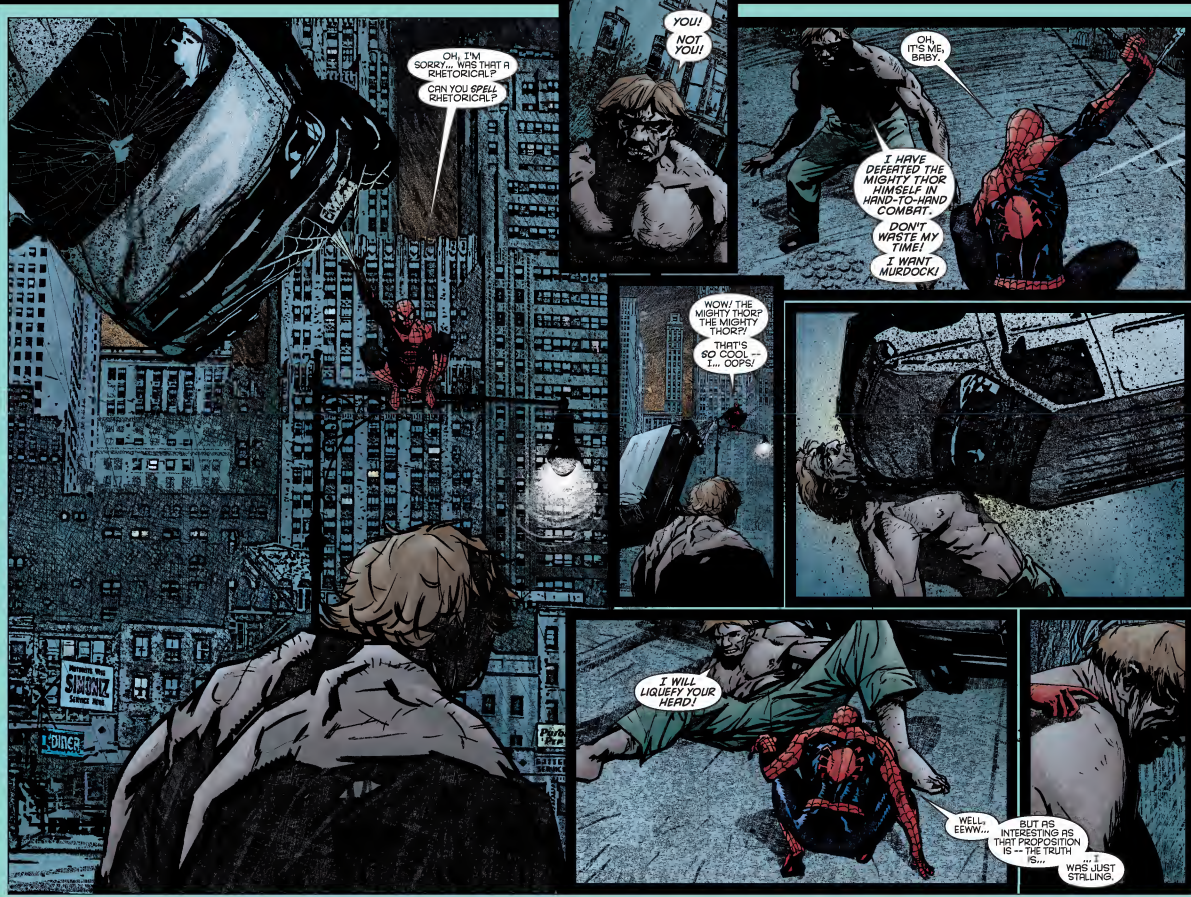

SMASH


DO SOMETHING, LADY/
SEND THE FREAKIN' MARINES/ ANYTHING/

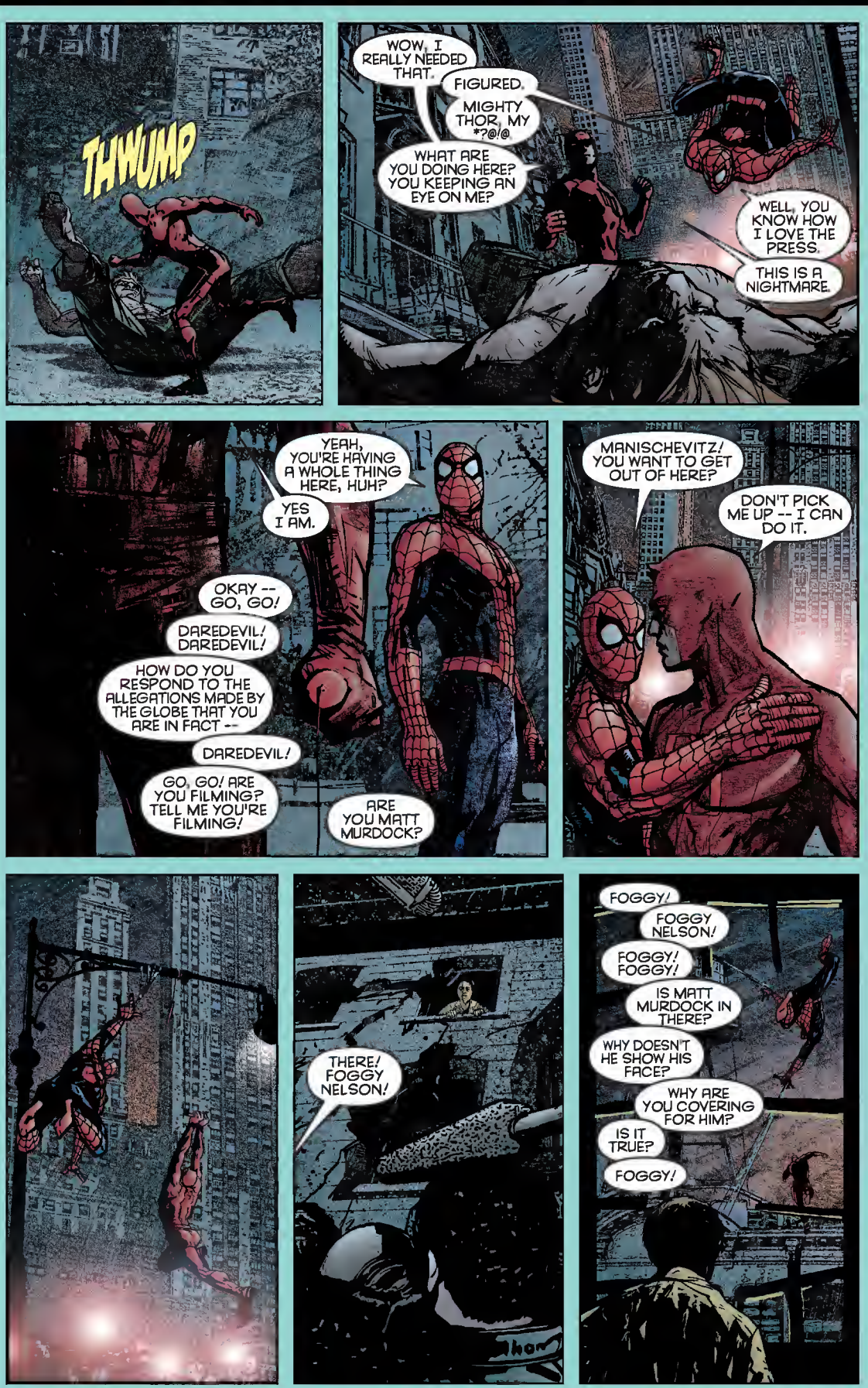

COME OUT, MURDOCK!
COME OUT, YOU COWARD!
COME OUT HERE AND FACE ME LIKE THE MAN YOU THINK YOU ARE!
SONY

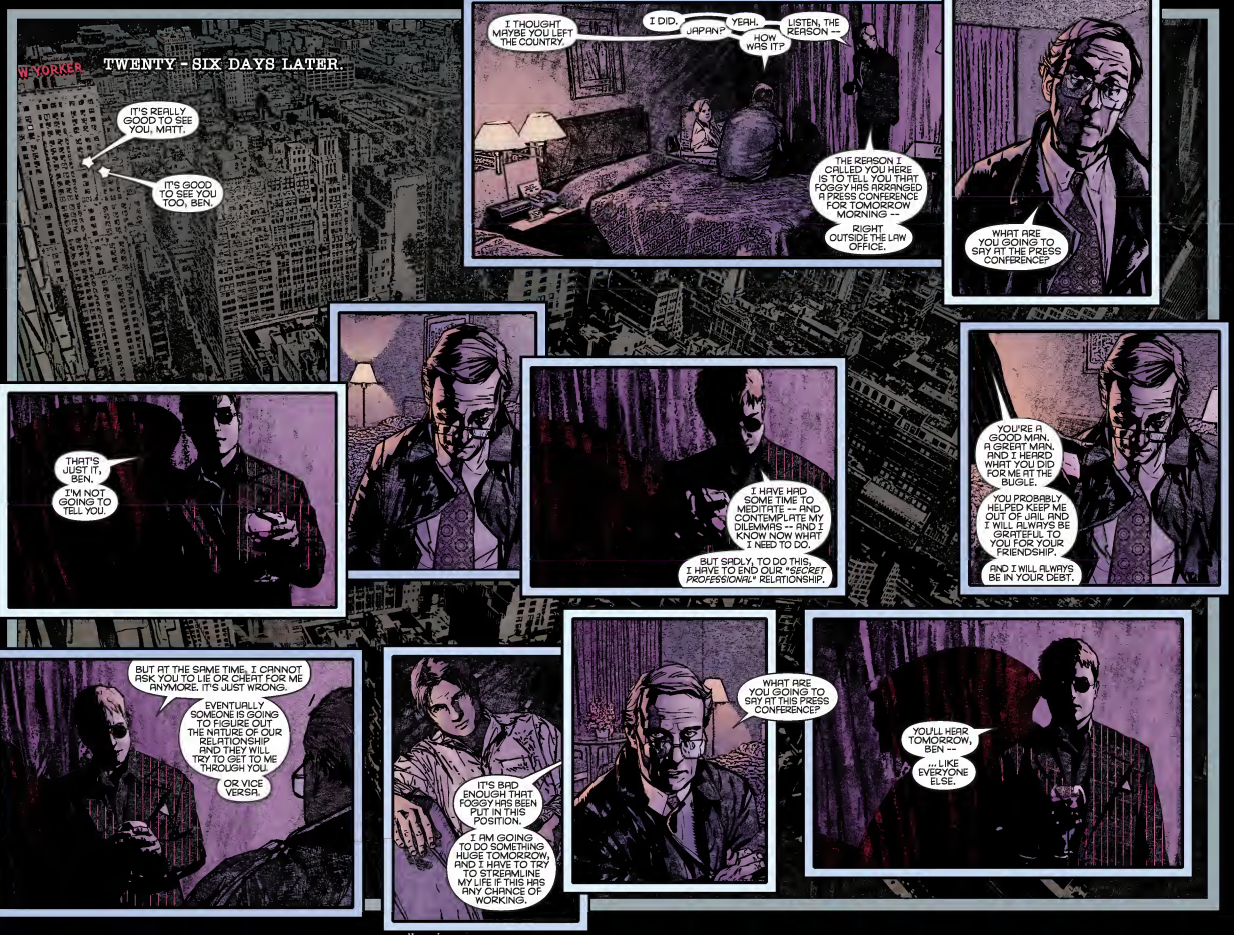

WHO IS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW.
DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?
WAIT TWO SECONDS...
WHY?
MR. HYDE WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE ON YOU!
THEY ALWAYS TELL YOU THEIR NAME.
HAAUURRGGHH!
SIMONZ


HAAUURRGGHH!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BEEN TRICKED BY YOU!?
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HAD TO FACE THE INDIGNATION?
HOW MANY NIGHTS HAVE I SPENT IN PRISON BECAUSE OF YOUR DAMN CRIPPLED LIES?
I GIVE UP -- HOW MANY?


OH, I'M SORRY... WAS THAT A RHETORICAL?
CAN YOU SPELL RHETORICAL?
SIMONIZ
DINER
YOU!
NOT YOU!
OH, IT'S ME, BABY.
I HAVE DEFEATED THE MIGHTY THOR HIMSELF IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.
DON'T WASTE MY TIME!
I WANT MURDOCK!
WOW! THE MIGHTY THOR? THE MIGHTY THOR?!
THAT'S SO COOL... I... OOPS!
I WILL LIQUEFY YOUR HEAD!
WELL, EEWW...
BUT AS INTERESTING AS THAT PROPOSITION IS -- THE TRUTH IS...
...I WAS JUST STALLING.

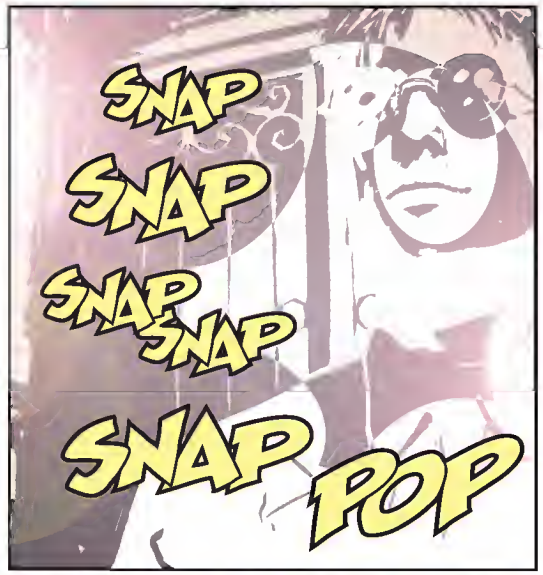

CLANG
HAARRGH!
WAIT, YOU MISSED A SPOT...
UNNGH!
CLANG


THWUMP
WOW, I REALLY NEEDED THAT.
FIGURED.
MIGHTY THOR, MY *?@!@
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU KEEPING AN EYE ON ME?
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE THE PRESS.
THIS IS A NIGHTMARE.
YEAH, YOU'RE HAVING A WHOLE THING HERE, HUH?
YES I AM.
OKAY -- GO, GO!
DAREDEVIL! DAREDEVIL!
HOW DO YOU RESPOND TO THE ALLEGATIONS MADE BY THE GLOBE THAT YOU ARE IN FACT --
DAREDEVIL!
GO, GO! ARE YOU FILMING? TELL ME YOU'RE FILMING!
ARE YOU MATT MURDOCK?
MANISCHEVITZ! YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE?
DON'T PICK ME UP -- I CAN DO IT.
THERE! FOGGY NELSON!
FOGGY!
FOGGY NELSON!
FOGGY! FOGGY!
IS MATT MURDOCK IN THERE?
WHY DOESN'T HE SHOW HIS FACE?
WHY ARE YOU COVERING FOR HIM?
IS IT TRUE?
FOGGY!


W YORKER
TWENTY - SIX DAYS LATER.
IT'S REALLY GOOD TO SEE YOU, MATT.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, BEN.
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU LEFT THE COUNTRY.
I DID.
JAPAN?
YEAH.
HOW WAS IT?
LISTEN, THE REASON --
THE REASON I CALLED YOU HERE IS TO TELL YOU THAT FOGGY HAS ARRANGED A PRESS CONFERENCE FOR TOMORROW MORNING --
RIGHT OUTSIDE THE LAW OFFICE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE?
THAT'S JUST IT, BEN.
I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU.
I HAVE HAD SOME TIME TO MEDITATE -- AND CONTEMPLATE MY DILEMMAS -- AND I KNOW NOW WHAT I NEED TO DO.
BUT SADLY, TO DO THIS, I HAVE TO END OUR *SECRET PROFESSIONAL* RELATIONSHIP.
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, A GREAT MAN, AND I HEARD WHAT YOU DID FOR ME AT THE BUGLE.
YOU PROBABLY HELPED KEEP ME OUT OF JAIL AND I WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP.
AND I WILL ALWAYS BE IN YOUR DEBT.
BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I CANNOT ASK YOU TO LIE OR CHEAT FOR ME ANYMORE. IT'S JUST WRONG.
EVENTUALLY SOMEONE IS GOING TO FIGURE OUT THE NATURE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP AND THEY WILL TRY TO GET TO ME THROUGH YOU.
OR VICE VERSA.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT FOGGY HAS BEEN PUT IN THIS POSITION.
I AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING HUGE TOMORROW, AND I HAVE TO TRY TO STREAMLINE MY LIFE IF THIS HAS ANY CHANCE OF WORKING.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY AT THIS PRESS CONFERENCE?
YOU'LL HEAR TOMORROW, BEN --
-- LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.


THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING DOWN HERE ON RELATIVELY SHORT NOTICE.
AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE CAMPED OUT HERE ANYWAY, HERE IS THE MAN YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING TO SPEAK TO: MY LAW PARTNER... MR. MATT MURDOCK.




SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
POP


SO, UH, ANY QUESTIONS?


MR. MURDOCK, ARE THE REPORTS TRUE?
ARE YOU THE MASKED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL?


SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP POP
SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP POP
SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP POP
TO BE CONTINUED


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.13
ALIAS
Hulk SMASH!!!
tell you the truth
FORGET
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

DAVID MACK
"journal" art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
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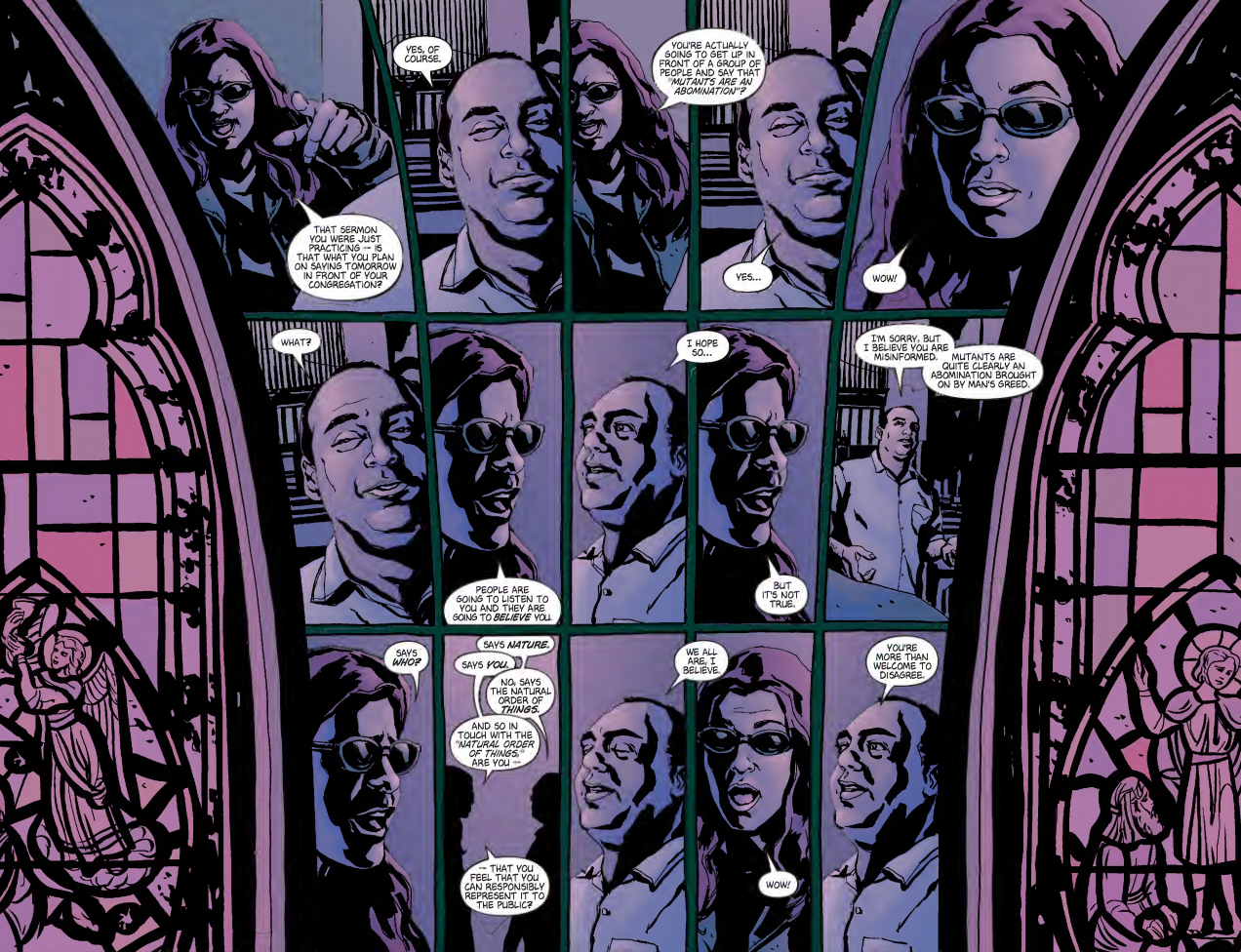
BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



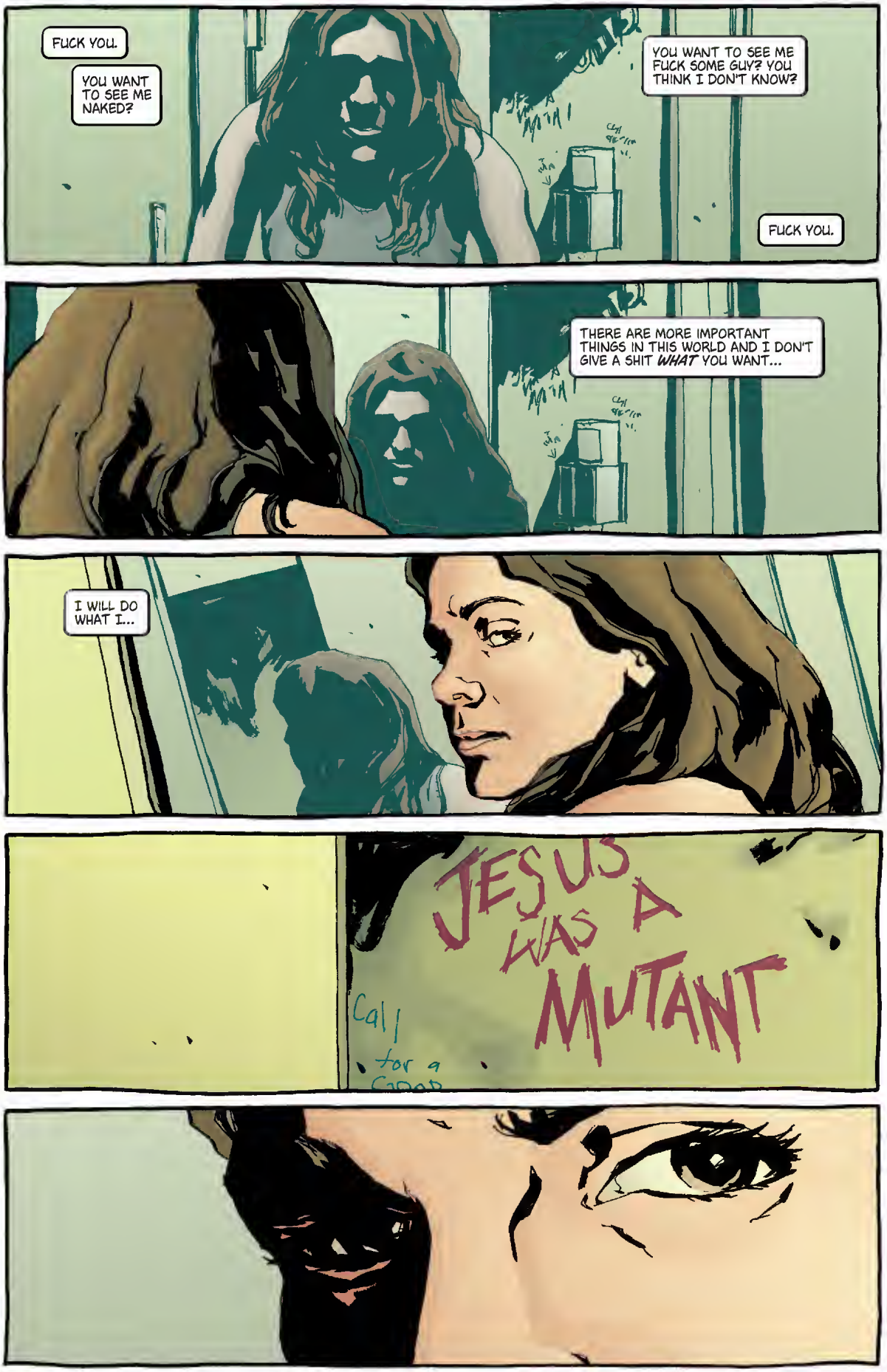
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MUTANTS, HUH...
WELL, YES. THE MORE *TOPICAL* SERMONS ALWAYS GO OVER THE BEST.
I THINK PEOPLE -- PEOPLE LIKE TO SEE AN IMMEDIATE PARALLEL TO THEIR LIVES AND THE SCRIPTURES.
UH-HUH.
ARE YOU NEW TO THE AREA, OR...?
OH, GOOD FOR YOU. RELATIVES?
JUST PASSING THROUGH.
BUSINESS.
WAIT, WAIT -- ARE YOU -- ?
YOU'RE NOT THAT PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, ARE YOU?
YEAH...
THE ONE WHO'S A -- A YOU KNOW... A *SUPER* HERO PERSON.
NO, I AM NOT A "*SUPER HERO PERSON.*"
UH -- WELL, IT'S -- UH -- IT'S A CRYING SHAME WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT FAMILY.
YES.
HAS THERE BEEN ANY -- HAVE YOU MADE ANY HEADWAY? (I GUESS THAT'S THE WORD.)
WORKING ON IT.
DO THE CROSSES GO TO CHURCH HERE?
WELL, WHEN THEY DO...
WHICH SADLY, ISN'T OFTEN ENOUGH.
THE GIRL.
THE GIRL'S NEVER BEEN IN HERE AS FAR AS I CAN RECALL.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH YOUNG PEOPLE THAT AGE.
HOW OLD ARE YOU?
THIRTY.
WELL, I HOPE WE WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW MORNING FOR THE REAL SHOW AND NOT JUST THE REHEARSAL.
SURE. YEAH, SURE.
NO, WAIT, YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'LL BE PISSED AT MYSELF FOREVER IF I DON'T SAY THIS.
WHAT?


YES, OF COURSE.
THAT SERMON YOU WERE JUST PRACTICING -- IS THAT WHAT YOU PLAN ON SAYING TOMORROW IN FRONT OF YOUR CONGREGATION?
YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO GET UP IN FRONT OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE AND SAY THAT "MUTANTS ARE AN ABOMINATION"?
YES...
WOW!
WHAT?
I HOPE SO...
I'M SORRY, BUT I BELIEVE YOU ARE MISINFORMED.
MUTANTS ARE QUITE CLEARLY AN ABOMINATION BROUGHT ON BY MAN'S GREED.
PEOPLE ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO YOU AND THEY ARE GOING TO BELIEVE YOU.
BUT IT'S NOT TRUE.
SAYS WHO?
SAYS NATURE.
SAYS YOU.
NO. SAYS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS.
AND SO IN TOUCH WITH THE "NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS," ARE YOU --
-- THAT YOU FEEL THAT YOU CAN RESPONSIBLY REPRESENT IT TO THE PUBLIC?
WE ALL ARE, I BELIEVE.
WOW!
YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO DISAGREE.


I -- I -- I THINK THIS THING YOU'RE DOING HERE IS ABOUT THE SINGLE MOST *DISGUSTING* THING I HAVE EVER SEEN IN MY *LIFE*.
HOW IS THAT?
YOU'RE PREACHING *HATE!*
LIKE SOME BACKWATER SHIT-KICKING HICK -- YOU'RE --
I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING OF THE --
YOU ARE PREACHING MISINFORMATION THAT --
I DON'T -- LISTEN -- I DON'T PRETEND TO BE AN EXPERT IN RELIGION OR EVEN *"ORGANIZED RELIGION"* --
-- BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE ENTIRE PURPOSE OF A BELIEF SYSTEM LIKE THIS --
-- IS TO GIVE PEOPLE SOMETHING SO THEY CAN BE THE BEST KIND OF PERSON THEY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO BE.
THAT'S ALL.
AND I TELL YOU...
IF I FIND YOU AND THIS DOG AND PONY SHOW YOU'RE PUTTING ON HAS *ANYTHING* TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO REBECCA CROSS --
WHAT? WAIT -- WHY WOULD THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH --?
SHE WAS A MUTANT.


FUCK YOU.
≠SNIFF...≠
YOU HEARD ME, FUCK YOU!
FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU.
FUCK YOU.


FUCK YOU.
YOU WANT TO SEE ME NAKED?
YOU WANT TO SEE ME FUCK SOME GUY? YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW?
FUCK YOU.
THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS IN THIS WORLD AND I DON'T GIVE A SHIT *WHAT* YOU WANT...
I WILL DO WHAT I...
JESUS WAS A MUTANT
Call for a

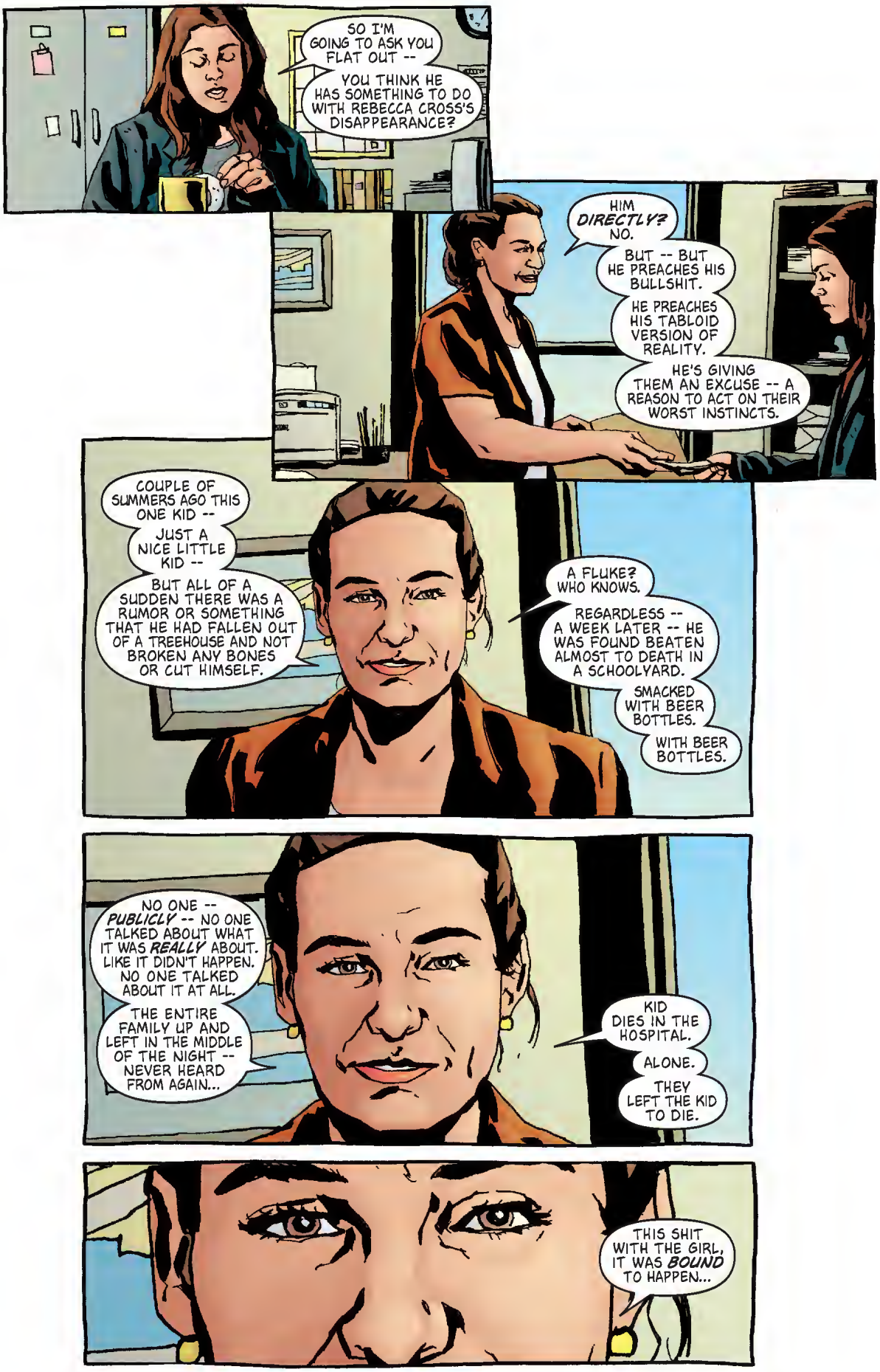

LORD...
JESSICA, LISTEN I...
DON'T.
I JUST --
DON'T, REALLY...
NO, I REALLY FEEL BAD.
GO WITH THAT THEN.
NO, I -- I PANICKED. I --
YEAH, YOU THINK?
I -- I LIKE YOU AND --
UGH -- DON'T.

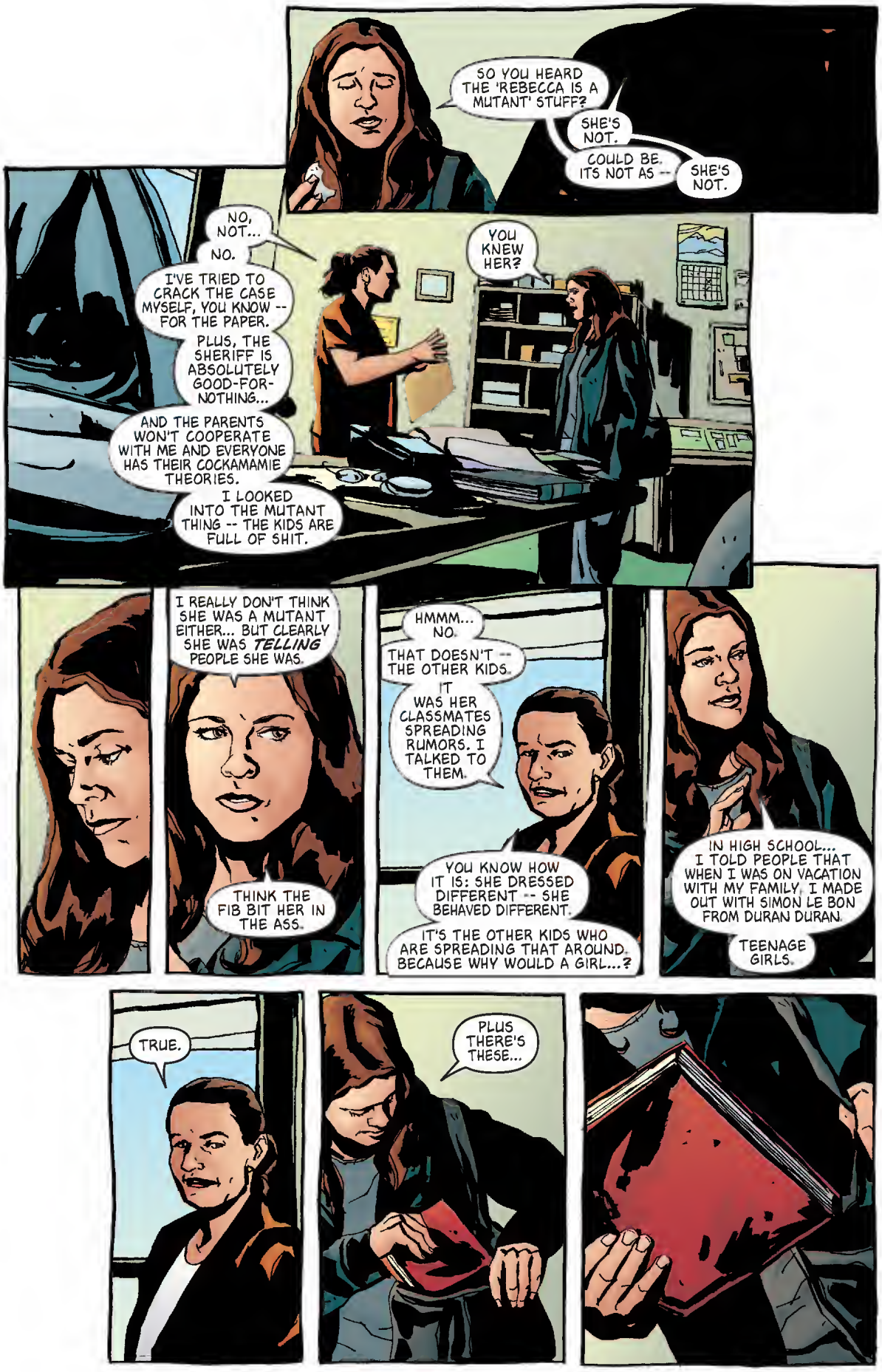

THE THING IS -- IS I HAVE HAD SOME BAD BREAKUPS AND --
I SWEAR I DON'T CARE.
NO, SERIOUSLY, I -- I LIKE YOU. I JUST...
YOU LIKE ME?
WELL, YEAH...
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME, YOU FUCK!
I KNOW YOU A LITTLE...
ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT ME IS THAT IF YOU GET A COUPLE OF DRINKS INTO ME, I MIGHT FUCK YOU.
THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW.
NOW THAT'S --
AND ALL I KNOW OF YOU IS THAT WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH YOU'D RATHER TOSS ME IN A JAIL CELL THAN ACTUALLY BE A HUMAN BEING OR ANYTHING AND...
UGH!!!
I SWEAR, I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU OR ANY OF THIS.
I HAVE A JOB TO DO, I HAVE A GIRL TO FIND!
YOU CARE...
NO, I REALLY...


YOU CARE.
AND I'M SORRY.
I SAID I WAS SORRY AND WHERE I COME FROM, IF SOMEONE APOLOGIZES YOU --
BVOOP
HELLO?
HI, IS THIS JESSICA JONES?
YES.
THIS IS SCOTTIE LANG...
UM...
CAROL DANVERS GAVE ME YOUR NUMBER...
CAROL, YOU GODDAMN BITCH.
HELLO?
SHE GAVE YOU MY NUMBER?
UH, SHE SAID THAT YOU WERE... EXPECTING MY CALL.
I...
DID I CATCH YOU AT A BAD TIME?
UH, YES, ACTUALLY.
I'M -- I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CASE.
OH YEAH, YOU'RE A REAL PRIVATE EYE, HUH?
YEAH...
SOUNDS PRETTY EXCITING.


LAGO OBSERVER
NOT REALLY. PRETTY FRUSTRATING ACTUALLY.
LISTEN, CAN WE TALK AT ANOTHER TIME? AS I SAID, I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF...
OH, OH SURE, I JUST -- I -- UH -- I WAS WONDERING IF WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CASE OR WHATEVER IF YOU WANTED TO GET TOGETHER OR SOMETHING...
WELL, I'M NOT EVEN IN THE CITY RIGHT NOW
REALLY, WHERE ARE YOU?
IN HELL.
OH YEAH?
I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE IN A COUPLE OF YEARS.
HOW'S IT HOLDING UP?
SAME OLD HELL.
WELL, YOU'VE GOT MY NUMBER ON YOUR CELL PHONE IF YOU...
YOU'RE ANT-MAN, RIGHT?
OY...
BUT NOT ANYMORE?
HMMM...
YOU KNOW WHAT?
FOR THAT STORY, YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO HAVE TO GO OUT WITH ME.

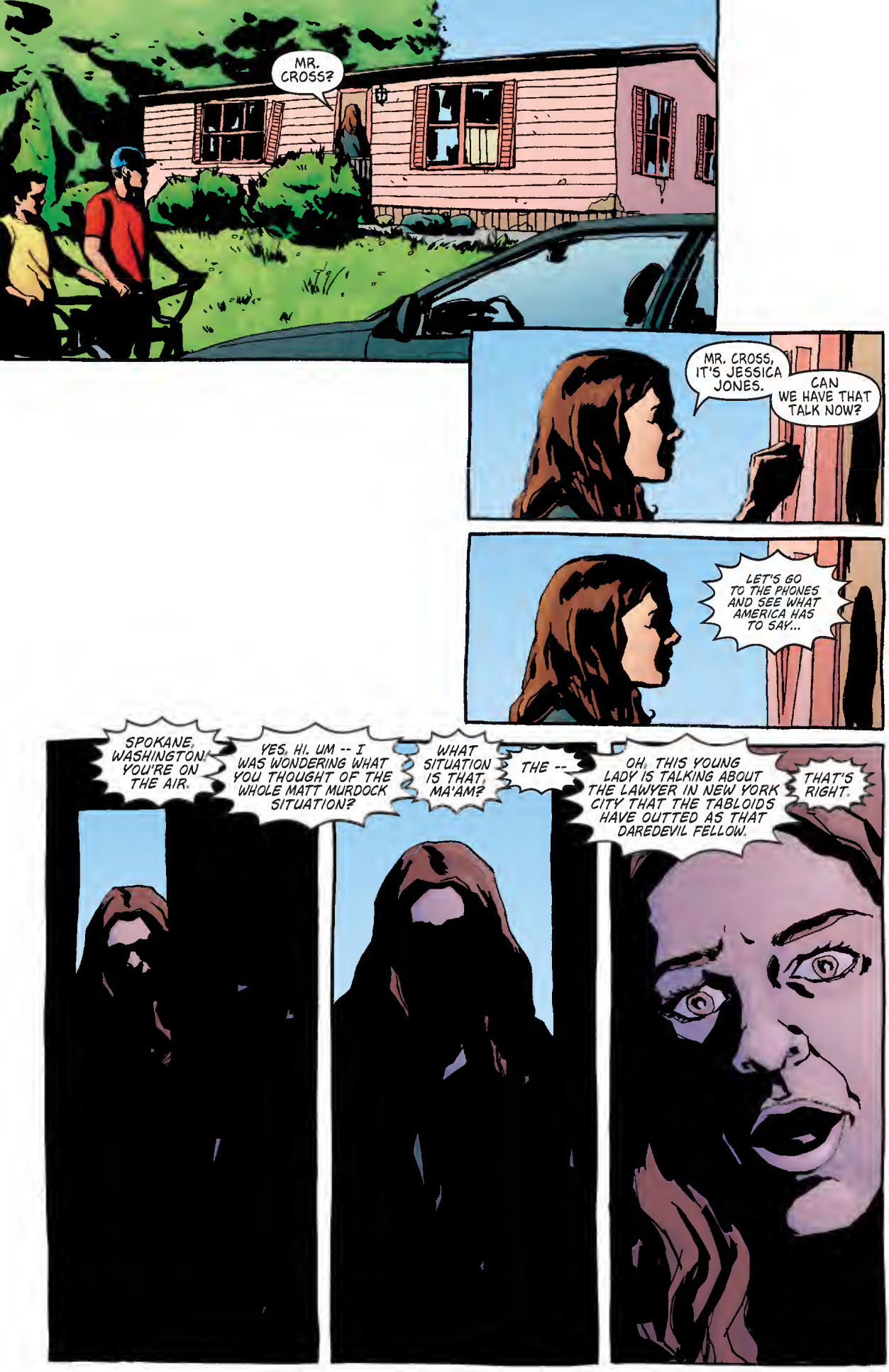

mutan
ave to u
ey are n
e same
not ap
ered in
"AND THE MUTANTS OF THE WORLD HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT THEY ARE NOT HUMAN AND THE SAME RULES OF OUR LORD DO NOT APPLY. JUST LIKE THE COLORED OF THE SIXTIES..."
COLOREDS?
"THEY KNOW THAT THEY ARE JUST LIKE THE ANIMALS."
COLOREDS? WHAT FUCKING PLANET AM I ON? WHAT YEAR IS THIS?
"AND THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO..."
THIS IS THE KIND OF MAIL YOU GET?
YES, MA'AM.
DO YOU KNOW WHO IT'S FROM?
OH SURE, IT'S SIGNED.
THE WOMAN IS SEVENTY-SIX YEARS OLD SO I THINK YOU CAN RULE HER OUT AS A SUSPECT.
I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE A CLEAR PICTURE OF WHAT YOU ARE DEALING WITH HERE.
THEY ARE MOSTLY GOOD PEOPLE, BUT...
UH, CAN I APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I TALKED TO YOU YESTERDAY?
THAT'S NOT --
NO, NO. I MADE A -- A WHAT? A STEREOTYPICAL --
I SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED AN ALLERGIC REACTION TO REPORTERS AND I'M SORRY.
WELL, I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP.
I WANT THIS TO BE OVER AND --
YES.
SO, I TAKE IT YOU ALREADY WENT AND VISITED OUR FIRST UNITY CHURCH OF HYPOCRISY AND RACISM.
I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I WAS HEARING.
I ALMOST -- I SWEAR TO GOD I ALMOST POPPED HIM ONE ON THE NOSE.
HE'S A FUCKING ASSHOLE.
AND I ALREADY TALKED TO HIM ABOUT ALL THIS -- BUT HE PRETENDS THAT THE OPPOSING VIEW IS SOME SILLY --
OH, I KNOW --
AND WHAT KILLS ME IS -- THE TOWN? THEY FUCKING LOVE HIM.
THE CHURCH WILL BE PACKED TOMORROW, PACKED TO THE GILLS.


SO I'M GOING TO ASK YOU FLAT OUT --
YOU THINK HE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH REBECCA CROSS'S DISAPPEARANCE?
HIM *DIRECTLY?*
NO.
BUT -- BUT HE PREACHES HIS BULLSHIT.
HE PREACHES HIS TABLOID VERSION OF REALITY.
HE'S GIVING THEM AN EXCUSE -- A REASON TO ACT ON THEIR WORST INSTINCTS.
COUPLE OF SUMMERS AGO THIS ONE KID --
JUST A NICE LITTLE KID --
BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WAS A RUMOR OR SOMETHING THAT HE HAD FALLEN OUT OF A TREEHOUSE AND NOT BROKEN ANY BONES OR CUT HIMSELF.
A FLUKE? WHO KNOWS.
REGARDLESS -- A WEEK LATER -- HE WAS FOUND BEATEN ALMOST TO DEATH IN A SCHOOLYARD.
SMACKED WITH BEER BOTTLES.
WITH BEER BOTTLES.
NO ONE -- *PUBLICLY* -- NO ONE TALKED ABOUT WHAT IT WAS *REALLY* ABOUT. LIKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. NO ONE TALKED ABOUT IT AT ALL.
THE ENTIRE FAMILY UP AND LEFT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT -- NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN...
KID DIES IN THE HOSPITAL.
ALONE.
THEY LEFT THE KID TO DIE.
THIS SHIT WITH THE GIRL, IT WAS *BOUND* TO HAPPEN...


SO YOU HEARD THE 'REBECCA IS A MUTANT' STUFF?
SHE'S NOT.
COULD BE. ITS NOT AS --
SHE'S NOT.
NO, NOT...
NO.
I'VE TRIED TO CRACK THE CASE MYSELF, YOU KNOW -- FOR THE PAPER.
PLUS, THE SHERIFF IS ABSOLUTELY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING...
AND THE PARENTS WON'T COOPERATE WITH ME AND EVERYONE HAS THEIR COCKAMAMIE THEORIES.
I LOOKED INTO THE MUTANT THING -- THE KIDS ARE FULL OF SHIT.
YOU KNEW HER?
I REALLY DON'T THINK SHE WAS A MUTANT EITHER... BUT CLEARLY SHE WAS *TELLING* PEOPLE SHE WAS.
THINK THE FIB BIT HER IN THE ASS.
HMMM... NO.
THAT DOESN'T -- THE OTHER KIDS.
IT WAS HER CLASSMATES SPREADING RUMORS. I TALKED TO THEM.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS: SHE DRESSED DIFFERENT -- SHE BEHAVED DIFFERENT.
IT'S THE OTHER KIDS WHO ARE SPREADING THAT AROUND. BECAUSE WHY WOULD A GIRL...?
IN HIGH SCHOOL... I TOLD PEOPLE THAT WHEN I WAS ON VACATION WITH MY FAMILY, I MADE OUT WITH SIMON LE BON FROM DURAN DURAN.
TEENAGE GIRLS.
TRUE.
PLUS THERE'S THESE...


AMERICA
nonfiction is so bizarre—
—that it seems like fiction.
PUNISHER
WHAT IS THIS WE'RE LOOKING AT?
WAS IN HER ROOM. SEE?
SHE DREW THESE. SHE WROTE THESE. THESE NOTEBOOKS.
TSSK...
WHAT?
I — I KNOW THIS SOUNDS AWFUL BUT... DOESN'T IT SEEM MUCH WORSE TO THINK THAT SOMETHING BAD HAPPENED TO SOMEONE WITH TALENT?
SHE DEFINITELY HAD A THING FOR THE DARK SIDE OF — OF THE ICONS.
(OR WHATEVER YOU CALL THEM.)
WHAT DO YOU CALL THEM?


I STILL HAVE TO TALK TO THE FATHER.
HALF THE TOWN THINKS HE DID IT.
I DON'T.
I DON'T EITHER.
BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK HE DID.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK ONE OR MORE OF HER CLASSMATES THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO RAPE AND KILL HER AND THROW HER IN LAKE GOODING...
...BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT SHE WAS A MUTANT.
LOOK AT THIS -- THAT IDIOT "THE PUNISHER." THESE WERE IN HER ROOM?
YEAH.
HER PARENTS WOULDN'T GIVE ME ACCESS TO THESE. THEY DON'T LIKE ME.
I WONDER IF -- DO YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE A HIDDEN MESSAGE IN THEM?
MAYBE...
I WONDER IF SHE POINTS THE FINGER HERE...
MAYBE...
WISH THE PARENTS WOULD HAVE TRUSTED ME MORE...
AMERICA
PUNISHER
LOVE M.K.
THEY PROBABLY DON'T LIKE BEING REMINDED OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S SITUATION -- SEEING THEIR DAUGHTER IN YOUR PAPER.
BUT IT'S NEWS.

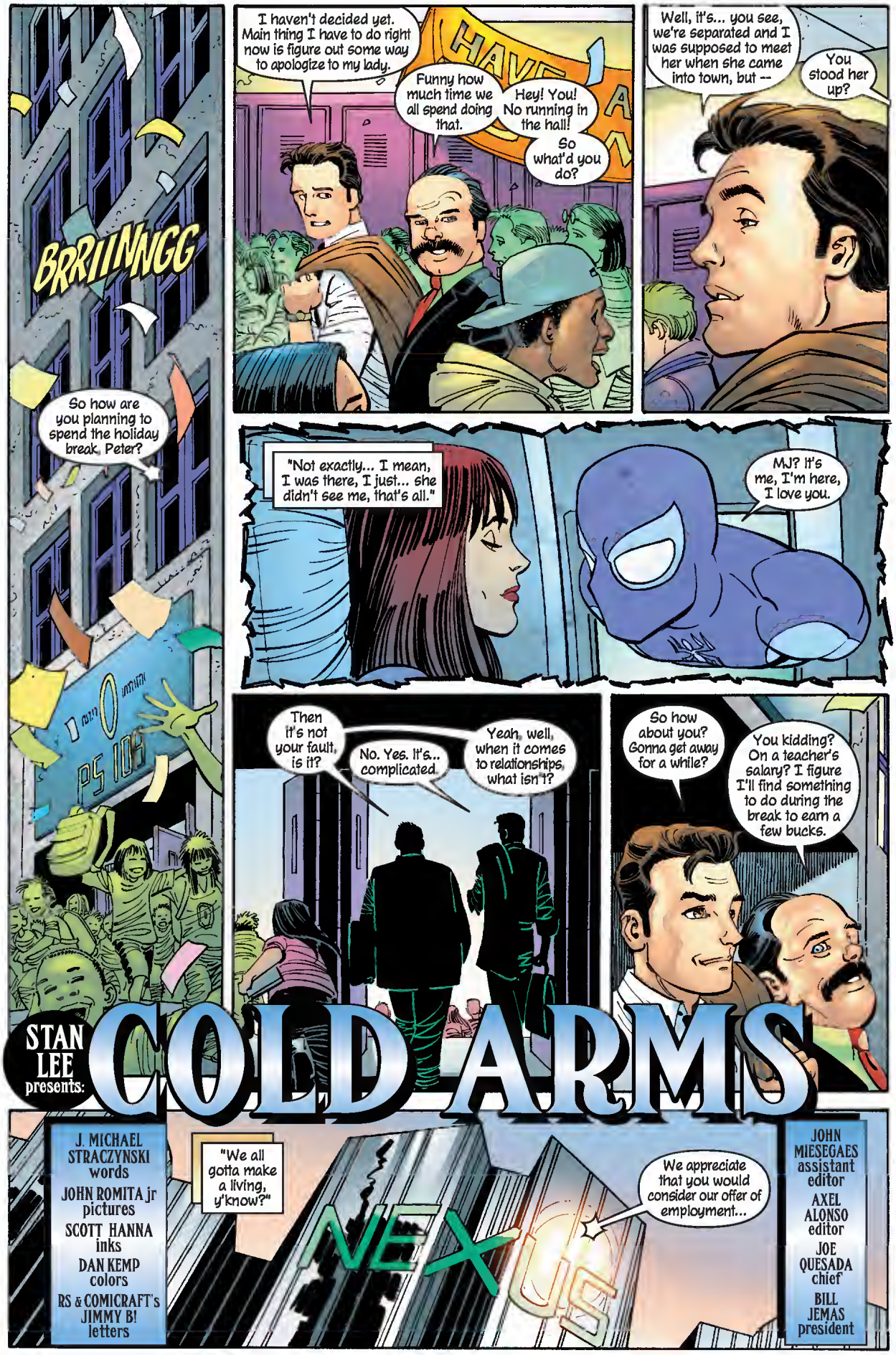

MR. CROSS?
MR. CROSS, IT'S JESSICA JONES.
CAN WE HAVE THAT TALK NOW?
LET'S GO TO THE PHONES AND SEE WHAT AMERICA HAS TO SAY...
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON YOU'RE ON THE AIR.
YES, HI. UM -- I WAS WONDERING WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF THE WHOLE MATT MURDOCK SITUATION?
WHAT SITUATION IS THAT, MA'AM?
THE --
OH, THIS YOUNG LADY IS TALKING ABOUT THE LAWYER IN NEW YORK CITY THAT THE TABLOIDS HAVE OUTTED AS THAT DAREDEVIL FELLOW.
THAT'S RIGHT.


I THINK IT'S TERRIBLE. I THINK IT --
WELL, A LOT OF PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THIS BUT, THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. THIS STORY HAS COME OUT BEFORE. BUT THIS MURDOCK GUY INSISTS IT'S NOT TRUE.
WELL, FOR THE RECORD, WE HAVE TO SAY THAT MR. MURDOCK SAYS IT IS NOT TRUE.
YES. BECAUSE WE CERTAINLY DON'T NEED ANY HUGE LAWSUITS SLAPPED ON THIS SHOW AS WELL.
HA! EXACTLY. BUT WHETHER IT'S TRUE OR NOT IS HARDLY THE POINT.
THE POINT IS THAT OUTTING A MAN LIKE THIS -- I JUST DON'T SEE WHAT PURPOSE IT SERVES.
WHY DO WE AS A SOCIETY HAVE THIS COMPULSIVE NEED TO HURT THOSE WHO WOULD PROTECT US?
YES, BUT IF IT IS TRUE, THEN --
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE.
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK AT OURSELVES AND ASK: WHY DO WE SO BADLY NEED TO DESTROY PEOPLE WHO WOULD BE OUR HEROES?


LAGO
THAT'S NOT FUNNY...
KID...
WHERE IS SHE?
TO BE CONTINUED



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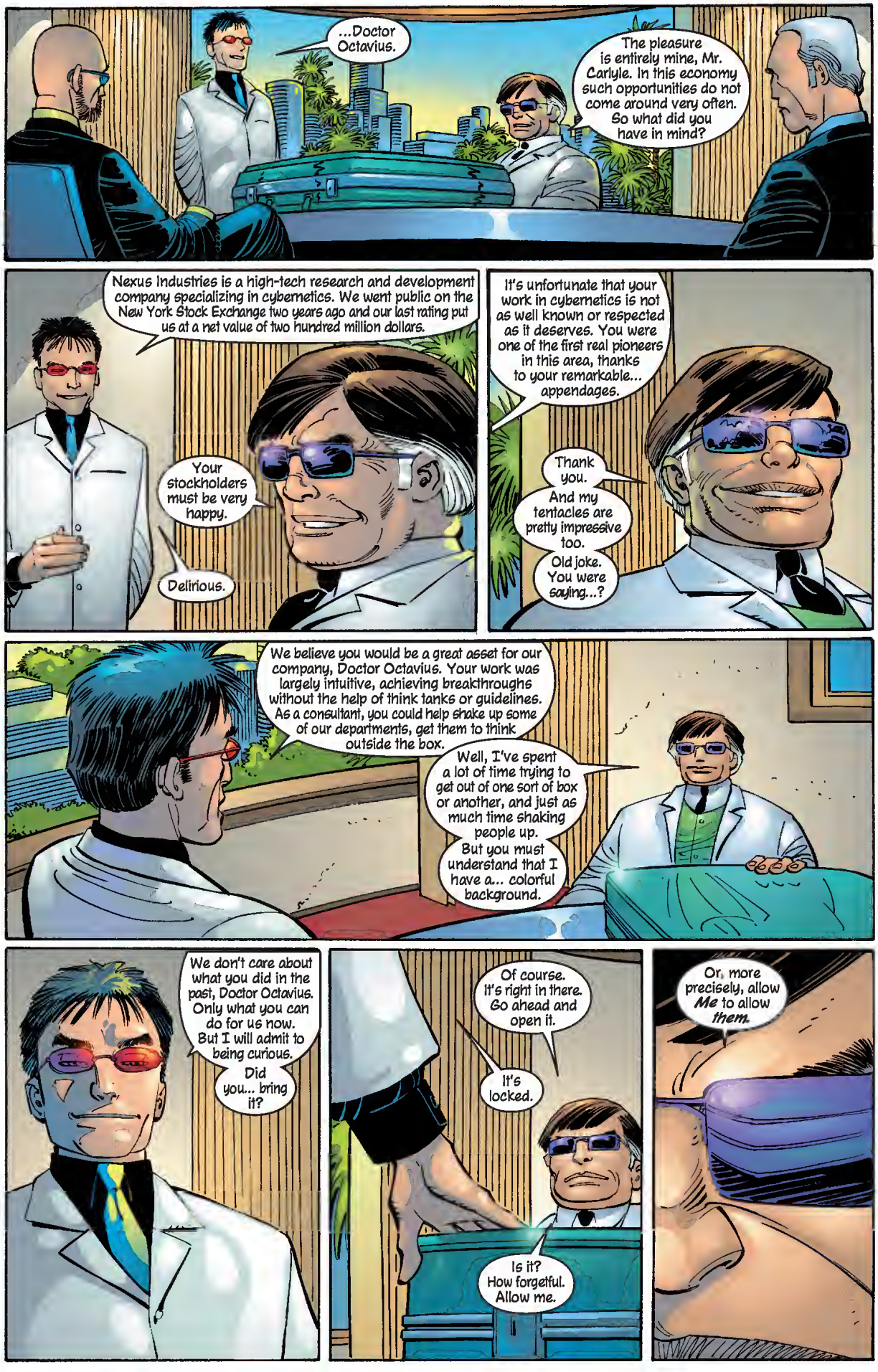


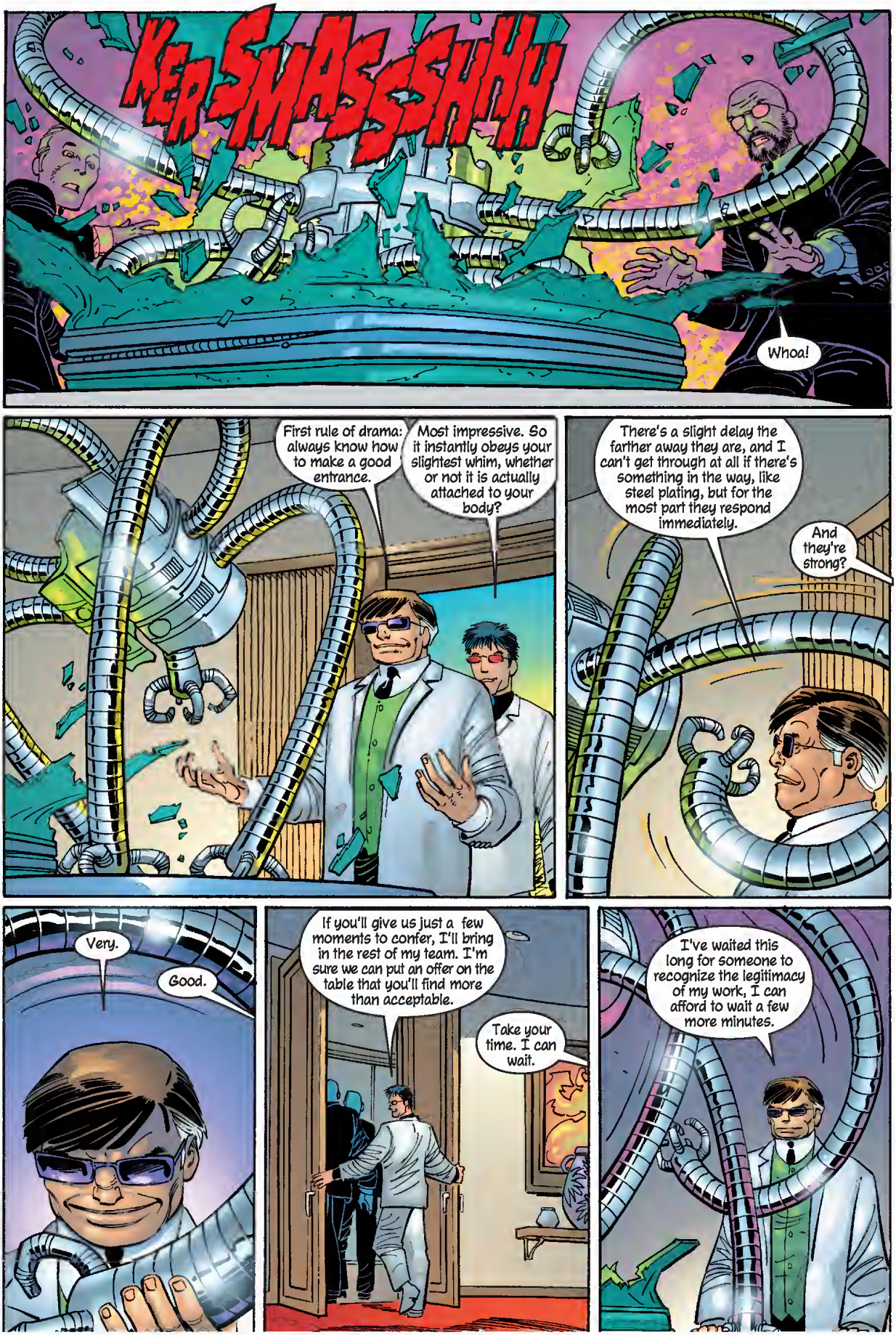
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JOE QUESADA chief
BILL JEMAS president

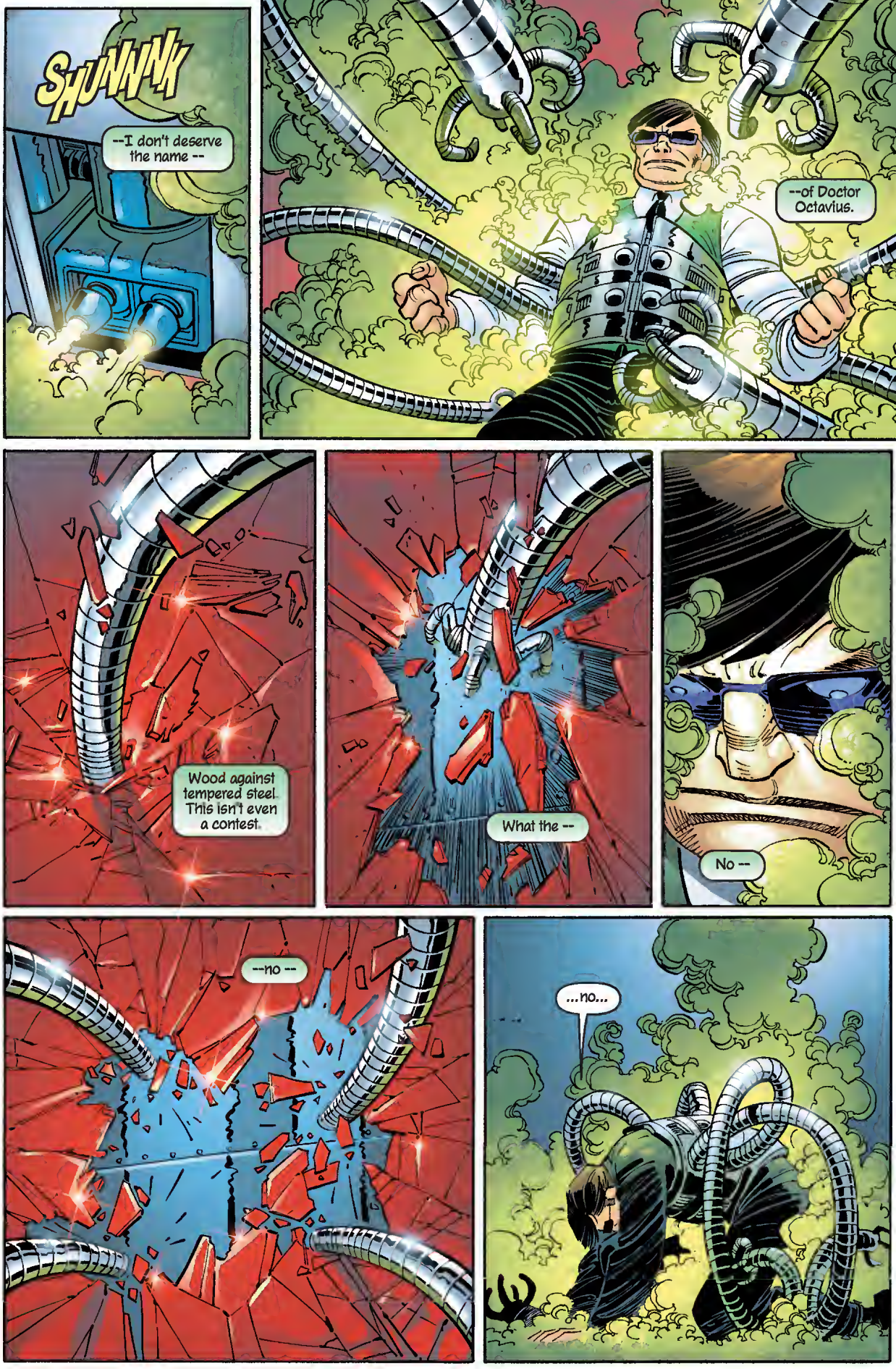

...Doctor Octavius.
The pleasure is entirely mine, Mr. Carlyle. In this economy such opportunities do not come around very often. So what did you have in mind?
Nexus Industries is a high-tech research and development company specializing in cybernetics. We went public on the New York Stock Exchange two years ago and our last rating put us at a net value of two hundred million dollars.
Your stockholders must be very happy.
Delirious.
It's unfortunate that your work in cybernetics is not as well known or respected as it deserves. You were one of the first real pioneers in this area, thanks to your remarkable... appendages.
Thank you.
And my tentacles are pretty impressive too.
Old joke. You were saying...?
We believe you would be a great asset for our company, Doctor Octavius. Your work was largely intuitive, achieving breakthroughs without the help of think tanks or guidelines. As a consultant, you could help shake up some of our departments, get them to think outside the box.
Well, I've spent a lot of time trying to get out of one sort of box or another, and just as much time shaking people up. But you must understand that I have a... colorful background.
We don't care about what you did in the past, Doctor Octavius. Only what you can do for us now. But I will admit to being curious.
Did you... bring it?
Of course. It's right in there. Go ahead and open it.
It's locked.
Is it? How forgetful. Allow me.
Or, more precisely, allow *Me* to allow *them*.

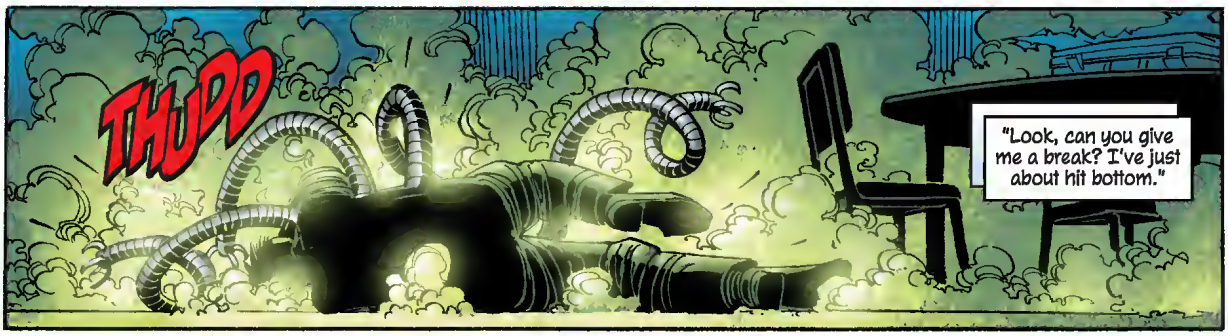


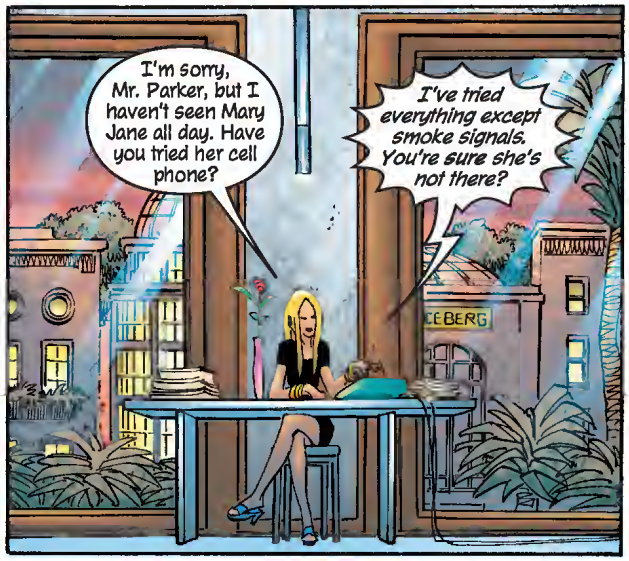
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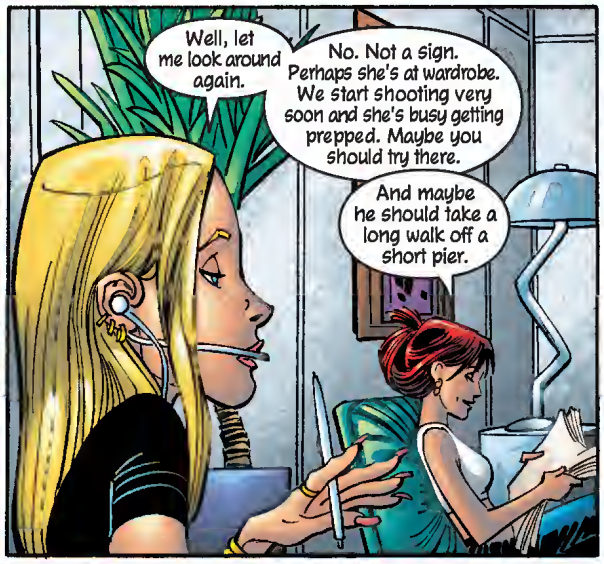


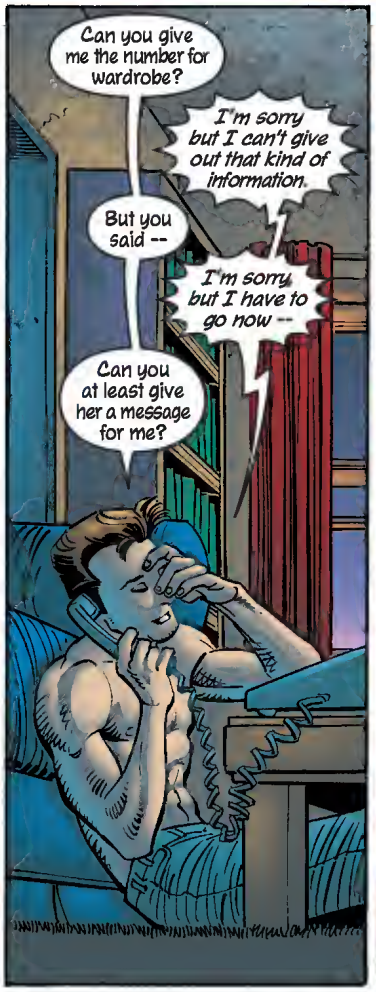
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SHUNNNK
--I don't deserve the name --
--of Doctor Octavius.
Wood against tempered steel. This isn't even a contest.
What the --
No --
--no --
...no...


THUDD
"Look, can you give me a break? I've just about hit bottom."


I'm sorry, Mr. Parker, but I haven't seen Mary Jane all day. Have you tried her cell phone?
I've tried everything except smoke signals. You're sure she's not there?
ICEBERG

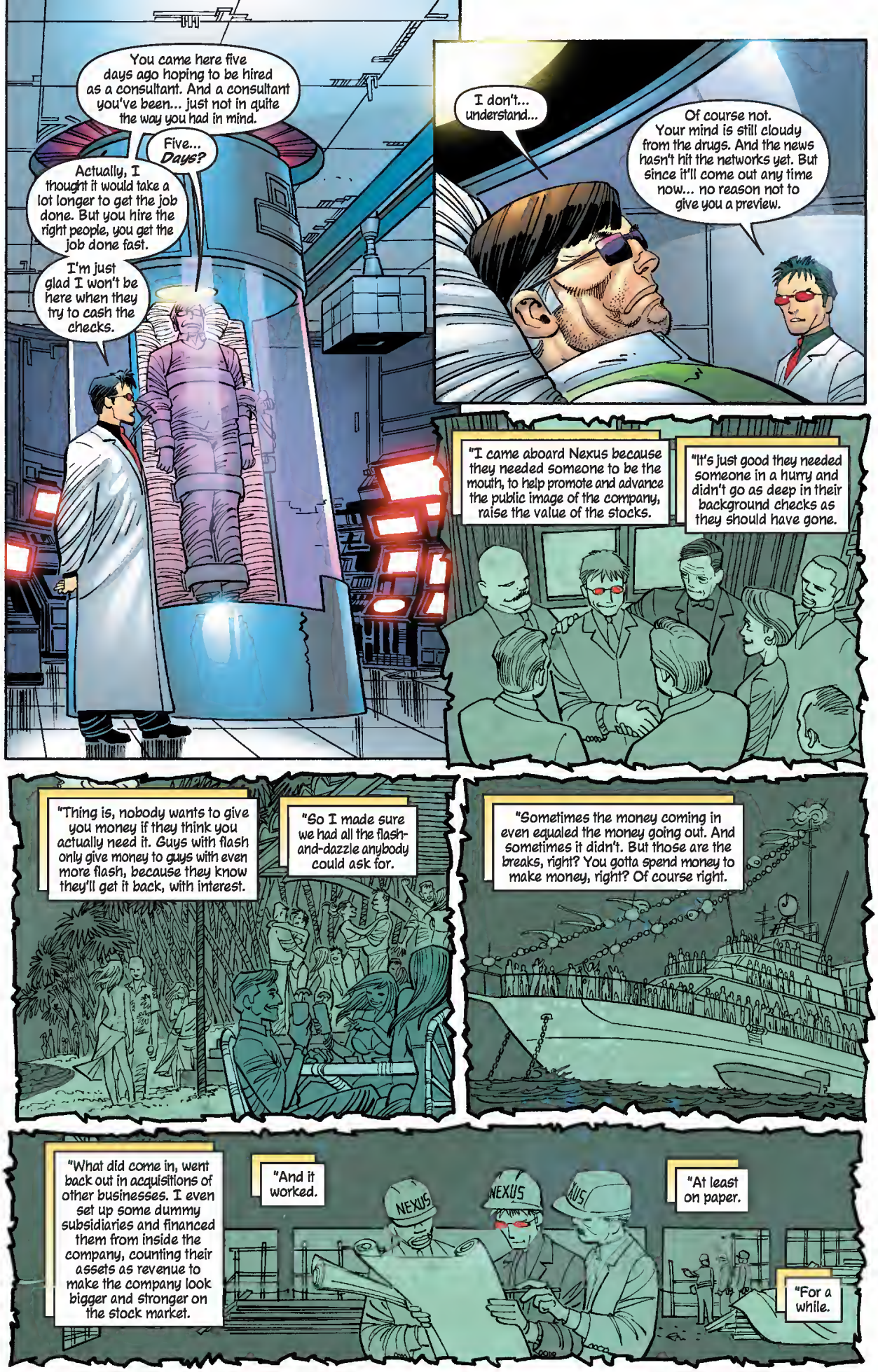

Well, let me look around again.
No. Not a sign. Perhaps she's at wardrobe. We start shooting very soon and she's busy getting prepped. Maybe you should try there.
And maybe he should take a long walk off a short pier.

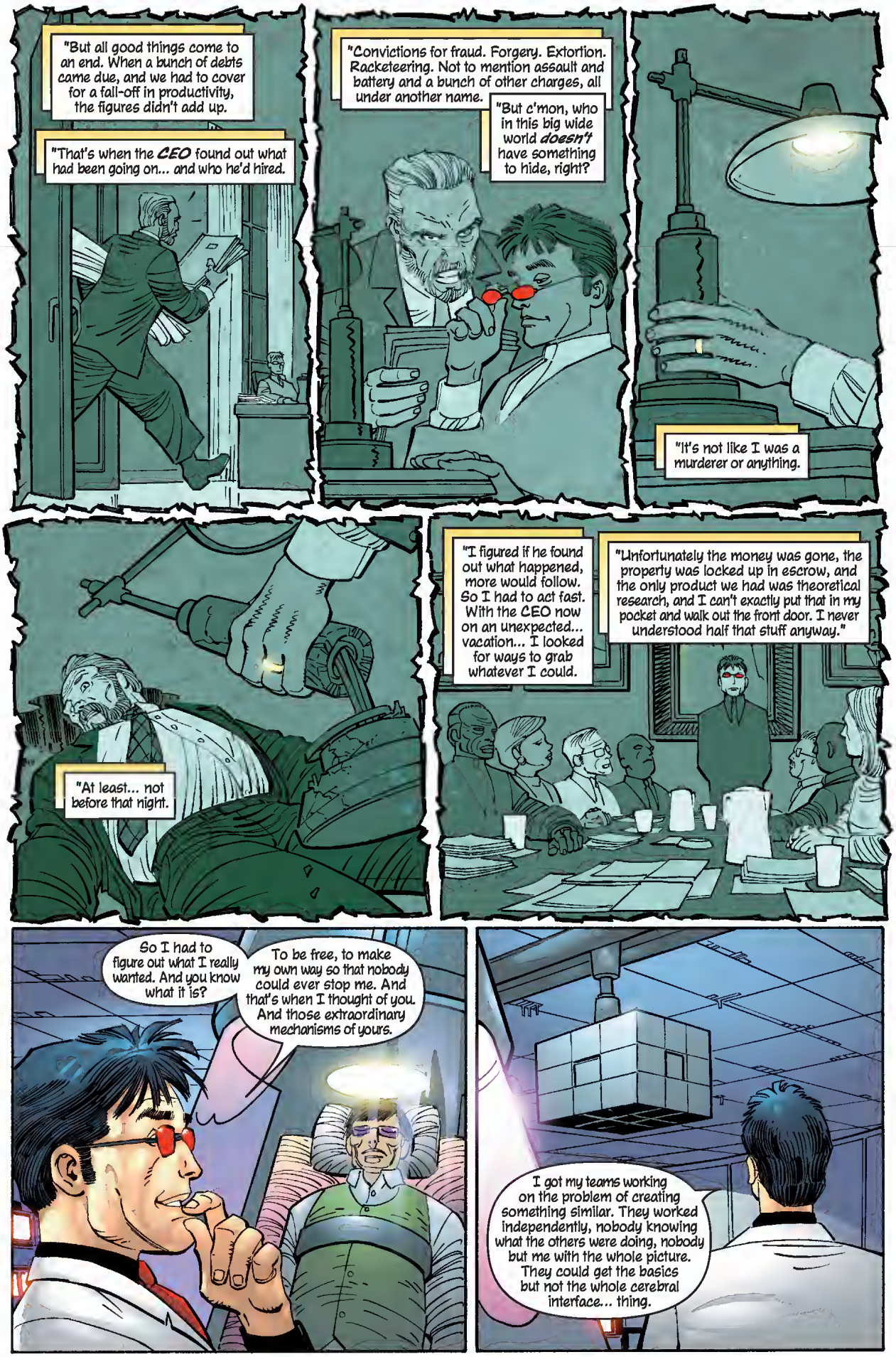

Can you give me the number for wardrobe?
I'm sorry but I can't give out that kind of information.
But you said --
I'm sorry, but I have to go now --
Can you at least give her a message for me?

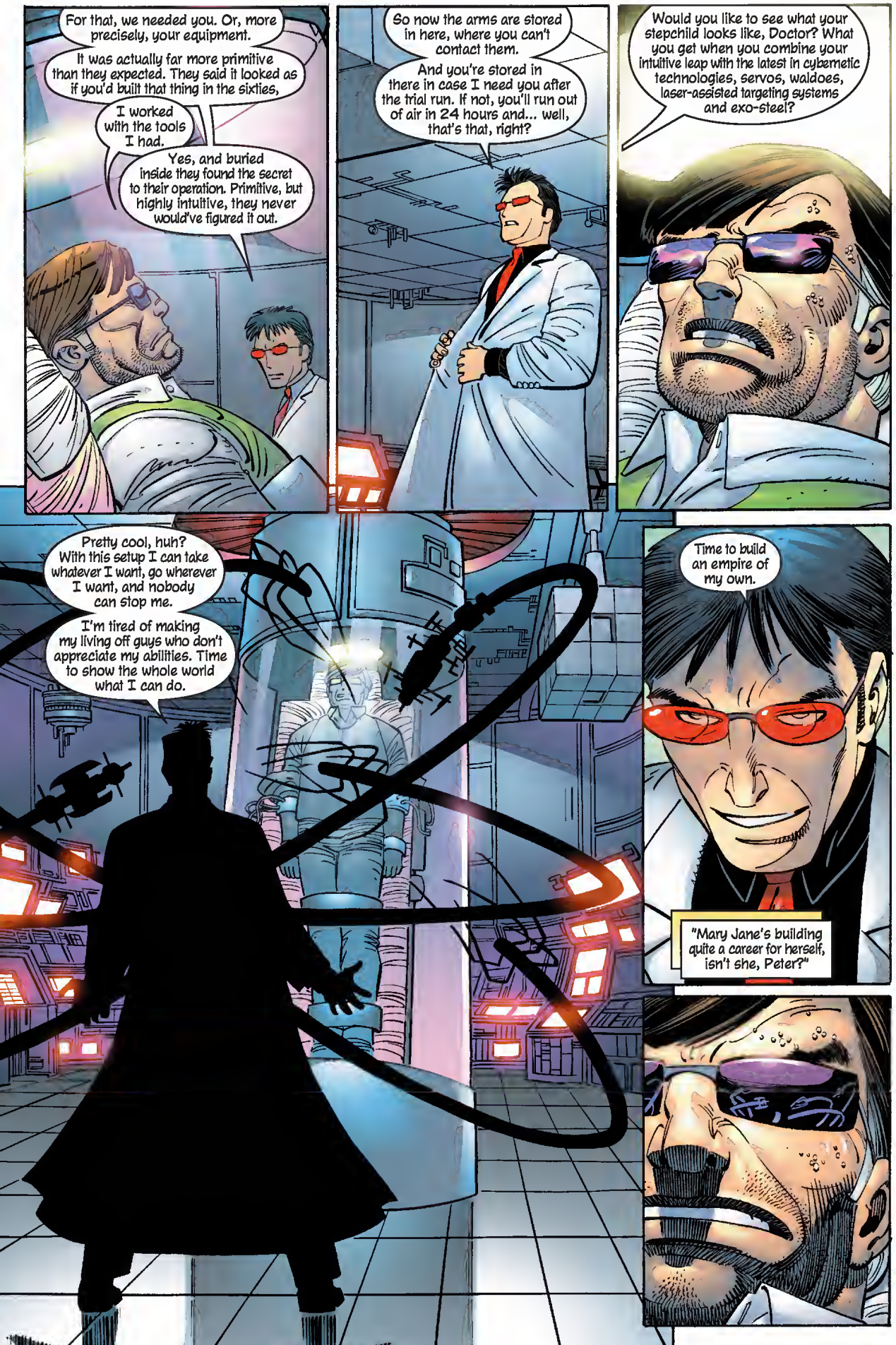

Just... tell her that I'm sorry, and I love her, and I have a good -- a really, really good explanation -- for what happened, and --
--just... have her call me, okay?
I'll pass along the message, Mr. Parker.

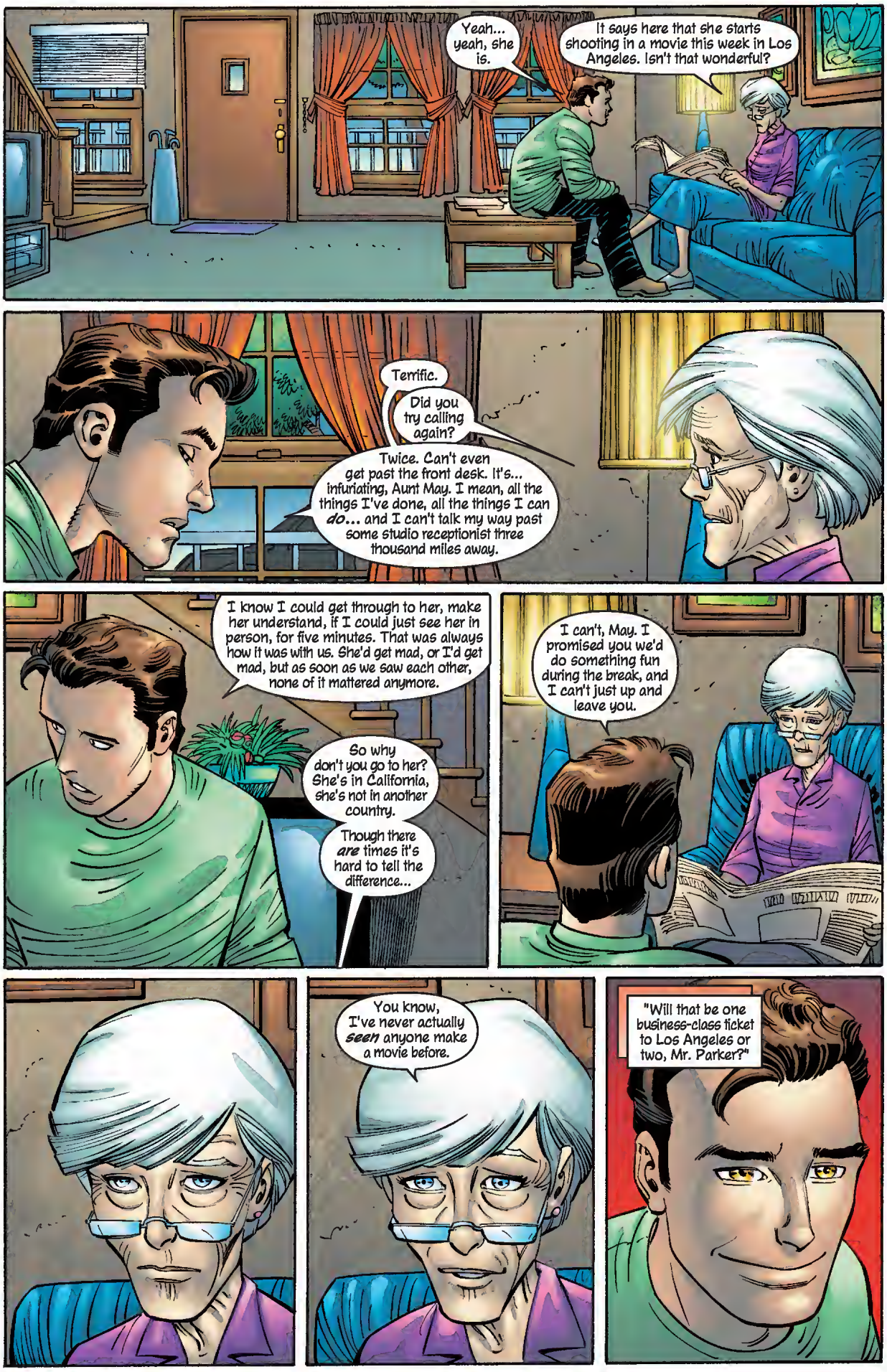

He said --
He said he loves me and he has a very good explanation for standing me up, right?
Yup.


Yeah, well, if the first was true, he wouldn't need the second, now would he?
I'll call him back.
Eventually.
"Funny, isn't it, how some things never come out quite the way you planned...?"

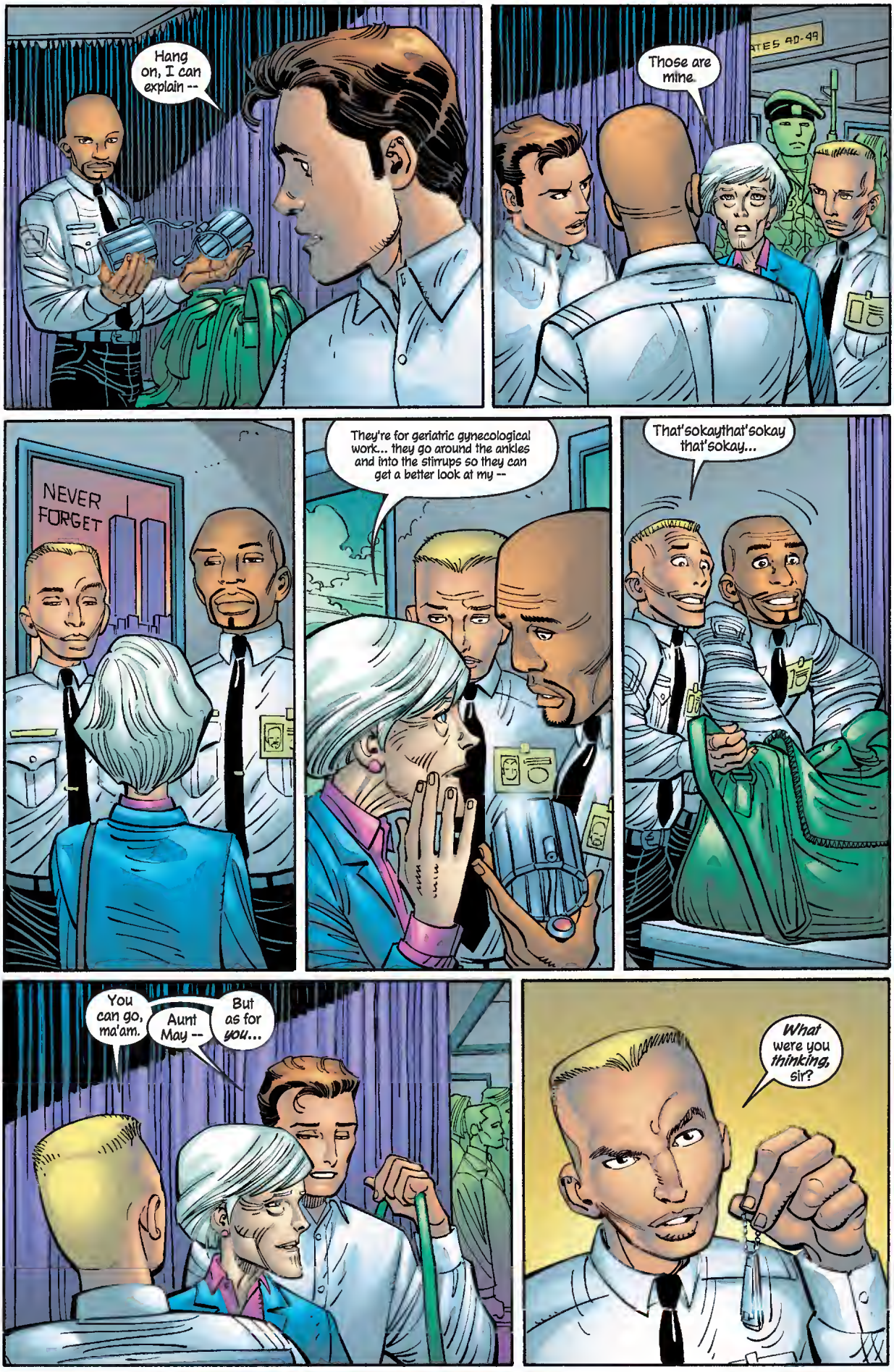

You came here five days ago hoping to be hired as a consultant. And a consultant you've been... just not in quite the way you had in mind.
Five... Days?
Actually, I thought it would take a lot longer to get the job done. But you hire the right people, you get the job done fast.
I'm just glad I won't be here when they try to cash the checks.
I don't... understand...
Of course not. Your mind is still cloudy from the drugs. And the news hasn't hit the networks yet. But since it'll come out any time now... no reason not to give you a preview.
"I came aboard Nexus because they needed someone to be the mouth, to help promote and advance the public image of the company, raise the value of the stocks.
"It's just good they needed someone in a hurry and didn't go as deep in their background checks as they should have gone.
"Thing is, nobody wants to give you money if they think you actually need it. Guys with flash only give money to guys with even more flash, because they know they'll get it back, with interest.
"So I made sure we had all the flash-and-dazzle anybody could ask for.
"Sometimes the money coming in even equaled the money going out. And sometimes it didn't. But those are the breaks, right? You gotta spend money to make money, right? Of course right.
"What did come in, went back out in acquisitions of other businesses. I even set up some dummy subsidiaries and financed them from inside the company, counting their assets as revenue to make the company look bigger and stronger on the stock market.
"And it worked.
NEXUS
NEXUS
NEXUS
"At least on paper.
"For a while.

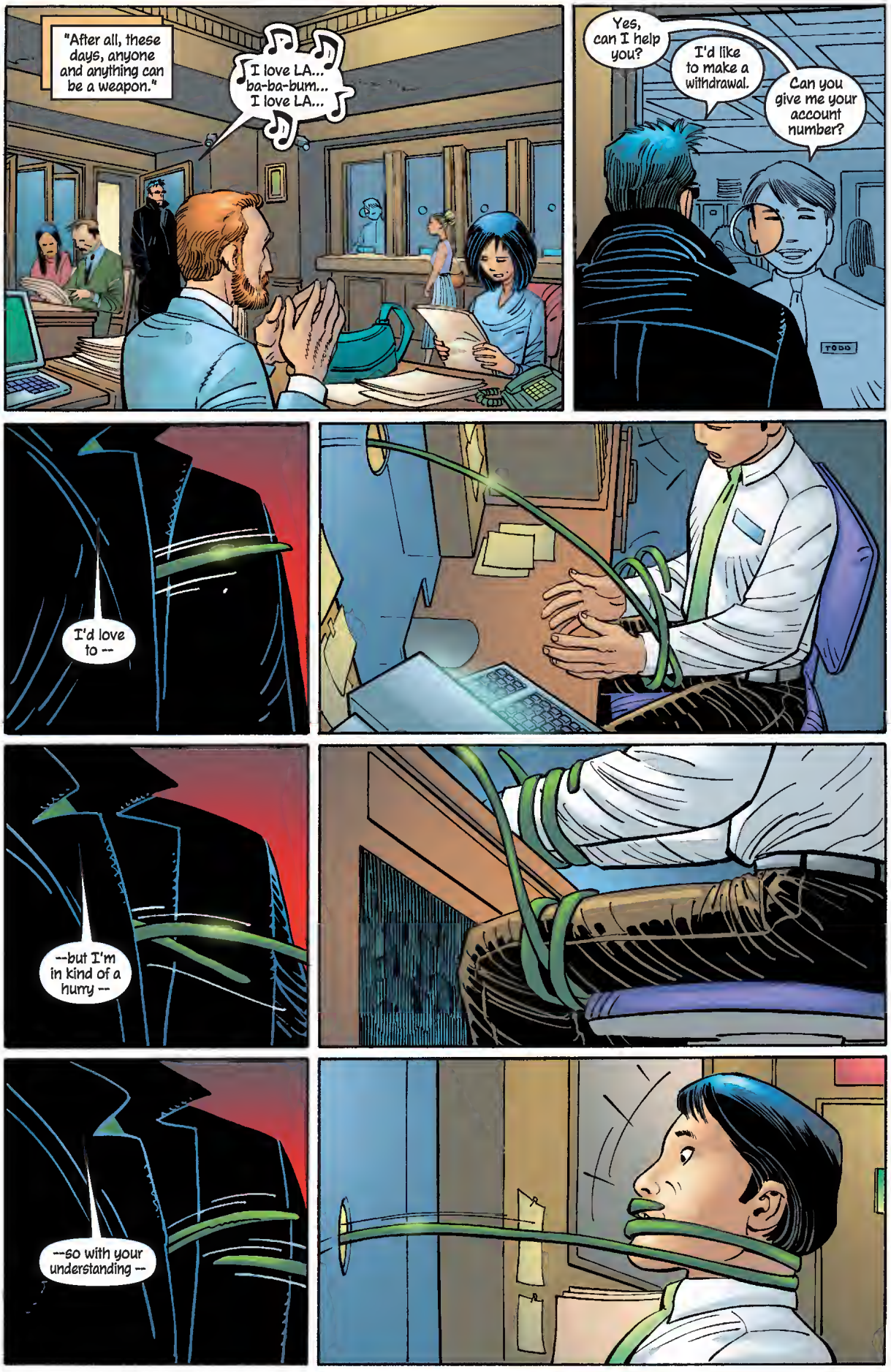

"But all good things come to an end. When a bunch of debts came due, and we had to cover for a fall-off in productivity, the figures didn't add up.
"That's when the CEO found out what had been going on... and who he'd hired.
"Convictions for fraud. Forgery. Extortion. Racketeering. Not to mention assault and battery and a bunch of other charges, all under another name.
"But c'mon, who in this big wide world doesn't have something to hide, right?
"It's not like I was a murderer or anything.
"At least... not before that night.
"I figured if he found out what happened, more would follow. So I had to act fast. With the CEO now on an unexpected... vacation... I looked for ways to grab whatever I could.
"Unfortunately the money was gone, the property was locked up in escrow, and the only product we had was theoretical research, and I can't exactly put that in my pocket and walk out the front door. I never understood half that stuff anyway."
So I had to figure out what I really wanted. And you know what it is?
To be free, to make my own way so that nobody could ever stop me. And that's when I thought of you. And those extraordinary mechanisms of yours.
I got my teams working on the problem of creating something similar. They worked independently, nobody knowing what the others were doing, nobody but me with the whole picture. They could get the basics but not the whole cerebral interface... thing.

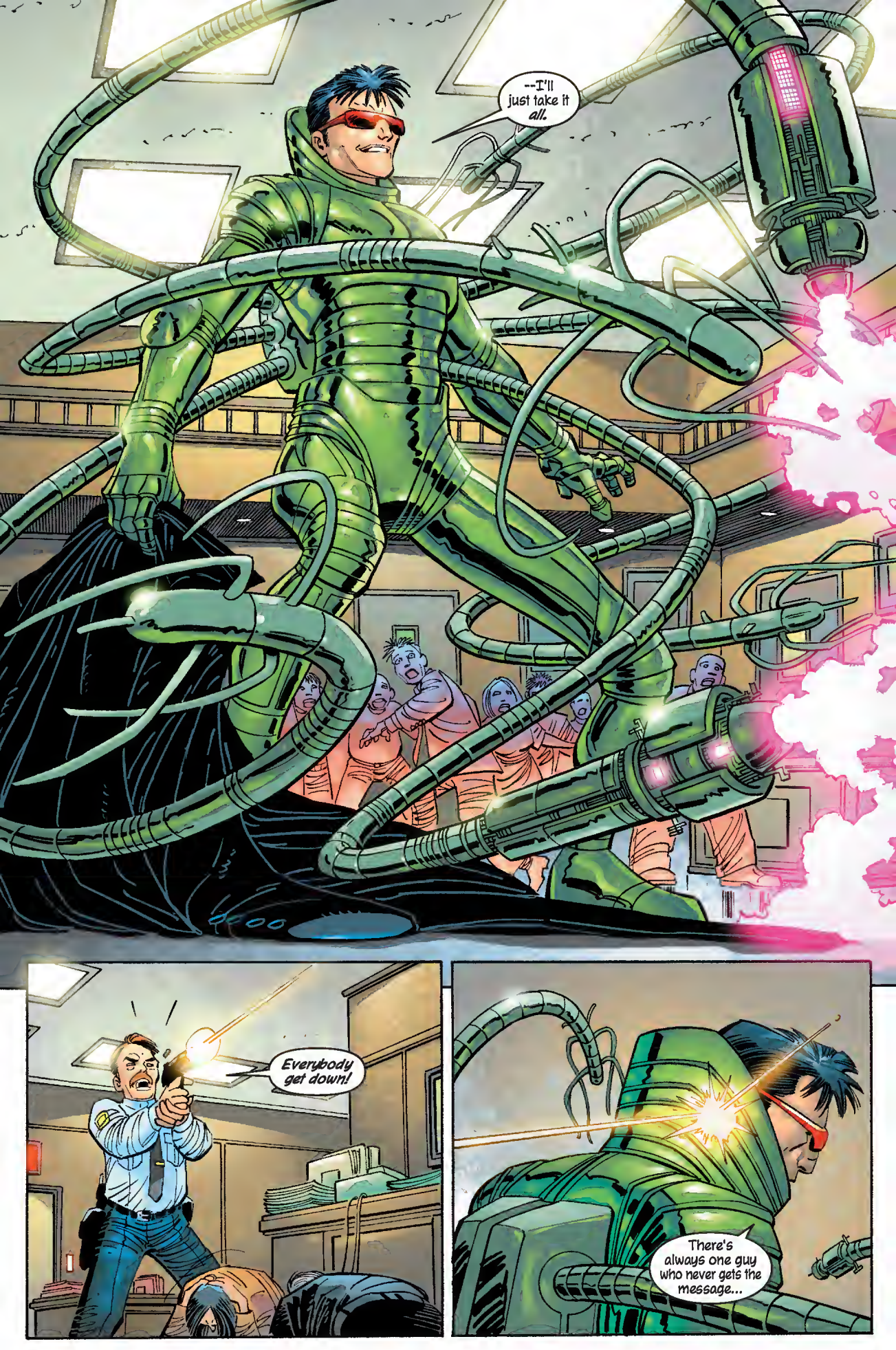

For that, we needed you. Or, more precisely, your equipment.
It was actually far more primitive than they expected. They said it looked as if you'd built that thing in the sixties,
I worked with the tools I had.
Yes, and buried inside they found the secret to their operation. Primitive, but highly intuitive, they never would've figured it out.
So now the arms are stored in here, where you can't contact them.
And you're stored in there in case I need you after the trial run. If not, you'll run out of air in 24 hours and... well, that's that, right?
Would you like to see what your stepchild looks like, Doctor? What you get when you combine your intuitive leap with the latest in cybernetic technologies, servos, waldoes, laser-assisted targeting systems and exo-steel?
Pretty cool, huh? With this setup I can take whatever I want, go wherever I want, and nobody can stop me.
I'm tired of making my living off guys who don't appreciate my abilities. Time to show the whole world what I can do.
Time to build an empire of my own.
"Mary Jane's building quite a career for herself, isn't she, Peter?"

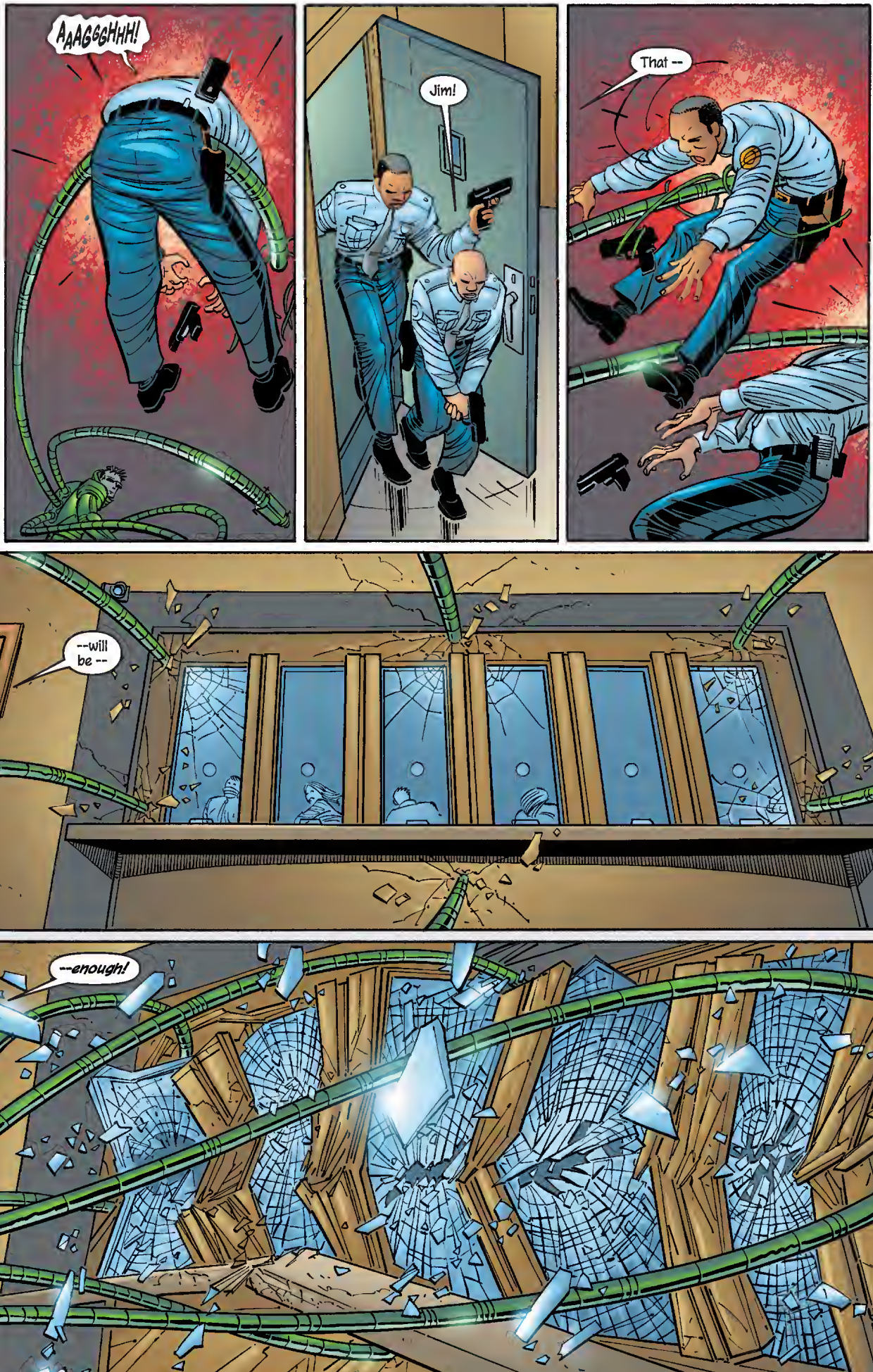

Yeah... yeah, she is.
It says here that she starts shooting in a movie this week in Los Angeles. Isn't that wonderful?
Terrific.
Did you try calling again?
Twice. Can't even get past the front desk. It's... infuriating, Aunt May. I mean, all the things I've done, all the things I can *do*... and I can't talk my way past some studio receptionist three thousand miles away.
I know I could get through to her, make her understand, if I could just see her in person, for five minutes. That was always how it was with us. She'd get mad, or I'd get mad, but as soon as we saw each other, none of it mattered anymore.
So why don't you go to her? She's in California, she's not in another country.
Though there *are* times it's hard to tell the difference...
I can't, May. I promised you we'd do something fun during the break, and I can't just up and leave you.
You know, I've never actually *seen* anyone make a movie before.
"Will that be one business-class ticket to Los Angeles or two, Mr. Parker?"

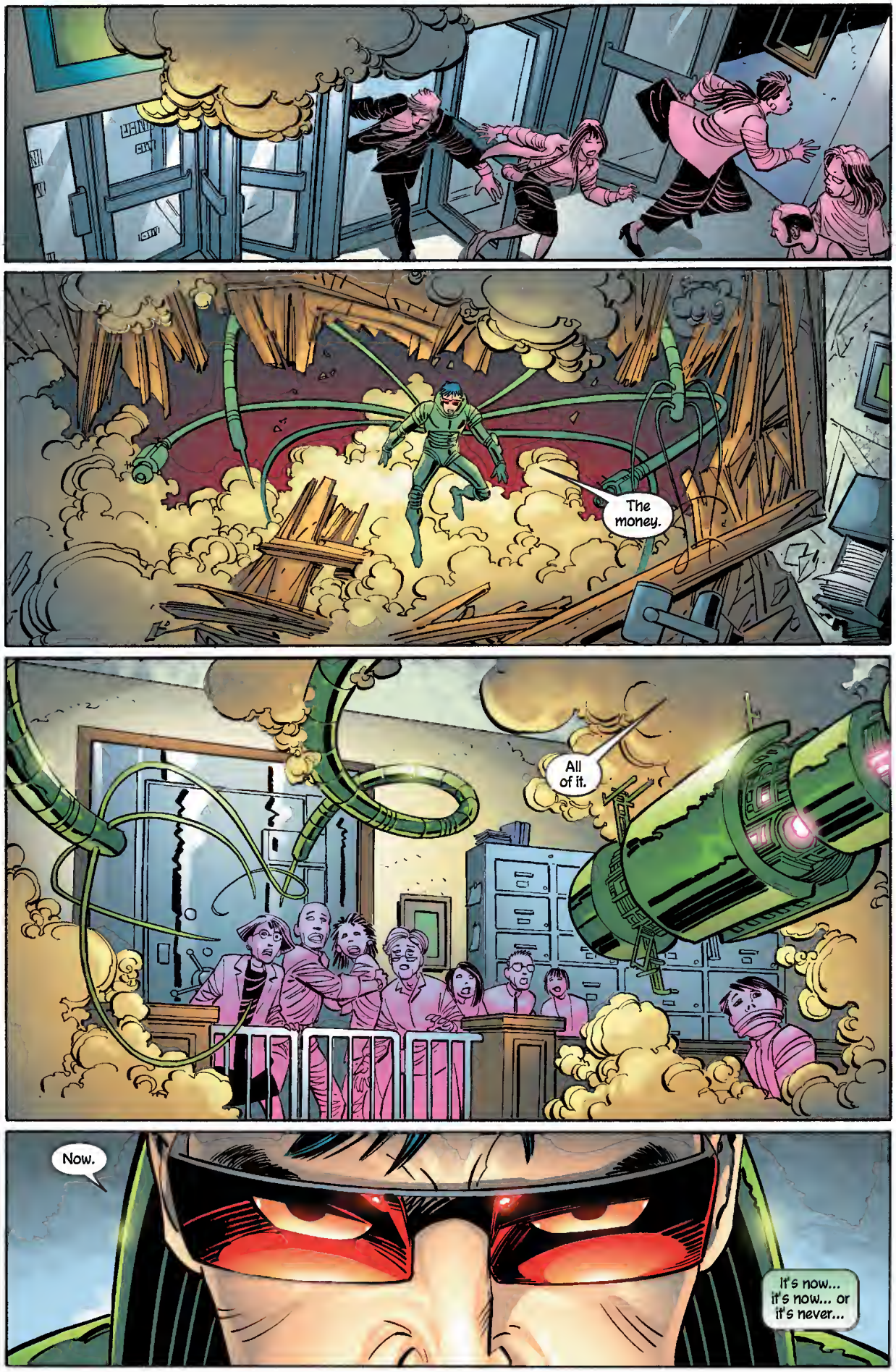

"Two, thanks."
You're *sure* you're up to this, Aunt May?
Peter, since you were knee high I've dedicated myself to making sure you were happy. Are you going to be happy without at least talking to Mary Jane?
No.
Then there we are.
I know, I just --
--I just worry, that's all.
Can you step over here, sir?
Is there a problem?
Just spread your arms, sir.
I can open that for you --
Please don't move, sir.
Long-johns.
I get chills.
Ever since he was a little boy.

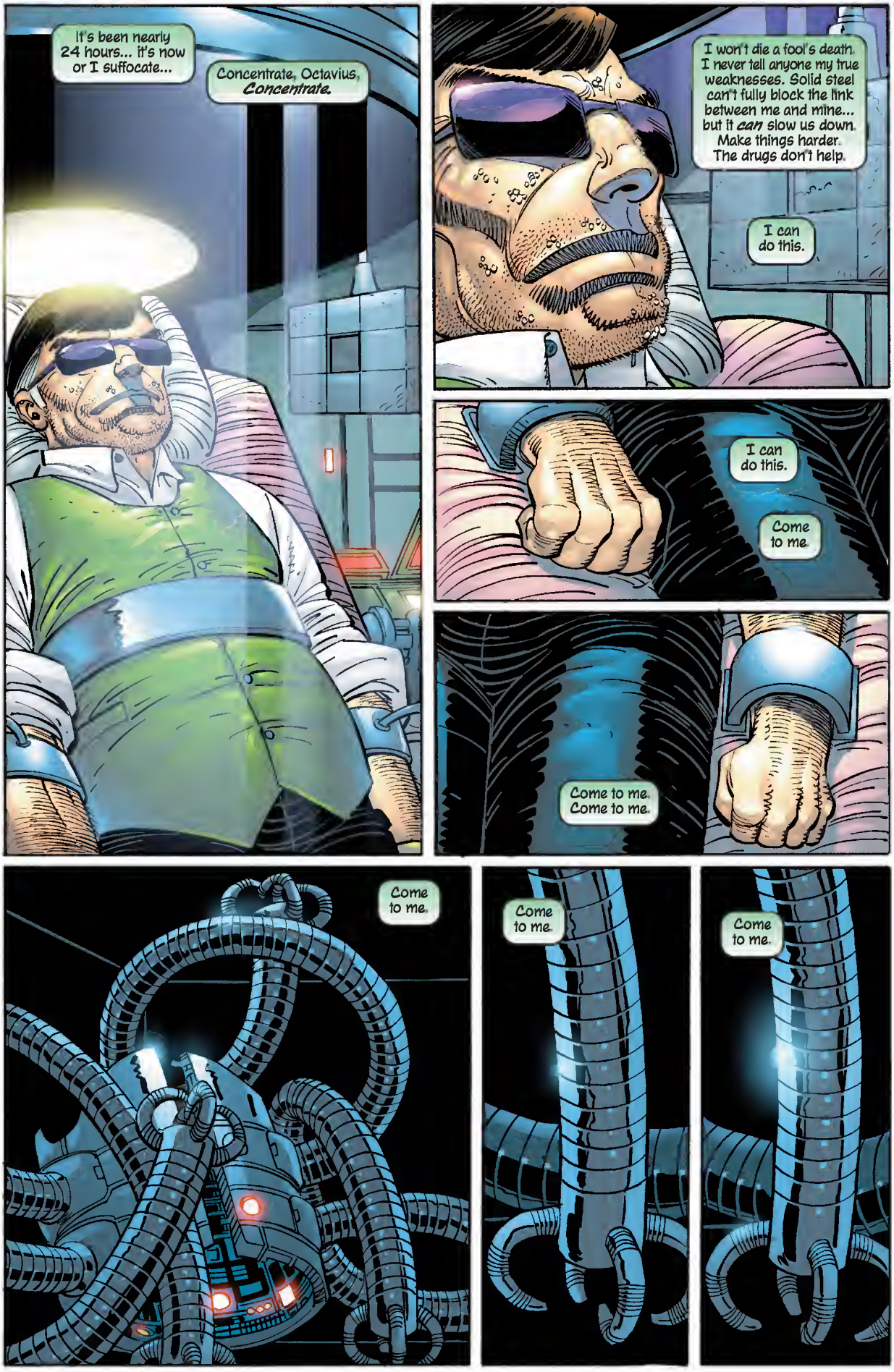

Hang on, I can explain --
Those are mine.
NEVER FORGET
They're for geriatric gynecological work... they go around the ankles and into the stirrups so they can get a better look at my --
That'sokaythat'sokay that'sokay...
You can go, ma'am.
Aunt May --
But as for you...
What were you thinking, sir?

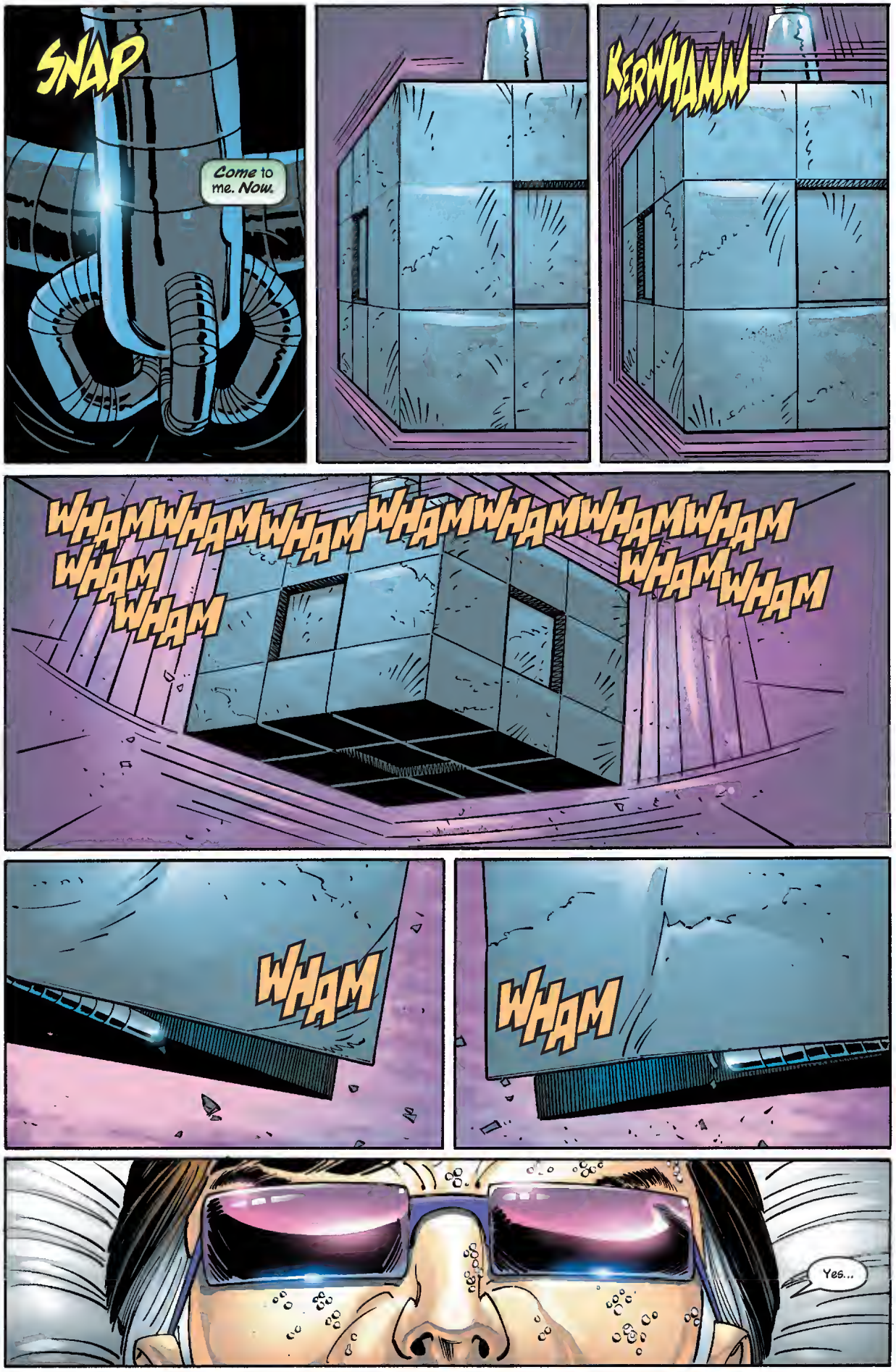

"After all, these days, anyone and anything can be a weapon."
I love LA... ba-ba-bum... I love LA...
Yes, can I help you?
I'd like to make a withdrawal.
Can you give me your account number?
TODD
I'd love to --
--but I'm in kind of a hurry --
--so with your understanding --

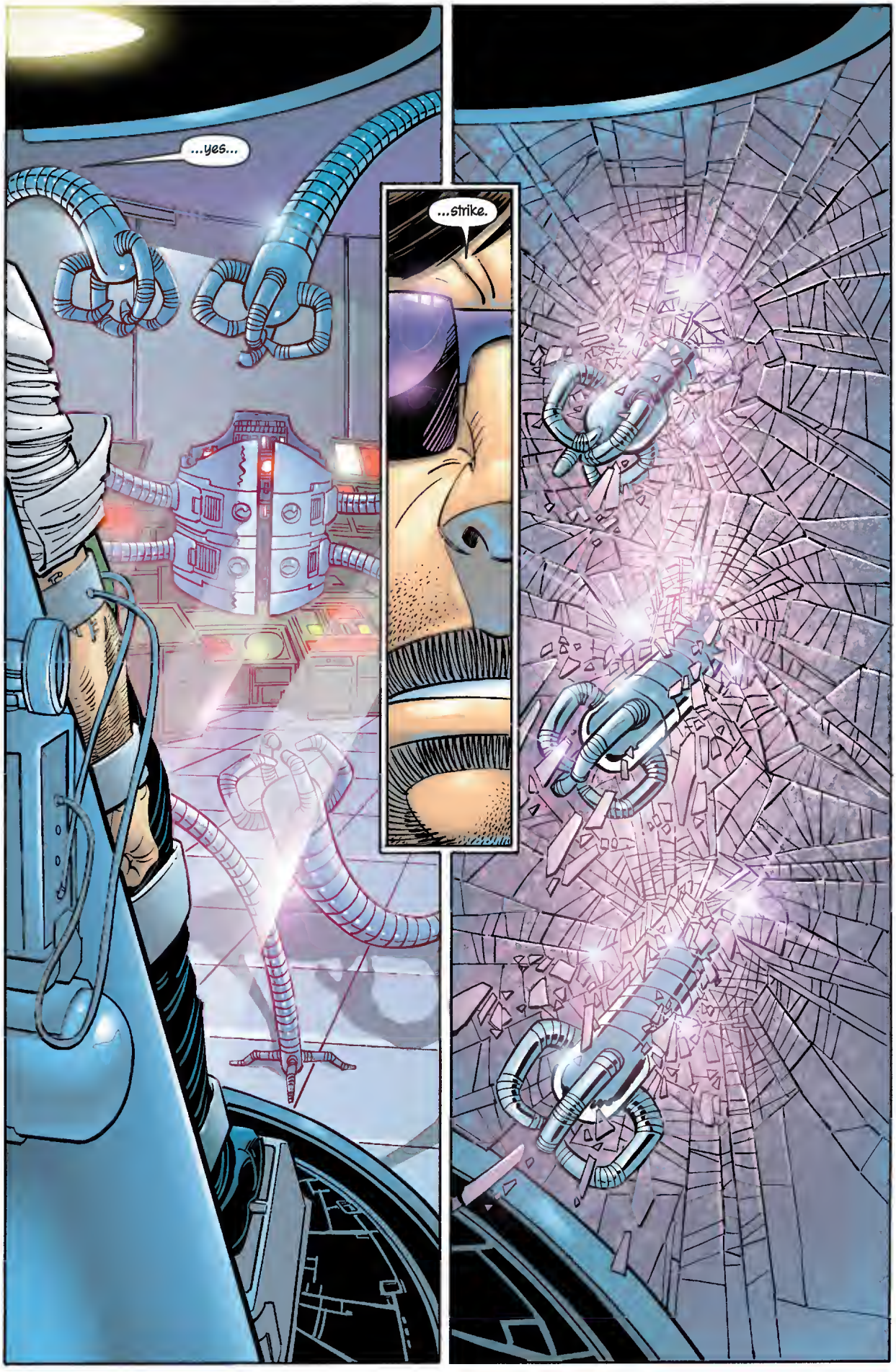

--I'll just take it all.
Everybody get down!
There's always one guy who never gets the message...


AAAGGGHHH!
Jim!
That --
--will be --
--enough!

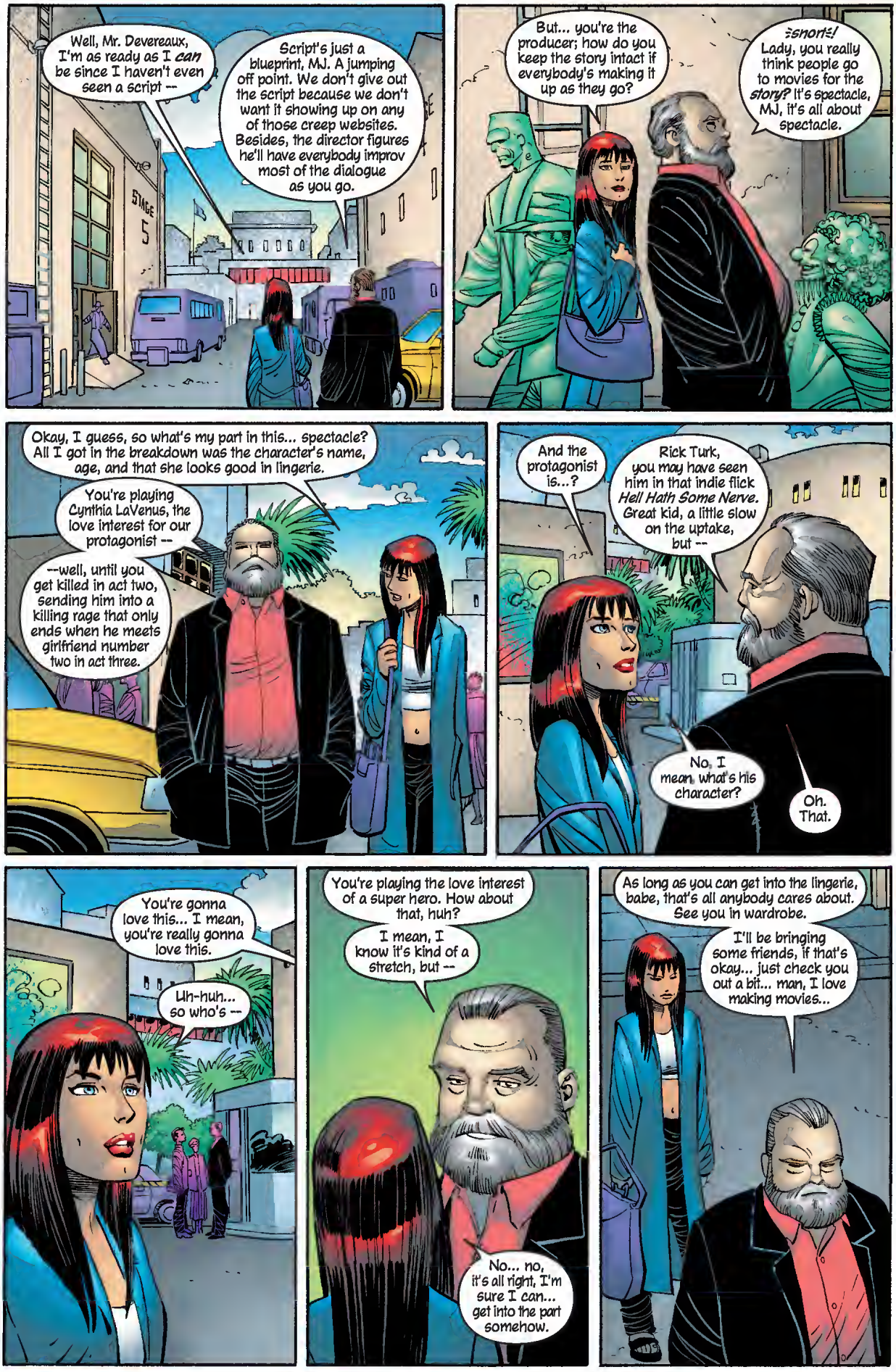

The money.
All of it.
Now.
It's now... it's now... or it's never...

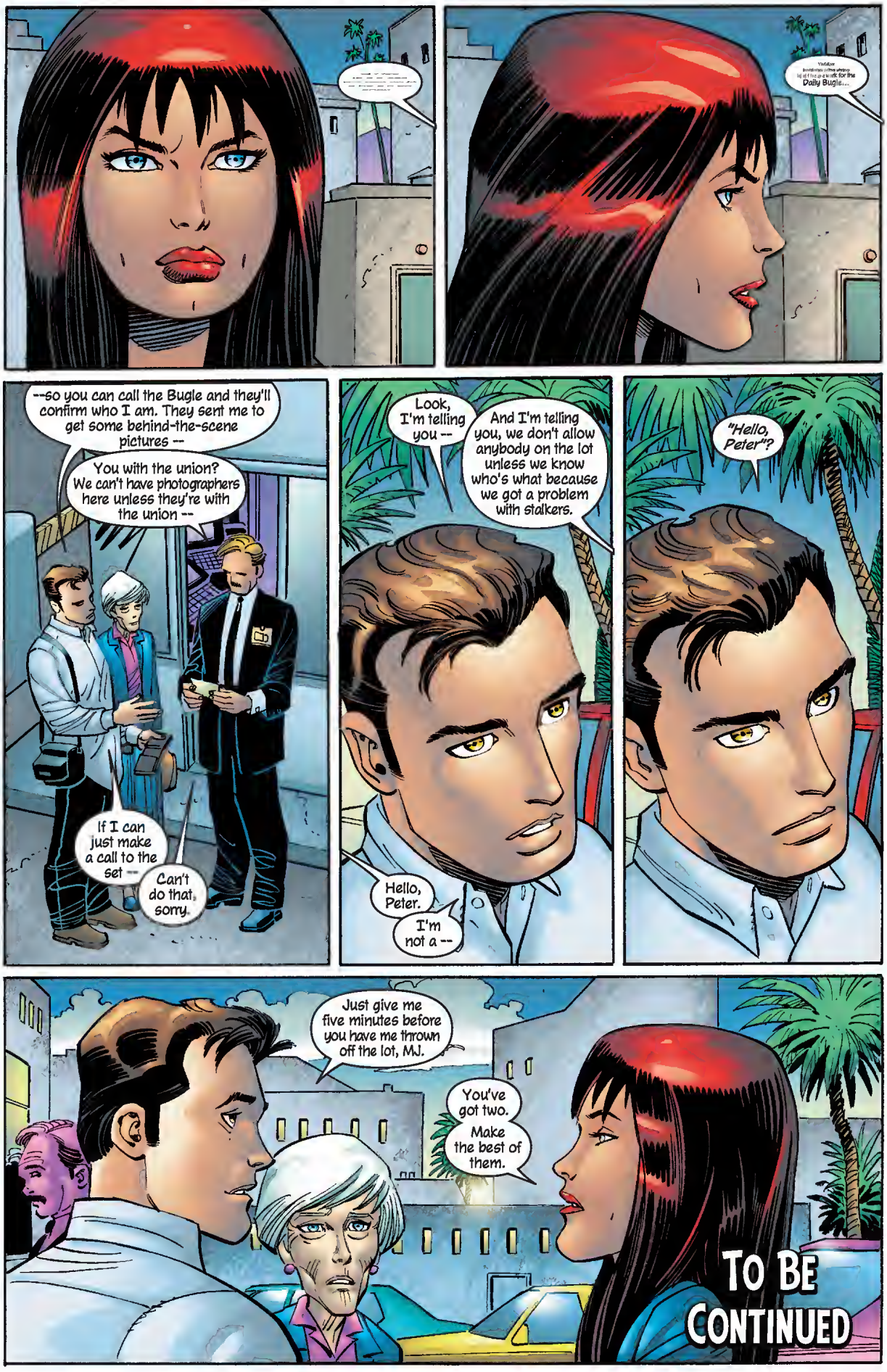

It's been nearly 24 hours... it's now or I suffocate...
Concentrate, Octavius. Concentrate.
I won't die a fool's death. I never tell anyone my true weaknesses. Solid steel can't fully block the link between me and mine... but it *can* slow us down. Make things harder. The drugs don't help.
I can do this.
I can do this.
Come to me.
Come to me. Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.


SNAP
Come to me. Now.
KERWHAMM
WHAMWHAMWHAM WHAMWHAMWHAMWHAM
WHAM WHAM
WHAM WHAM
WHAM
WHAM
Yes...


...yes...
...strike.


Too drugged to stand...
Take me away from here. Quickly.
CRASH
"So you're all ready to go."


Well, Mr. Devereaux, I'm as ready as I *can* be since I haven't even seen a script --
Script's just a blueprint, MJ. A jumping off point. We don't give out the script because we don't want it showing up on any of those creep websites. Besides, the director figures he'll have everybody improv most of the dialogue as you go.
STAGE 5
But... you're the producer; how do you keep the story intact if everybody's making it up as they go?
SNORT! Lady, you really think people go to movies for the *story?* It's spectacle, MJ, it's all about spectacle.
Okay, I guess, so what's my part in this... spectacle? All I got in the breakdown was the character's name, age, and that she looks good in lingerie.
You're playing Cynthia LaVenus, the love interest for our protagonist --
--well, until you get killed in act two, sending him into a killing rage that only ends when he meets girlfriend number two in act three.
And the protagonist is...?
Rick Turk, you may have seen him in that indie flick *Hell Hath Some Nerve.* Great kid, a little slow on the uptake, but --
No, I mean, what's his character?
Oh. That.
You're gonna love this... I mean, you're really gonna love this.
Uh-huh... so who's --
You're playing the love interest of a super hero. How about that, huh?
I mean, I know it's kind of a stretch, but --
No... no, it's all right, I'm sure I can... get into the part somehow.
As long as you can get into the lingerie, babe, that's all anybody cares about. See you in wardrobe.
I'll be bringing some friends, if that's okay... just check you out a bit... man, I love making movies...


--so you can call the Bugle and they'll confirm who I am. They sent me to get some behind-the-scene pictures --
You with the union? We can't have photographers here unless they're with the union --
If I can just make a call to the set --
Can't do that, sorry.
Look, I'm telling you --
And I'm telling you, we don't allow anybody on the lot unless we know who's what because we got a problem with stalkers.
Hello, Peter.
I'm not a --
"Hello, Peter"?
Just give me five minutes before you have me thrown off the lot, MJ.
You've got two. Make the best of them.
TO BE CONTINUED


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.14
ALIAS
I love
Where do artificial atoms come
Help!
Escape
Follow Me
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S JASON LEVINE
letters

STUART MOORE/JOE QUESADA
editors

KELLY LAMY
associate managing editor

NANCI DAKESIAN
managing editor

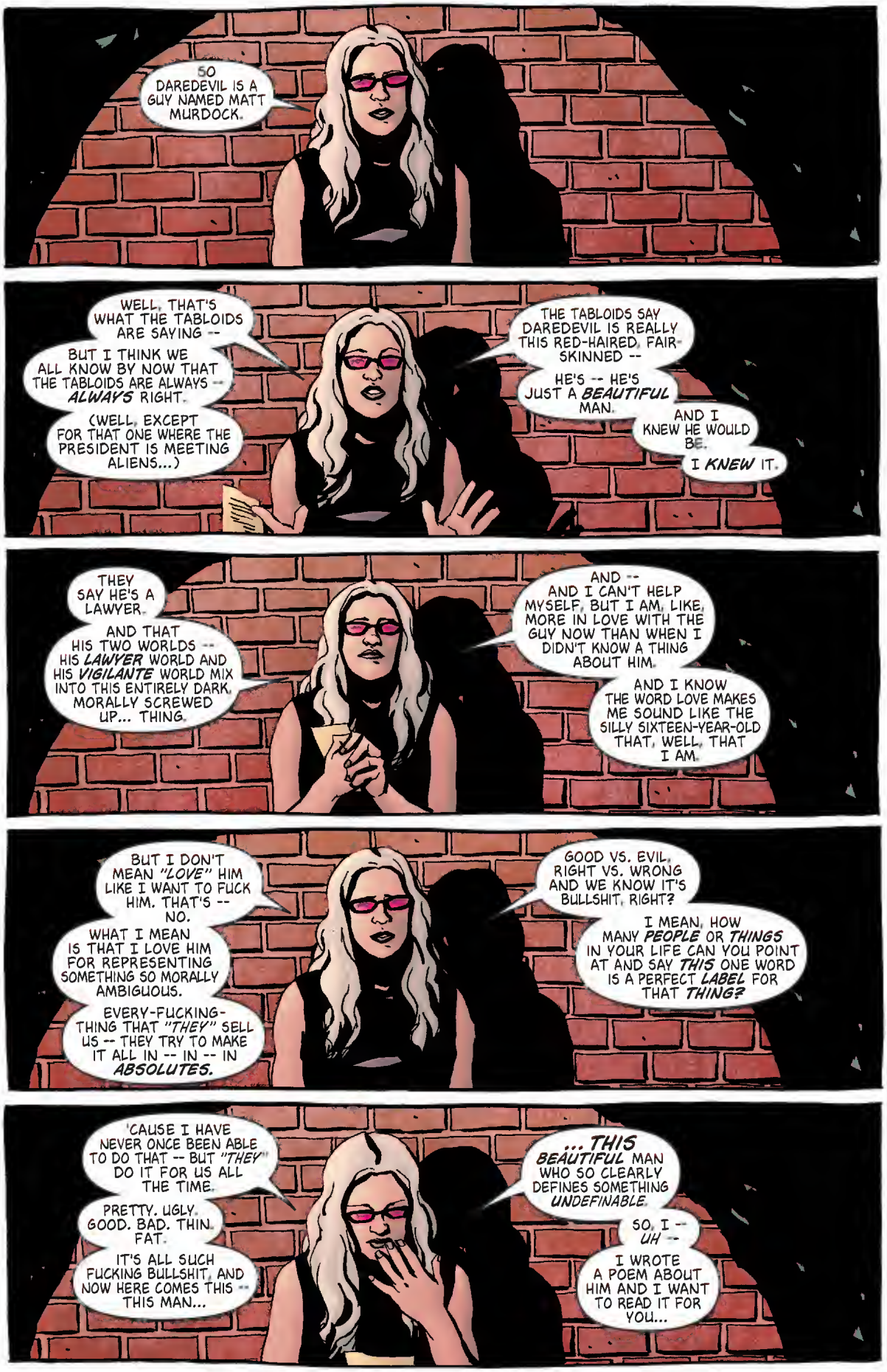
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editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

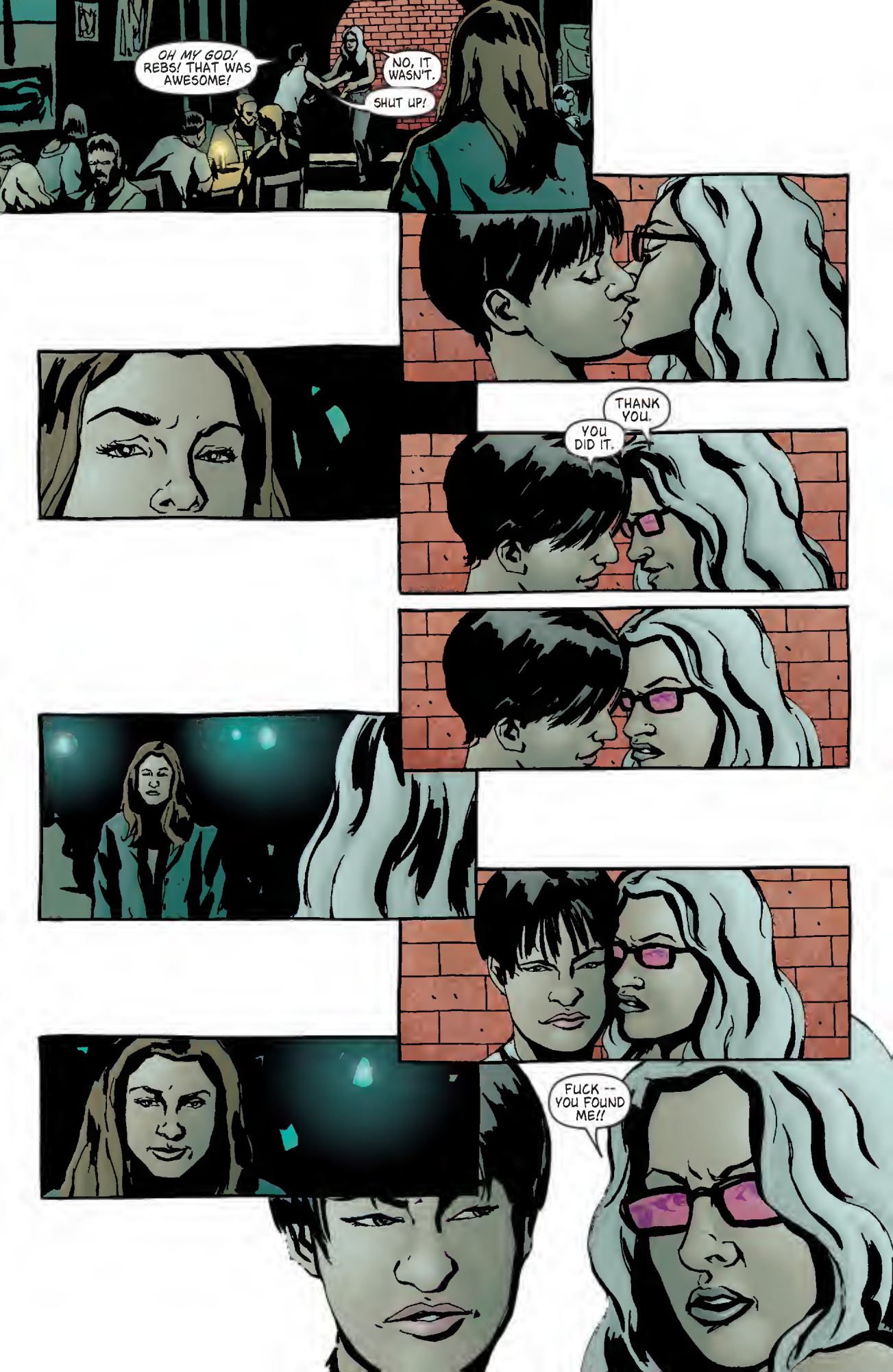
Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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SO DAREDEVIL IS A GUY NAMED MATT MURDOCK.
WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE TABLOIDS ARE SAYING --
BUT I THINK WE ALL KNOW BY NOW THAT THE TABLOIDS ARE ALWAYS -- *ALWAYS* RIGHT.
(WELL, EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE WHERE THE PRESIDENT IS MEETING ALIENS...)
THE TABLOIDS SAY DAREDEVIL IS REALLY THIS RED-HAIRED, FAIR-SKINNED --
HE'S -- HE'S JUST A *BEAUTIFUL* MAN.
AND I KNEW HE WOULD BE.
I *KNEW* IT.
THEY SAY HE'S A LAWYER.
AND THAT HIS TWO WORLDS -- HIS *LAWYER* WORLD AND HIS *VIGILANTE* WORLD MIX INTO THIS ENTIRELY DARK, MORALLY SCREWED UP... THING.
AND -- AND I CAN'T HELP MYSELF, BUT I AM, LIKE, MORE IN LOVE WITH THE GUY NOW THAN WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HIM.
AND I KNOW THE WORD LOVE MAKES ME SOUND LIKE THE SILLY SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD THAT, WELL, THAT I AM.
BUT I DON'T MEAN *"LOVE"* HIM LIKE I WANT TO FUCK HIM. THAT'S -- NO.
WHAT I MEAN IS THAT I LOVE HIM FOR REPRESENTING SOMETHING SO MORALLY AMBIGUOUS.
EVERY-FUCKING-THING THAT *"THEY"* SELL US -- THEY TRY TO MAKE IT ALL IN -- IN -- IN *ABSOLUTES.*
GOOD VS. EVIL, RIGHT VS. WRONG AND WE KNOW IT'S BULLSHIT, RIGHT?
I MEAN, HOW MANY *PEOPLE* OR *THINGS* IN YOUR LIFE CAN YOU POINT AT AND SAY *THIS* ONE WORD IS A PERFECT *LABEL* FOR THAT *THING?*
'CAUSE I HAVE NEVER ONCE BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT -- BUT *"THEY"* DO IT FOR US ALL THE TIME.
PRETTY. UGLY. GOOD. BAD. THIN. FAT.
IT'S ALL SUCH FUCKING BULLSHIT, AND NOW HERE COMES THIS -- THIS MAN...
...THIS BEAUTIFUL MAN WHO SO CLEARLY DEFINES SOMETHING *UNDEFINABLE.*
SO, I -- *UH* --
I WROTE A POEM ABOUT HIM AND I WANT TO READ IT FOR YOU...

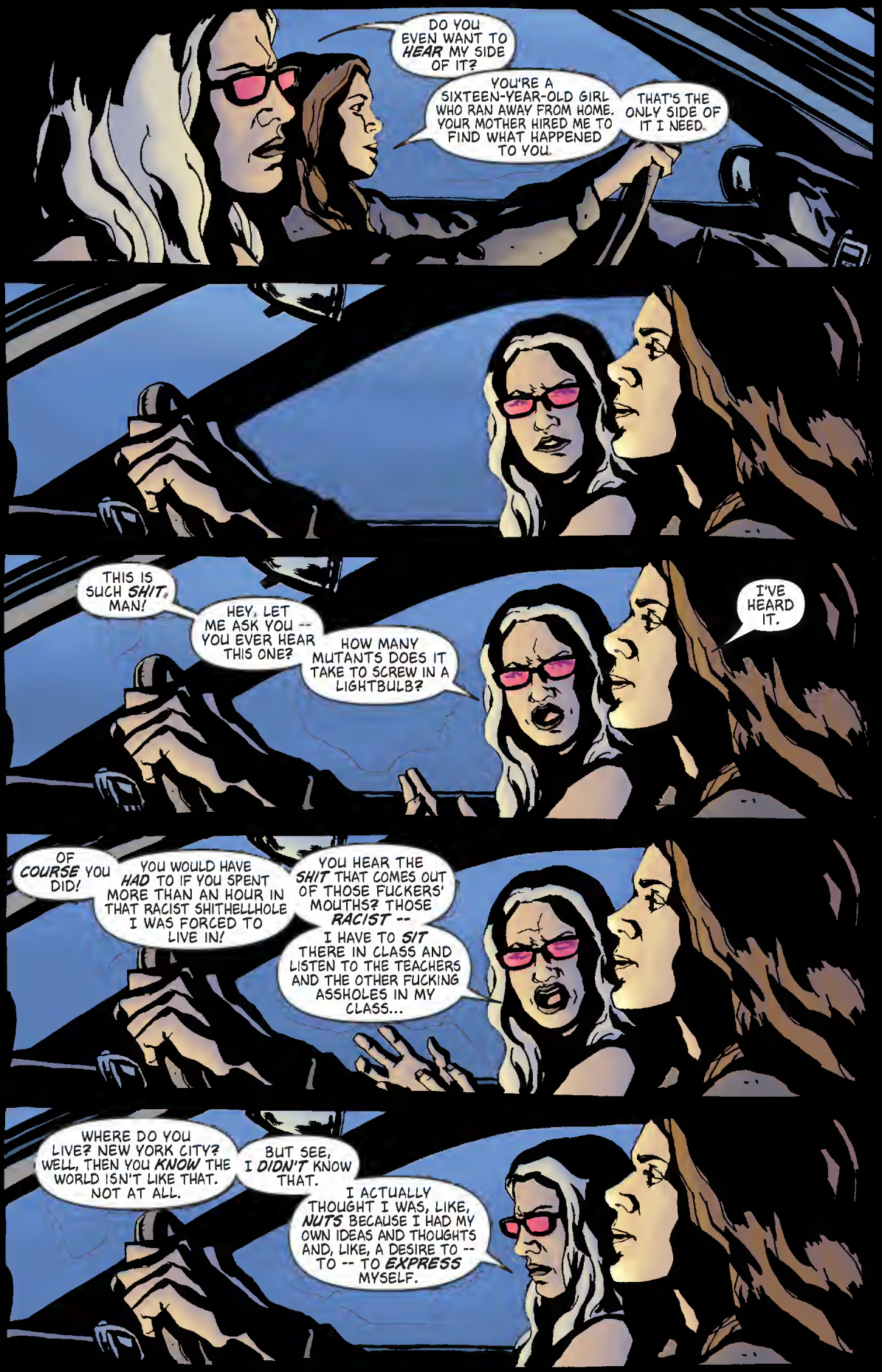

BLACK PUDDLES DISTURB A MOONDANCE...
A DARK KNIGHT COWL LOOMS WAITS IN A SHADOWDANCE...

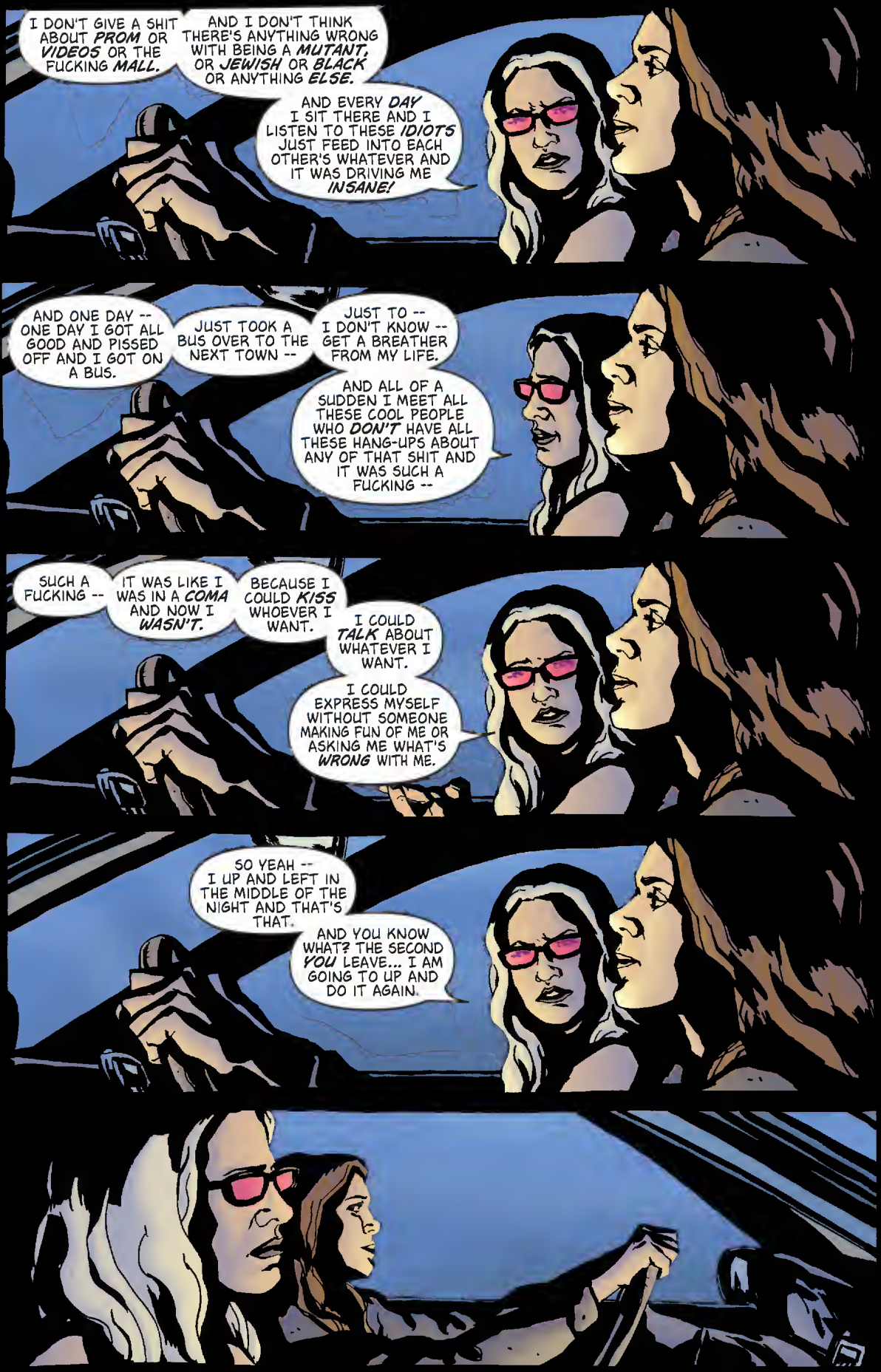

OH MY GOD! REBS! THAT WAS AWESOME!
NO, IT WASN'T.
SHUT UP!
THANK YOU.
YOU DID IT.
FUCK -- YOU FOUND ME!!

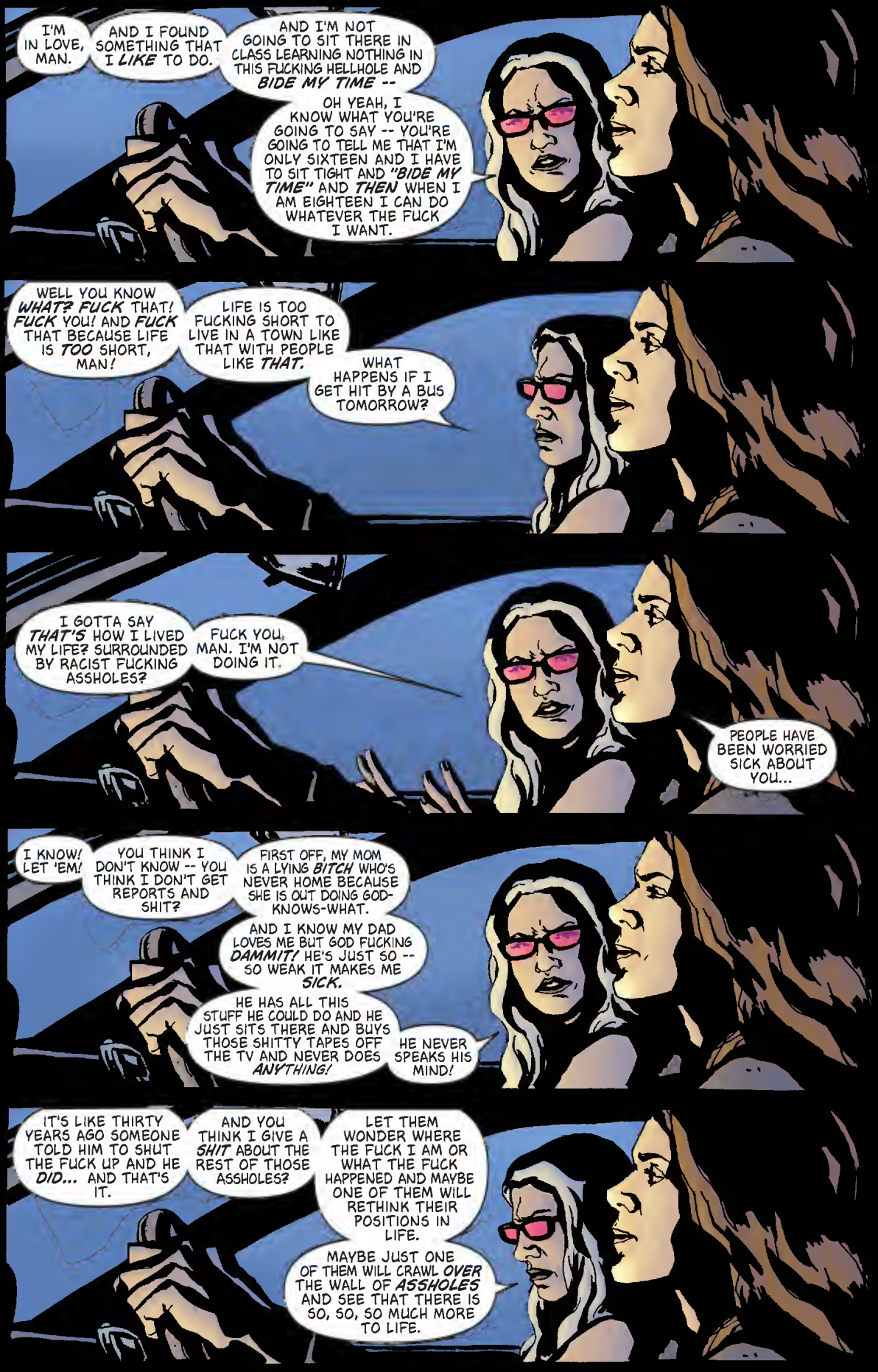

NO, WAIT -- COME ON!
HEY!!
THE HELL?
HEY!! YOU CAN'T JUST COME IN HERE AND --
AAGGHH!!
THIS GIRL IS A RUNAWAY MINOR -- HER PARENTS HIRED ME TO FIND HER AND BRING HER HOME.
I DON'T GIVE TWO SHITS -- LET GO, YOU CUNTWIPE!
AAGGFF!!
CLEARLY YOU HEARD HER.
EXIT
LET -- GO.
CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
WHAT?
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN KICKED IN THE NUTS BY A SUPER HERO?
WHAT?


OOOGGGHHH!
WHUMP
SCREEEE
NEW YORK
K11 5IX


I COULD JUST JUMP OUT OF THIS CAR.
I COULD.


DO YOU EVEN WANT TO *HEAR* MY SIDE OF IT?
YOU'RE A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME. YOUR MOTHER HIRED ME TO FIND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.
THAT'S THE ONLY SIDE OF IT I NEED.
THIS IS SUCH *SHIT*, MAN!
HEY, LET ME ASK YOU -- YOU EVER HEAR THIS ONE?
HOW MANY MUTANTS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHTBULB?
I'VE HEARD IT.
OF *COURSE* YOU DID!
YOU WOULD HAVE *HAD* TO IF YOU SPENT MORE THAN AN HOUR IN THAT RACIST SHITHELLHOLE I WAS FORCED TO LIVE IN!
YOU HEAR THE *SHIT* THAT COMES OUT OF THOSE FUCKERS' MOUTHS? THOSE *RACIST* --
I HAVE TO *SIT* THERE IN CLASS AND LISTEN TO THE TEACHERS AND THE OTHER FUCKING ASSHOLES IN MY CLASS...
WHERE DO YOU LIVE? NEW YORK CITY? WELL, THEN YOU *KNOW* THE WORLD ISN'T LIKE THAT. NOT AT ALL.
BUT SEE, I *DIDN'T* KNOW THAT.
I ACTUALLY THOUGHT I WAS, LIKE, *NUTS* BECAUSE I HAD MY OWN IDEAS AND THOUGHTS AND, LIKE, A DESIRE TO -- TO -- TO *EXPRESS* MYSELF.


I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT PROM OR VIDEOS OR THE FUCKING MALL.
AND I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH BEING A MUTANT, OR JEWISH OR BLACK OR ANYTHING ELSE.
AND EVERY DAY I SIT THERE AND I LISTEN TO THESE IDIOTS JUST FEED INTO EACH OTHER'S WHATEVER AND IT WAS DRIVING ME INSANE!
AND ONE DAY -- ONE DAY I GOT ALL GOOD AND PISSED OFF AND I GOT ON A BUS.
JUST TOOK A BUS OVER TO THE NEXT TOWN --
JUST TO -- I DON'T KNOW -- GET A BREATHER FROM MY LIFE.
AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I MEET ALL THESE COOL PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE ALL THESE HANG-UPS ABOUT ANY OF THAT SHIT AND IT WAS SUCH A FUCKING --
SUCH A FUCKING --
IT WAS LIKE I WAS IN A COMA AND NOW I WASN'T.
BECAUSE I COULD KISS WHOEVER I WANT.
I COULD TALK ABOUT WHATEVER I WANT.
I COULD EXPRESS MYSELF WITHOUT SOMEONE MAKING FUN OF ME OR ASKING ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME.
SO YEAH -- I UP AND LEFT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND THAT'S THAT.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? THE SECOND YOU LEAVE... I AM GOING TO UP AND DO IT AGAIN.


I'M IN LOVE, MAN.
AND I FOUND SOMETHING THAT I *LIKE* TO DO.
AND I'M NOT GOING TO SIT THERE IN CLASS LEARNING NOTHING IN THIS FUCKING HELLHOLE AND *BIDE MY TIME* --
OH YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY -- YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THAT I'M ONLY SIXTEEN AND I HAVE TO SIT TIGHT AND *"BIDE MY TIME"* AND *THEN* WHEN I AM EIGHTEEN I CAN DO WHATEVER THE FUCK I WANT.
WELL YOU KNOW *WHAT? FUCK* THAT! *FUCK* YOU! AND *FUCK* THAT BECAUSE LIFE IS *TOO* SHORT, MAN!
LIFE IS TOO FUCKING SHORT TO LIVE IN A TOWN LIKE THAT WITH PEOPLE LIKE *THAT.*
WHAT HAPPENS IF I GET HIT BY A BUS TOMORROW?
I GOTTA SAY *THAT'S* HOW I LIVED MY LIFE? SURROUNDED BY RACIST FUCKING ASSHOLES?
FUCK YOU, MAN. I'M NOT DOING IT.
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU...
I KNOW! LET 'EM!
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW -- YOU THINK I DON'T GET REPORTS AND SHIT?
FIRST OFF, MY MOM IS A LYING *BITCH* WHO'S NEVER HOME BECAUSE SHE IS OUT DOING GOD-KNOWS-WHAT.
AND I KNOW MY DAD LOVES ME BUT GOD FUCKING *DAMMIT!* HE'S JUST SO -- SO WEAK IT MAKES ME *SICK.*
HE HAS ALL THIS STUFF HE COULD DO AND HE JUST SITS THERE AND BUYS THOSE SHITTY TAPES OFF THE TV AND NEVER DOES *ANYTHING!*
HE NEVER SPEAKS HIS MIND!
IT'S LIKE THIRTY YEARS AGO SOMEONE TOLD HIM TO SHUT THE FUCK UP AND HE *DID...* AND THAT'S IT.
AND YOU THINK I GIVE A *SHIT* ABOUT THE REST OF THOSE ASSHOLES?
LET THEM WONDER WHERE THE FUCK I AM OR WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED AND MAYBE ONE OF THEM WILL RETHINK THEIR POSITIONS IN LIFE.
MAYBE JUST ONE OF THEM WILL CRAWL *OVER* THE WALL OF *ASSHOLES* AND SEE THAT THERE IS SO, SO, SO MUCH MORE TO LIFE.


LIKE MY NEIGHBOR KID LENNY --
(AND YEAH -- I KNOW THAT'S HOW YOU FOUND ME, I KNOW HE TOLD YOU WHERE I WENT.)
I LOVE THAT LITTLE KID AND THE ONLY REASON I WANTED HIM TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING IS HE'S THE ONLY PERSON IN THAT ENTIRE CITY I DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY --
BUT NOW, OBVIOUSLY, I KNOW THAT IF I WOULD'VE KEPT MY FUCKING MOUTH SHUT YOU'D STILL THINK I WAS DEAD IN A DITCH SOMEWHERE.
AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS DRAMA.
AND YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.
BLEE BLEE BLEE
BLEE BLEE BLEE
SO, YOU REALLY A SUPER HE--?
HELLO?
JESSICA, THIS IS MATT MURDOCK.

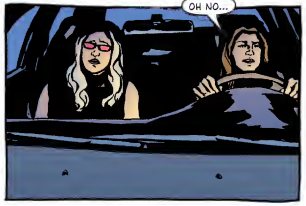

HEY, MATT.
WHERE ARE YOU NOW? ARE YOU IN THE CITY?
I WILL BE TOMORROW. WHY? WHAT'S UP?
I NEED YOUR SERVICES. CAN YOU COME BY IN THE MORNING?
LATE MORNING?
HOW'S TEN?
UGH -- I GUESS.
THANKS.
HOW YOU HOLDING UP?
YOU KNOW -- WITH THE STUFF.
YOU GOT IT.
WE'LL -- UH -- WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT TOMORROW.
OH MY GOD!
OH MY GOD! THAT -- THAT -- THAT -- !
...THAT...
...OH...


REBECCA,
PLEASE COME
HOME.
WE LOVE YOU

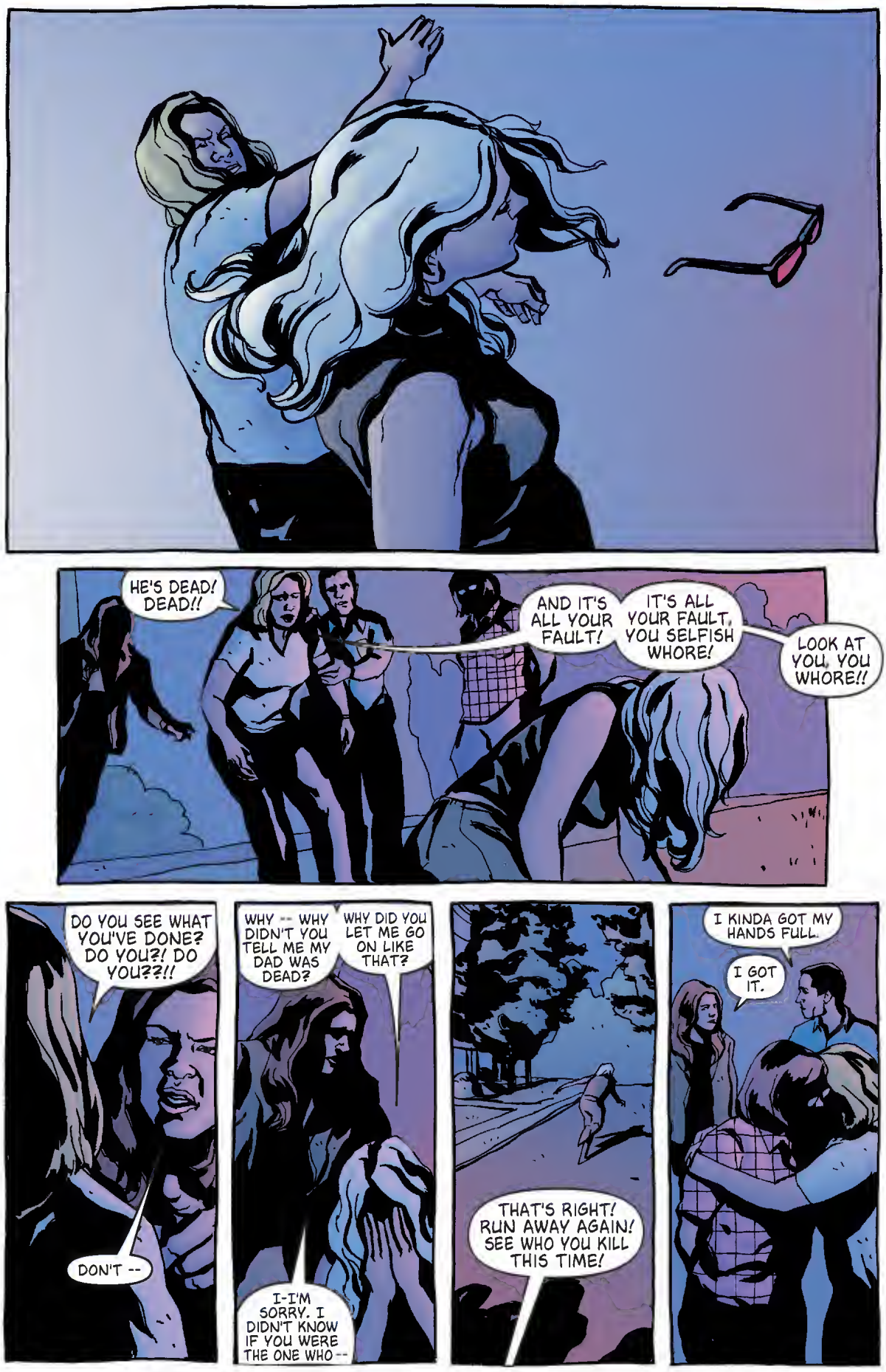

ARE YOU BEING ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR SISTER'S HUSBAND?
HAVE YOU CONFESSED?
COME ON, PATRICIA...
DID YOU CONFESS, OR DID --?
PATRICIA, NOT NOW. THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE.

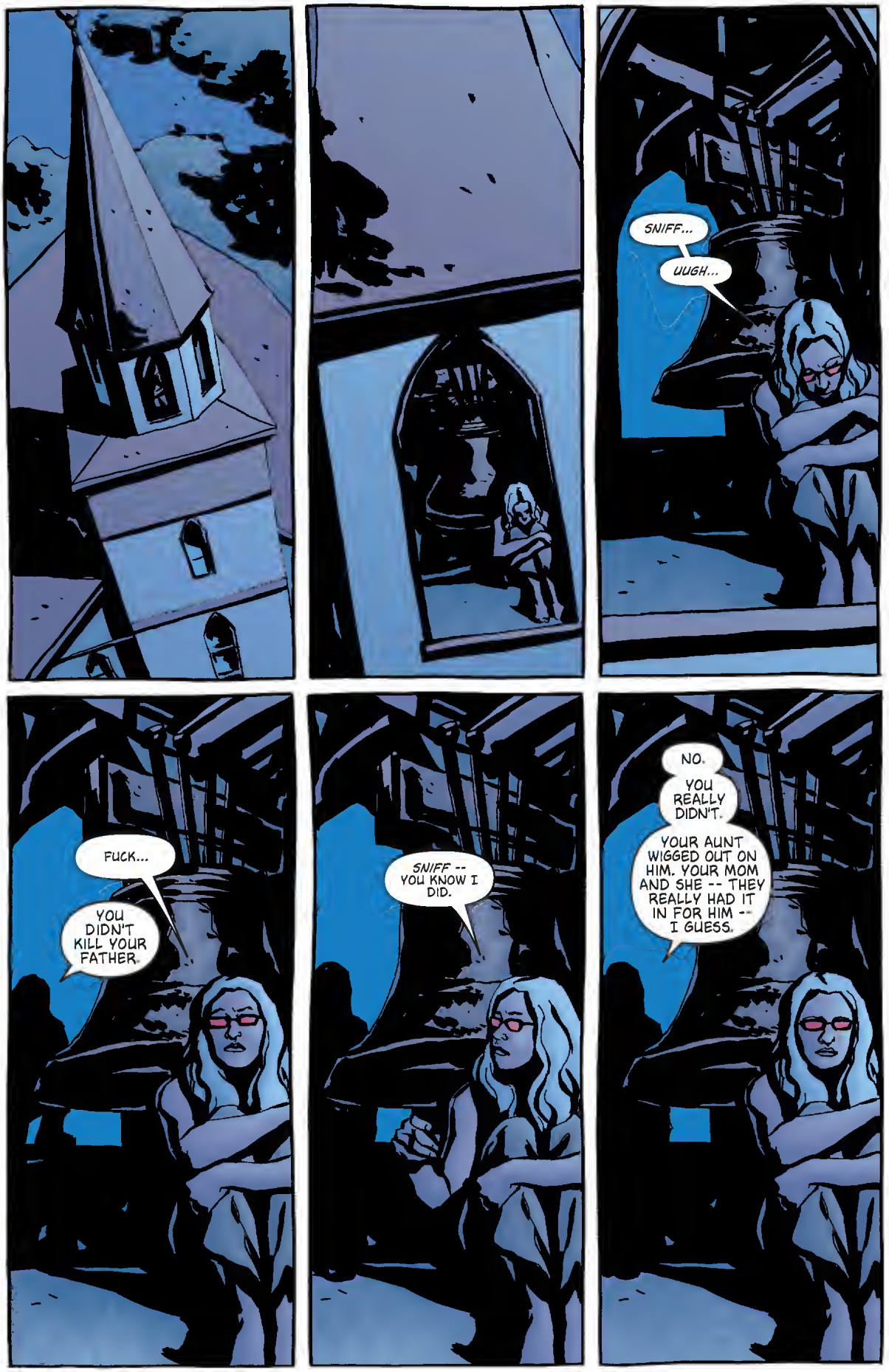

SHUT UP, SEAN. LET ME DO MY JOB.
I MEAN IT, I--
MRS. CROSS, DO YOU KNOW WHY YOUR SISTER KILLED YOUR HUSBAND AND WAS IT BECAUSE OF --
OH, HEY, THAT JONES WOMAN IS BACK.

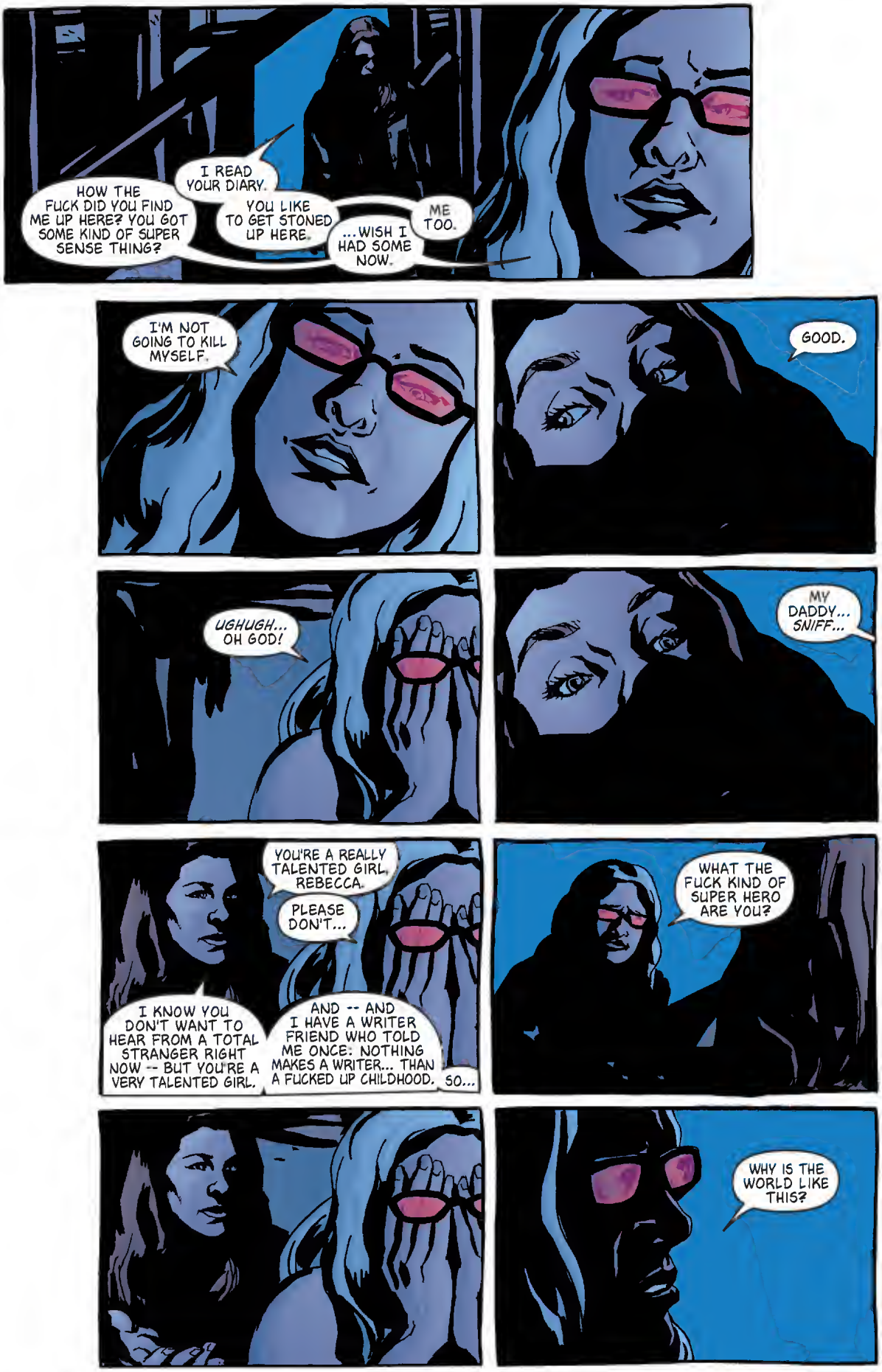

OH NO...


OH NO...


HEY -- WAIT! WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
W-WHY ARE YOU ARRESTING MY AUNT?
REBECCA?
MOM, WHAT ARE THEY --?


HE'S DEAD! DEAD!!
AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU SELFISH WHORE!
LOOK AT YOU, YOU WHORE!!
DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? DO YOU?! DO YOU??!!
DON'T --
WHY -- WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME MY DAD WAS DEAD?
WHY DID YOU LET ME GO ON LIKE THAT?
I-I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW IF YOU WERE THE ONE WHO --
THAT'S RIGHT! RUN AWAY AGAIN! SEE WHO YOU KILL THIS TIME!
I KINDA GOT MY HANDS FULL.
I GOT IT.


SNIFF...
UUGH...
FUCK...
YOU DIDN'T KILL YOUR FATHER.
SNIFF -- YOU KNOW I DID.
NO.
YOU REALLY DIDN'T.
YOUR AUNT WIGGED OUT ON HIM. YOUR MOM AND SHE -- THEY REALLY HAD IT IN FOR HIM -- I GUESS.


HOW THE FUCK DID YOU FIND ME UP HERE? YOU GOT SOME KIND OF SUPER SENSE THING?
I READ YOUR DIARY.
YOU LIKE TO GET STONED UP HERE.
ME TOO.
...WISH I HAD SOME NOW.
I'M NOT GOING TO KILL MYSELF.
GOOD.
UGHUGH... OH GOD!
MY DADDY... SNIFF...
YOU'RE A REALLY TALENTED GIRL, REBECCA.
PLEASE DON'T...
I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR FROM A TOTAL STRANGER RIGHT NOW -- BUT YOU'RE A VERY TALENTED GIRL.
AND -- AND I HAVE A WRITER FRIEND WHO TOLD ME ONCE: NOTHING MAKES A WRITER... THAN A FUCKED UP CHILDHOOD.
SO...
WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF SUPER HERO ARE YOU?
WHY IS THE WORLD LIKE THIS?


WELL, IT JUST IS...
BUT WHEN I LEAVE HERE ALL OF THIS WILL KIND OF DISAPPEAR.
WHAT?
WHAT I MEAN IS --
I --
THINGS -- LIKE THE SONG SAYS -- ALL THINGS EVENTUALLY FADE TO MEMORY.
THAT'S ALL I MEANT.
IF YOU WANT -- I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR GIRLFRIEND...


WHERE YOU BEEN?
I WAS GOING TO TAKE THE GIRL BACK TO HER GIRLFRIEND -- BUT HER GIRLFRIEND WAS ALREADY HERE LOOKING FOR HER.
IT WAS SWEET.
WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S YOUR CHECK.
THE MOTHER PAID ME?
WELL, I KIND OF MADE HER.
HUH, THANKS.
I'D CASH IT FAST.
ALRIGHT, WELL, I KINDA GOTTA GET BACK. GOT MY HANDS FULL AND ALL.
THE FATHER IS AN OPEN AND SHUT.
YEAH -- HE MOUTHED OFF TO THE SISTER, THE SISTER WAS DRUNK AND SHE WIGGED OUT AND STABBED HIM. SHE CONFESSED AND EVERYTHING -- IT'S DONE.
I JUST HAVE A SHIT-LOAD OF PAPERWORK.
TSSK -- THE POOR GUY.
WILL YOU GIVE THESE BOOKS TO HER MOM? I FORGOT THEM WHEN I WAS WITH THE GIRL...
SORRY THIS GOT ALL SHITTY...
YEAH.
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
YOU TOO.


BLEE
BLEE
BLLEE
JESSICA?
Lang. Scott
212-555-3133
YEAH?
IT'S SCOTT LANG. DID I CALL AT A BAD TIME?
I JUST HAD A -- KINDA HAD A BAD NIGHT.
YOU ALRIGHT?
A CASE I WAS WORKING -- IT ENDED SHITTY AND I'M JUST ON MY WAY BACK TO THE CITY.
YOU WANT I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW?
UH --
IF YOU WANT YOU CAN KEEP ME COMPANY AS I DRIVE HOME?
OK -- UH -- SURE.
COME
E YOU.
come back soon
TELL ME SOMETHING FUNNY.
NeXT iSSuE: iT's RaiNiNG MeN!

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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR.
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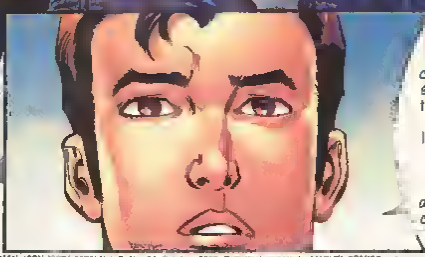


STAN LEE presents

Arms and the Men

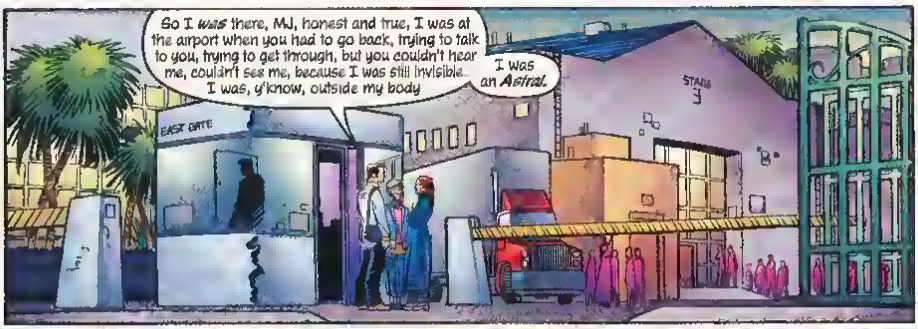
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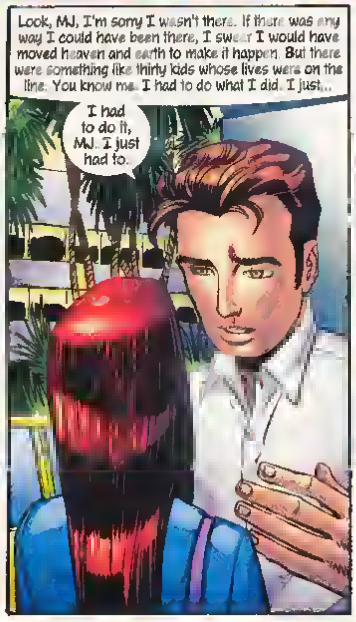
A convict named the Shade had found a way out by escaping into the astral plane except things went wrong and he got trapped in-between and the only way he could come back to the physical world was to grab kids off the street to balance everything out because nobody'd miss them so I went to Doc Strange because I've never been to the astral plane though turns out it's actually a lot like New Jersey which I only know 'cause I was there but in astral form and I took care of the problem but time goes different there than here and by the time I got back still in astral form it was twenty-four hours later and I'd missed picking you up at the airport, missed the chance to talk to you, but I raced for the airport anyway just to see you, to try to talk to you on the way out.

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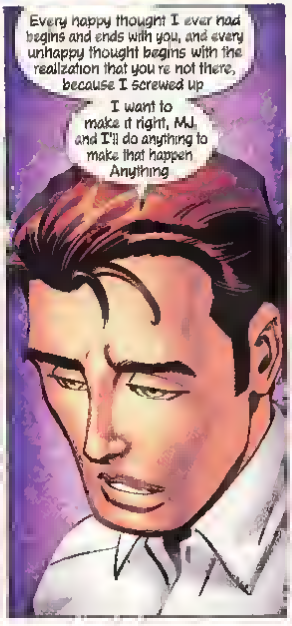

So I *was* there, MJ, honest and true, I was at the airport when you had to go back, trying to talk to you, trying to get through, but you couldn't hear me, couldn't see me, because I was still invisible... I was, y'know, outside my body
I was an *Astral*.
EAST GATE
STAND 3




Well, that's *close* to the word I was thinking of
Hey, yo, my *Aunt's* standin' here --
Is that Pierce Brosnan?


Look, MJ, I'm sorry I wasn't there. If there was any way I could have been there, I swear I would have moved heaven and earth to make it happen. But there were something like thirty kids whose lives were on the line. You know me. I had to do what I did. I just...
I had to do it, MJ. I just had to.

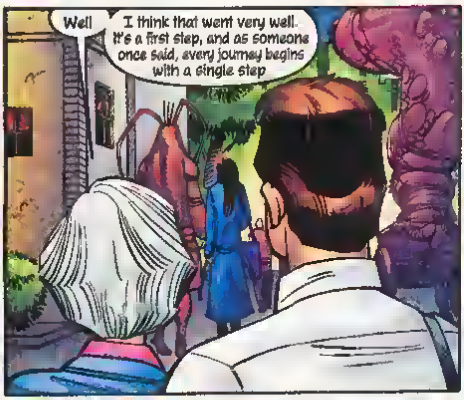

I know. But that's always been the problem with us, Peter. There's what you feel you *have* to do and what you *want* to do
I just don't know if I want to be the part of your life you consider optional
But you've never *been* optional, MJ.


Every happy thought I ever had begins and ends with you, and every unhappy thought begins with the realization that you're not there, because I screwed up
I want to make it right, MJ, and I'll do anything to make that happen. Anything.

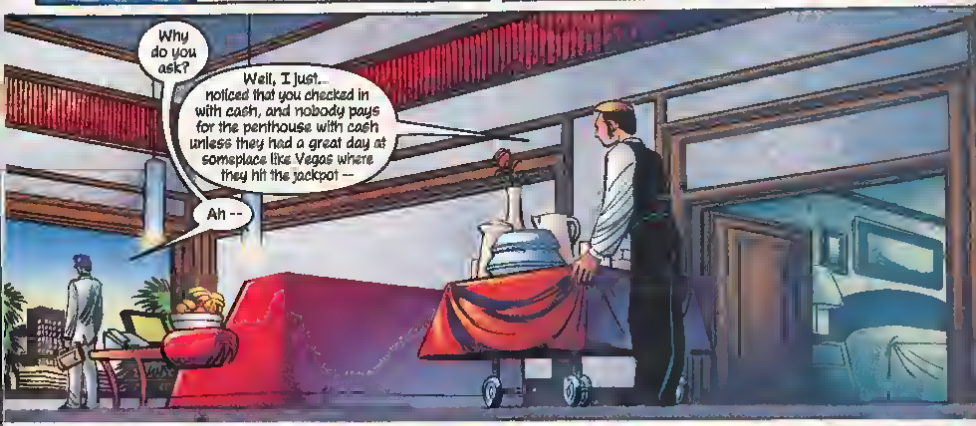

It's not that you screwed up, Peter, it's just the way things were with us, that's all. I guess the question is, is that the way things will always be?
Let me try, MJ. I won't hold anything back.
Good because I --
Waitaminnit...
All this time, we've -- you've -- been talking about all this in front of --
...oh, nuts...
Then... you know?
Well, I... yes, I. Peter and I had a talk about the... you know... thing he does, and
I thought perhaps he'd told you already
No
Because it's really more his place to tell you than mine
Damned straight
Yep. Yessir. That's definitely Pierce Brosnan, all right.
Okay, look. We're all on edge right now and now isn't the best time to have this conversation. I've been working a long time to make the jump from modeling to movies, and I finally have my first role in a serious drama. It's --
Hey, MJ! There you are!


It's Rick... Rick Turk. I know it's hard to tell in all this, but...
Anyway, Mr Devereaux said I might find you here. Wanted to say hello to my love interest
Oh... er... um... hi...
Love interest...?
Well, not my love interest My character's love interest
And that would be...?
Hey, c'mon... everybody knows --
The Amazing Lobster-Man!
One word -- --just one --
--and I'll kill you dead.
Right here.
Right now.
Mr. Devereaux was saying he's really looking forward to the lingerie modelling scene. I think it'll be really great, you know? You've got a --
Uhm, Rick, I should introduce you to... this is Peter Parker --


Hi, glad to --
My husband
Hey.
We're separated
Howya doin'...
Anyway, we... should get going. we're in the middle of wardrobe fittings and --
MJ -- we came all this way We should at least talk.
I --
Hey, Ms. Watson... you want me to let these two stay on the lot or what?
I
Yes. They can stay
We can talk later A little.

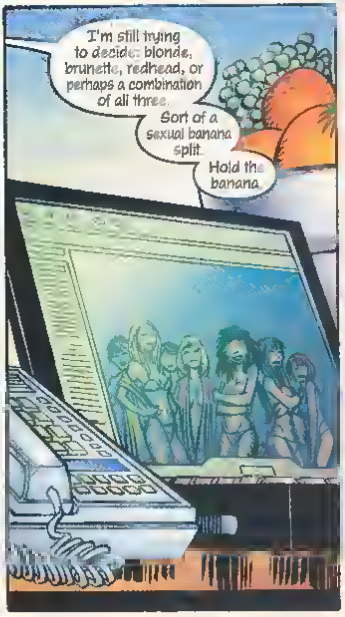

Well
I think that went very well. It's a first step, and as someone once said, every journey begins with a single step


Of course, this may be a very long journey, but even so, at least it's off to a start
Yeah. I suppose it is.
"So you've had a good day, sir?"


Why do you ask?
Well, I just... noticed that you checked in with cash, and nobody pays for the penthouse with cash unless they had a great day at someplace like Vegas where they hit the jackpot --
Ah --


In that case, yes, you might say I've had a very good day.
DAILY
$150,000 STOLEN
IN BANK ROBBERY
Well, congratulations to you and your guest.


Guest...?
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude, it's just you had me set the table for two...
Oh. I don't have a guest. At least not yet.


I'm still trying to decide: blonde, brunette, redhead, or perhaps a combination of all three.
Sort of a sexual banana split.
Hold the banana.


Well, sir, you're all set. If you need anything else, my name's Bobby and I'm on duty until six.
Thank you, Bobby. With any luck you won't hear from me until dawn or consciousness, whichever comes first.
Meanwhile, be a good lad and make sure I'm not disturbed. All right?
Yessir. Not a problem!
EXIT
Is it him?
Lemme see one more time, just to be sure.
Yep. That's him, all right.
That was a hundred dollars, right?
Yes.


Thank you for your service.
Hey, anytime, mister. Just as long as there's no trouble, right?
No... no trouble at all.
Now you just sit there and enjoy the view, honey, we'll go down to dinner in just a minute.
All right... but it's boring.
Mommmm!

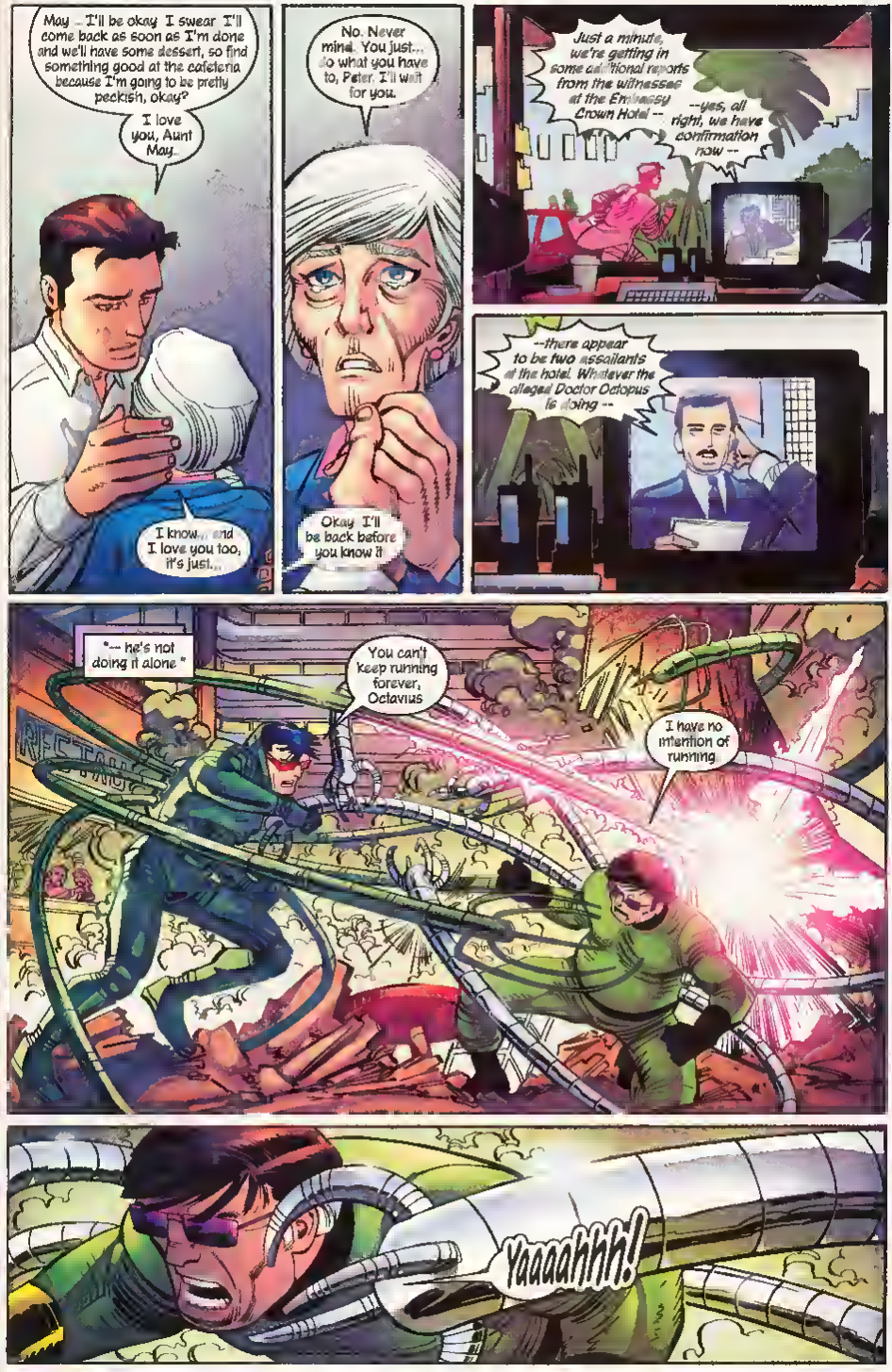

--and I take it that Beth, Candy and Cassie are all... full service?
Excellent. The address? It's ---
Uhm... let me get back to you
Carlyle! Carlyle!
You don't have to shout. This is, as they say, a classy joint.


Take. That. Off.
Sigh... you're the last person in the world I wanted to hear utter those words while I was in the bedroom.
But you'll do.
I was reading a book on this hotel and they say this floor is supposed to be haunted --
--ghost! --
Gimme a break. That's just to bring in the tourists and the ghost-nuts. Nothing that weird goes on in real life --
Thief! It doesn't belong to you!
Up yours, old man!
Aaaghhh!
Maybe we should try another hotel.
Yeah, maybe.


Die!
Ungh!
You should have died quietly when you had the chance, old man.
Because either way, you're a dead man.
You may be fast --
--but I've been doing this for years.


Unh!
So as the kids say... bring it on.
"I always say just do the best you can and let the rest take care of itself, you know?"
I figure that's my motivation as Lobster-Man, just do the best I can to help the world. I mean, the guy's a super hero, it doesn't need to go much deeper than that.
Sure it does.
I mean, what kind of thing drives someone to fight crime? It could be... and I'm just coming up with this off the top of my head... guilt over the death of a loved one, where you could've done something about it but didn't. I --
You know, I could erase those freckles for you if you want.
You touch those freckles and I'll erase your face.
Okay, I'm sensing hostility here --
Anyway, I think that's where someone like Spi -- that is, Lobster-Man's love interest could be, I don't know, *useful*. She could help him get over the mistakes of his past, make him understand that he doesn't have to be perfect.
She could be *important* to him --
Shyeah, right.
C'mon. What kind of woman would hook up with a guy like that, knowing that he could never put her first in his life?
Well, it's --
I'll tell you what kind.


Somebody with no self-respect and a lousy self-image. For all the good she might think she's doing, at the end of the day he's running around town beating people up, she's only in his life when it's convenient, and if anything happens to him she can't even get comfort from anybody else because it's a secret.
At least, that's what my analyst would say.
Y'know what I mean, MJ?
Yeah... yeah. I think I do, Rick.
--so I'm thinking we check out the cafeteria, get a bite to eat while we wait for MJ.
That would be nice, Peter. It's awfully warm out here.
That's Los Angeles for you. Just remember, it isn't the heat, it's the stupidity --
--with reports coming in of some kind of an attack taking place at this moment at the Embassy Crown Hotel --
Hey, that's just up the street.
Just a second, Aunt May.
We're receiving unconfirmed reports from eyewitnesses at the scene that this is not terrorist related, and that people have sighted the individual known as Doctor Octopus at the scene.
...oh, no.
Aunt May, I have to... I have to go.
Peter --
I'll meet you at the cafeteria as soon as I can deal with this, all right?
I... yes, all right, I...
She looks away, and I realize this is the first time I've had to leave her to go into action as Spider-Man since she found out the truth.


May – I'll be okay I swear I'll come back as soon as I'm done and we'll have some dessert, so find something good at the cafeteria because I'm going to be pretty peckish, okay?
I love you, Aunt May.
I know... and I love you too, it's just...
No. Never mind. You just... do what you have to, Peter. I'll wait for you.
Okay I'll be back before you know it
Just a minute, we're getting in some additional reports from the witnesses at the Embassy Crown Hotel --
--yes, all right, we have confirmation now --
--there appear to be two assailants at the hotel. Whatever the alleged Doctor Octopus is doing --
"-- he's not doing it alone "
You can't keep running forever, Octavius
I have no intention of running
Yaaaahhh!


Later, reporters would describe the hotel as saying it looked as though it had been in a war


Later, a guest with a video camera would sell his footage of the fight to CNN for more money than I ever made selling photos to the Bugle all put together, thereby reaffirming the theory that print is dead. Or at least damned cheap.
Later, the Embassy Crown Hotel would have to sue its insurance company in order to receive compensation, on the premise that what happened was by no possible interpretation of insurance law an act of God.

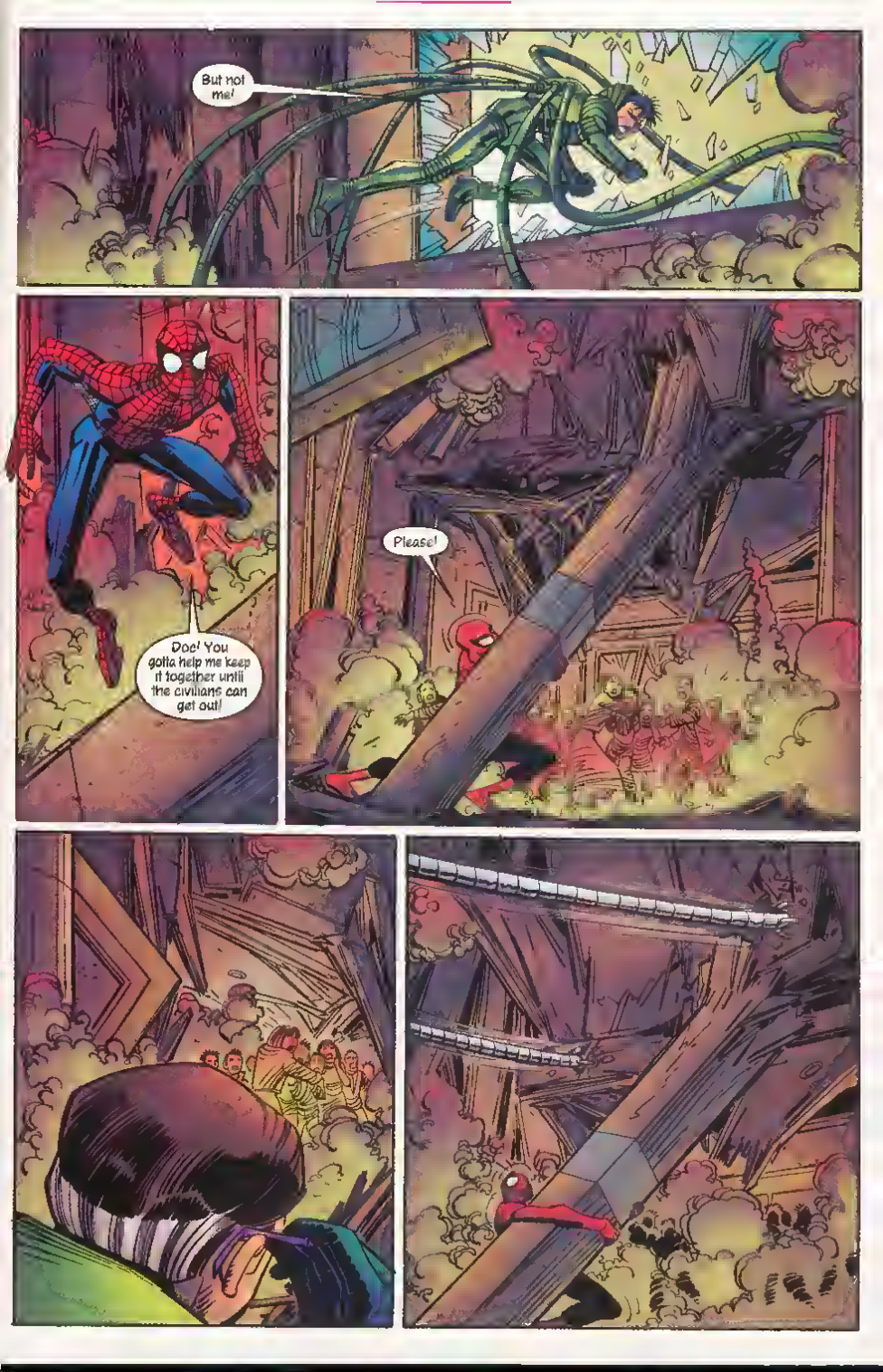

But that was later I knew none of this when I arrived.
I knew only that it's always the innocents who get caught in the middle.
Go on! I've got it! Get clear!
Enough is enough.
Okay, Ock, I don't know what you're up to this time, but it stops right here, you understand me? It —
What the --
KER-WHAMM
Whoa!


Got yourself a remote, Doc? Or --
Oh, crud.
Okay.
I think it's time to reassess the situation
Stay out of this, Spider-Man.
Something old...
Unless you want to combine our forces, dispose of our unwanted guest and mutual enemy first, then settle this
Something new...
Not as long as you've got what's mine
Something borrowed...
Something blue...
I am SO screwed.


I decide what's going on matters less than stopping them before this whole place comes down around us.
What the --
Tie him up for a second --
--while I deal with Ock. I know his tricks enough to --
Uhh!
He's learned some new ones.
I warned you. You wouldn't listen.
Move! Move! Move!
Now pay the price.
We're now getting reports that Spider-Man has been seen at the site of the hotel attack.


The last witnesses to flee the building describe a brutal fight between those involved --
--practically a war --
Could you turn that off, please?
Sure thing
Thank you.
So lemme ask you a question, Doc ol' buddy ol' pal -- this guy a friend of yours?
Carlyle?
Good Now I have a name
He's a thief!
Okay, we've established that you like the same things and your mom dresses you the same but did you come to the prom together?
Look at him! He's stolen my technology! There is room for only one Otto Octavius!
Yeah, especially with that new rule that you have to buy a second seat on the airplane if you're too fat for the first one --
Finally!
Uh-oh


He's fast... I barely get out of the way of one of his arms before I realize --
--he wasn't aiming at me.
Unnh!
Company -- this is getting too crowded for my tastes. I need a distraction to get away, and hostages for insurance --
I think I know where I can get the latter -- I seem to recall there's a studio around here.
No!
--and now for the former.
No! What're you doing? Those are load-bearing walls! You'll bring the whole place down around us!
Around you two, perhaps.


But not me!
Doc! You gotta help me keep it together until the civilians can get out!
Please!


Go. Hurry!
That's it-- go on--
Okay... they're clear... now we can figure out a way to get out before --
WHISSSSH
--what? -- what're you --
You are not a civilian. Goodbye.
No...
TO BE CONTINUED



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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS. HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE.

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
WRITER
ALEX MALEEV
ARTIST

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
COLORS
RICHARD STARKINGS
AND
COMICRAFT
LETTERS

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MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke's attempt to take over the Kingpin's territory backfires when Vanessa, the Kingpin's estranged wife, exacts revenge on all his fellow conspirators, brutally killing everyone including her own son.

Afraid for his life, Silke turns himself into the FBI. When they refuse his request for protection he gives them the one piece of information that the Kingpin had that he thinks will save him.

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information. But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads: "Daredevil's secret identity revealed."

The secret is out.

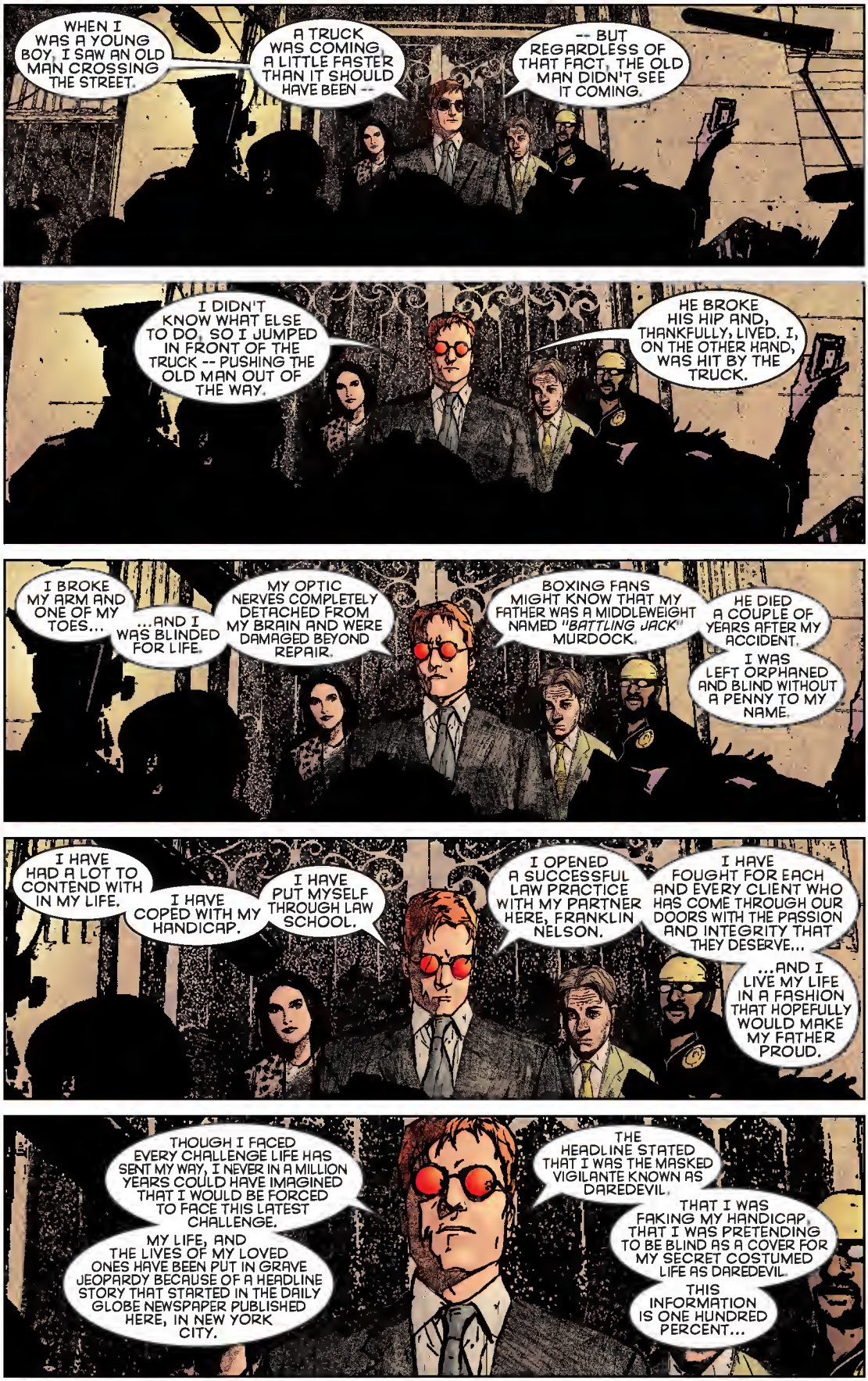
Matt's partner, Foggy Nelson, holds off the swarm of media that have camped outside of Matt's brownstone waiting for confirmation. In an intense heart to heart, Foggy tells Matt to hang up his costume forever. Foggy believes that everything wrong with Matt's life, his anger, the death of his girlfriend Karen at the hand of Bullseye, all stem from his life as Daredevil. Matt ignores him and dons his costume and ends up fighting one of his old foes, Mr. Hyde, who attacks Matt Murdock's house in frustration over the breaking news.

Matt disappears for a couple of months. This press conference is his first public address since the news broke.

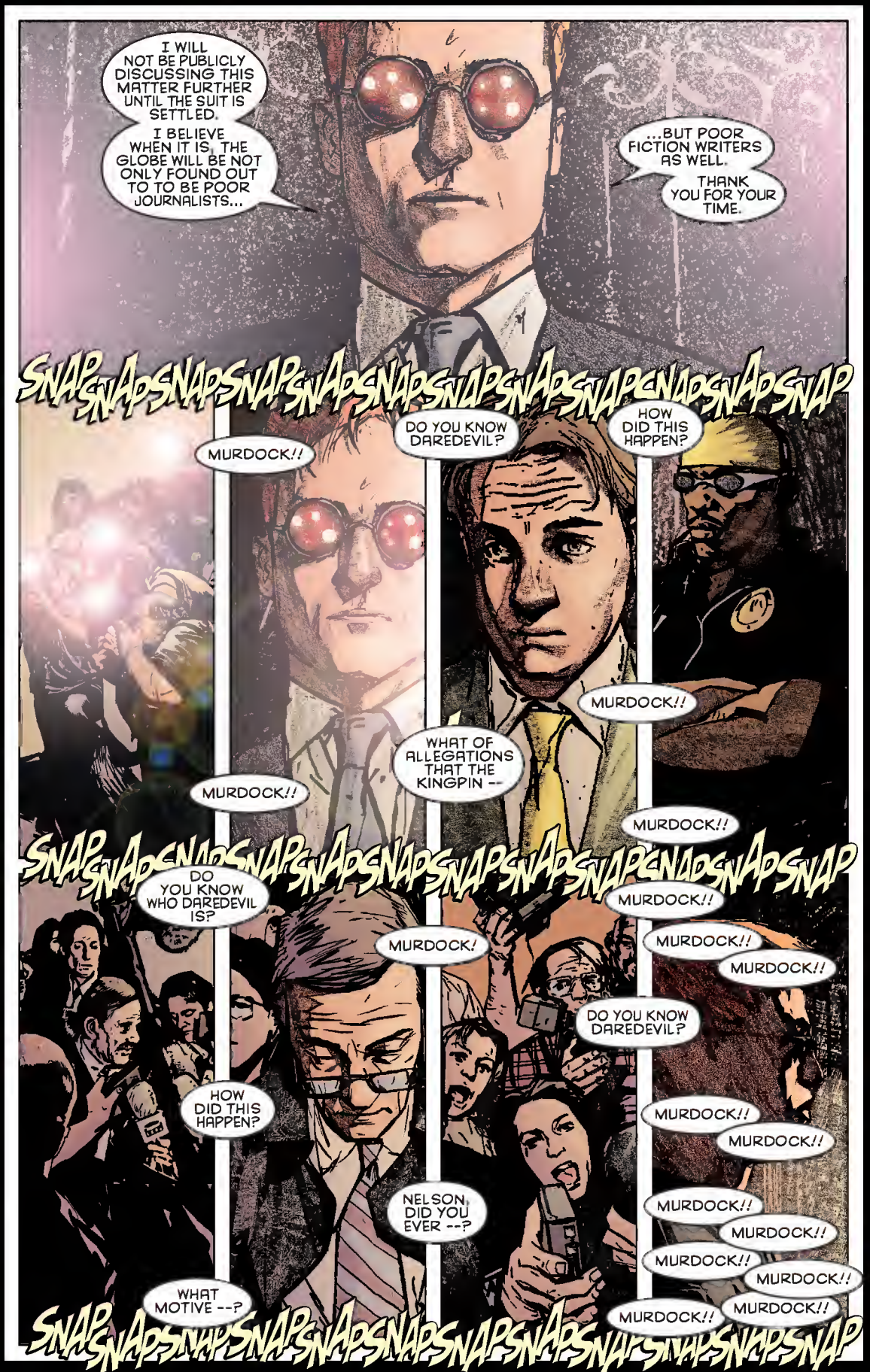
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WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY, I SAW AN OLD MAN CROSSING THE STREET.
A TRUCK WAS COMING, A LITTLE FASTER THAN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN --
-- BUT REGARDLESS OF THAT FACT, THE OLD MAN DIDN'T SEE IT COMING.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO, SO I JUMPED IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK -- PUSHING THE OLD MAN OUT OF THE WAY.
HE BROKE HIS HIP AND, THANKFULLY, LIVED. I, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS HIT BY THE TRUCK.
I BROKE MY ARM AND ONE OF MY TOES...
...AND I WAS BLINDED FOR LIFE.
MY OPTIC NERVES COMPLETELY DETACHED FROM MY BRAIN AND WERE DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR.
BOXING FANS MIGHT KNOW THAT MY FATHER WAS A MIDDLEWEIGHT NAMED "BATTLING JACK" MURDOCK.
HE DIED A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER MY ACCIDENT.
I WAS LEFT ORPHANED AND BLIND WITHOUT A PENNY TO MY NAME.
I HAVE HAD A LOT TO CONTEND WITH IN MY LIFE.
I HAVE COPED WITH MY HANDICAP.
I HAVE PUT MYSELF THROUGH LAW SCHOOL.
I OPENED A SUCCESSFUL LAW PRACTICE WITH MY PARTNER HERE, FRANKLIN NELSON.
I HAVE FOUGHT FOR EACH AND EVERY CLIENT WHO HAS COME THROUGH OUR DOORS WITH THE PASSION AND INTEGRITY THAT THEY DESERVE...
...AND I LIVE MY LIFE IN A FASHION THAT HOPEFULLY WOULD MAKE MY FATHER PROUD.
THOUGH I FACED EVERY CHALLENGE LIFE HAS SENT MY WAY, I NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS COULD HAVE IMAGINED THAT I WOULD BE FORCED TO FACE THIS LATEST CHALLENGE.
MY LIFE, AND THE LIVES OF MY LOVED ONES HAVE BEEN PUT IN GRAVE JEOPARDY BECAUSE OF A HEADLINE STORY THAT STARTED IN THE DAILY GLOBE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED HERE, IN NEW YORK CITY.
THE HEADLINE STATED THAT I WAS THE MASKED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL.
THAT I WAS FAKING MY HANDICAP, THAT I WAS PRETENDING TO BE BLIND AS A COVER FOR MY SECRET COSTUMED LIFE AS DAREDEVIL.
THIS INFORMATION IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT...

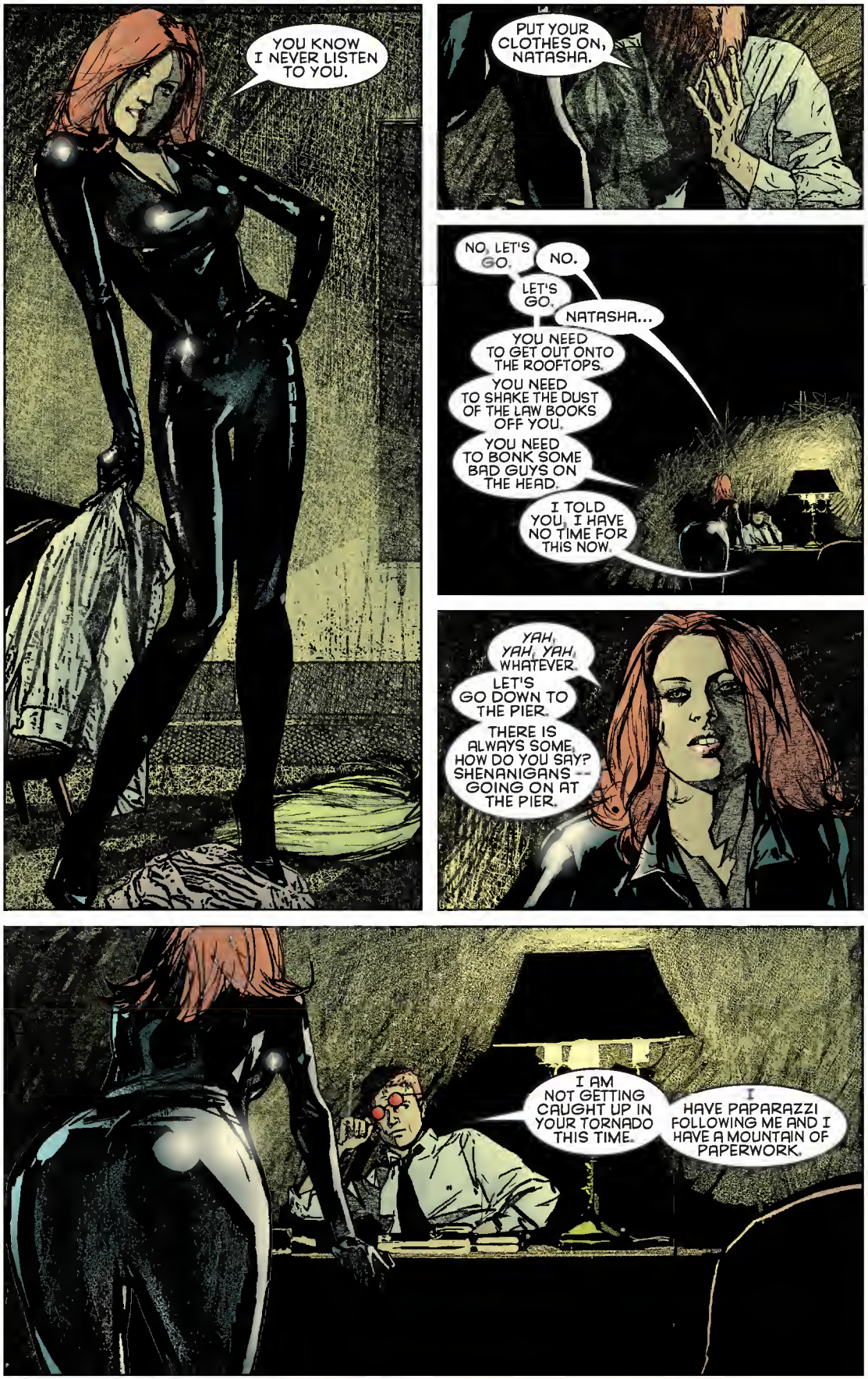

...UNTRUE.
SNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAP
SNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAP
THIS MORNING MY LAW OFFICE HAS FILED A 400 MILLION DOLLAR LIBEL SUIT AGAINST ROSENTHAL PUBLICATIONS, THE OWNERS AND PUBLISHERS OF THE DAILY GLOBE.
SNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAP
ALSO NAMED IN THE SUIT ARE THE PUBLISHER, THE EDITOR IN CHIEF AND THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE --
-- WHOSE NAME I WILL NOT MENTION HERE... AS I BELIEVE THAT HAVING THEIR NAMES MENTIONED IN THE MEDIA IS WHAT THIS ENTIRE DEBACLE MY LIFE HAS BECOME IS ABOUT.
SNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAPSNAP
WE HAVE FILED AN INVASION OF PRIVACY SUIT AGAINST THE NEWSPAPER AS WELL.
THE PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL DAMAGE DONE TO ME AND MY LIFE FROM THE ALLEGATIONS MADE IN THE GLOBE ARE ASTRONOMICAL...

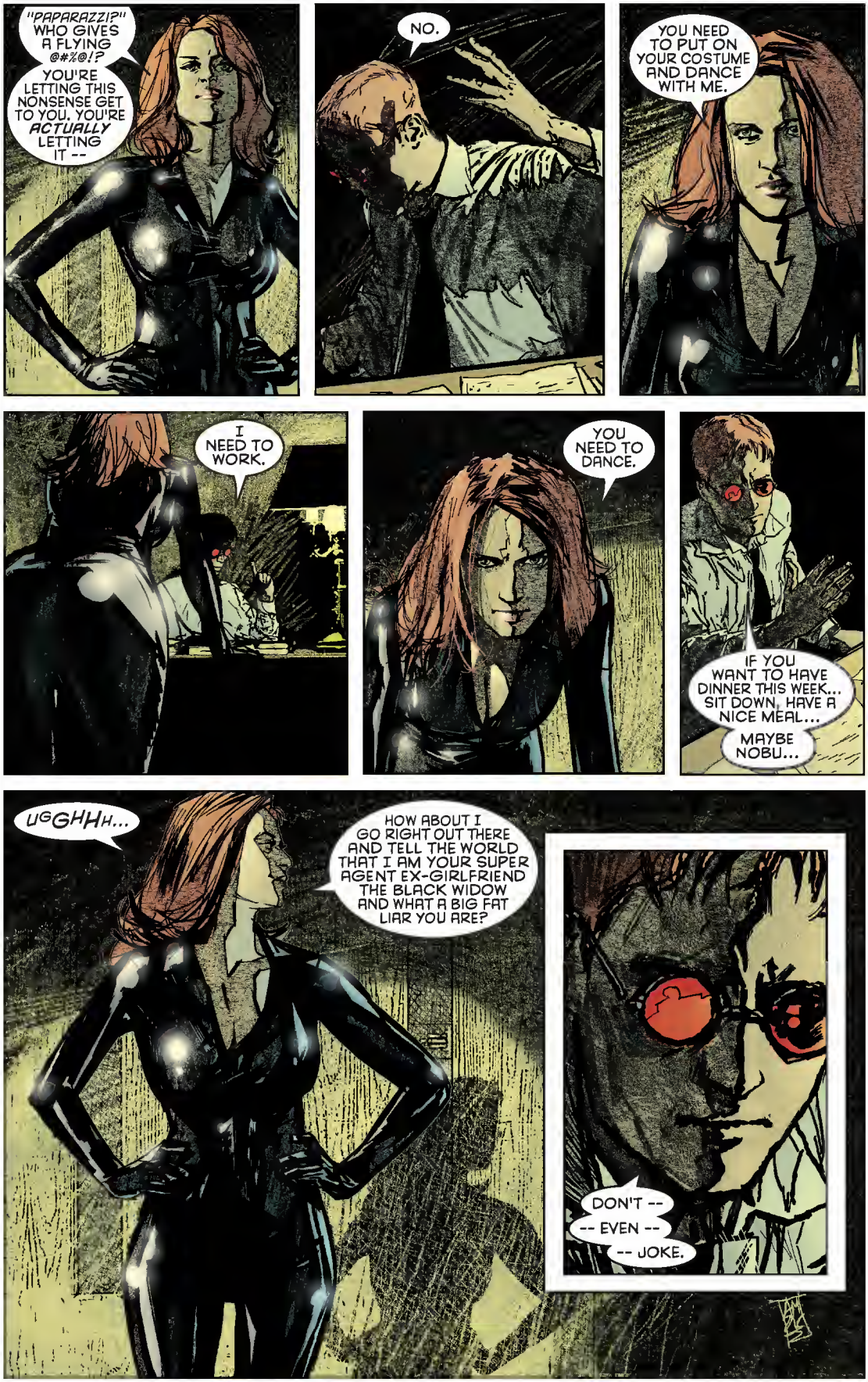

I WILL NOT BE PUBLICLY DISCUSSING THIS MATTER FURTHER UNTIL THE SUIT IS SETTLED.
I BELIEVE WHEN IT IS, THE GLOBE WILL BE NOT ONLY FOUND OUT TO TO BE POOR JOURNALISTS...
...BUT POOR FICTION WRITERS AS WELL.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.
SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP
MURDOCK!!
DO YOU KNOW DAREDEVIL?
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
MURDOCK!!
WHAT OF ALLEGATIONS THAT THE KINGPIN --
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP
DO YOU KNOW WHO DAREDEVIL IS?
MURDOCK!
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
DO YOU KNOW DAREDEVIL?
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
NELSON, DID YOU EVER --?
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
WHAT MOTIVE --?
MURDOCK!!
MURDOCK!!
SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP

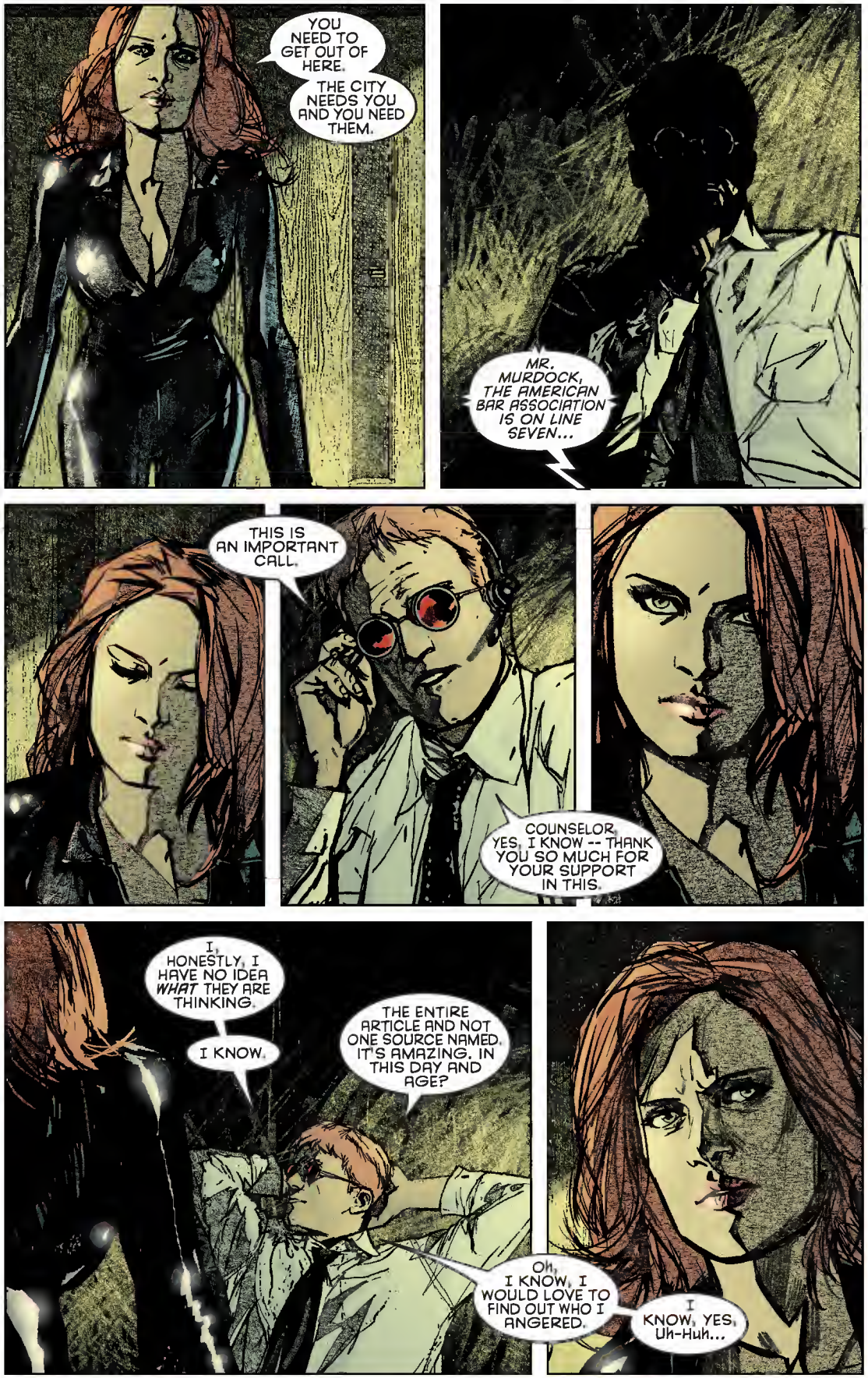

THREE WEEKS LATER.
WHERE TO, LADY?
NELSON AND MURDOCK, LAW OFFICE. IT'S AT --
I KNOW WHERE IT IS, LADY. THAT'S RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER.
I KNOW.
JUST --
SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO WALK?
YOU GOT IT.
HERE YOU GO.
A BIG TWO DOLLARS AND THIRTY CENTS.
THANKS.
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP


MR. MURDOCK IS EXPECTING YOU.
Oh...
Uh... Hi.
HEY BABE...
WELL, I THINK THE SUIT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.
CLEARLY THE GLOBE ISN'T GOING TO REVEAL ITS SOURCE BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO SOURCE.

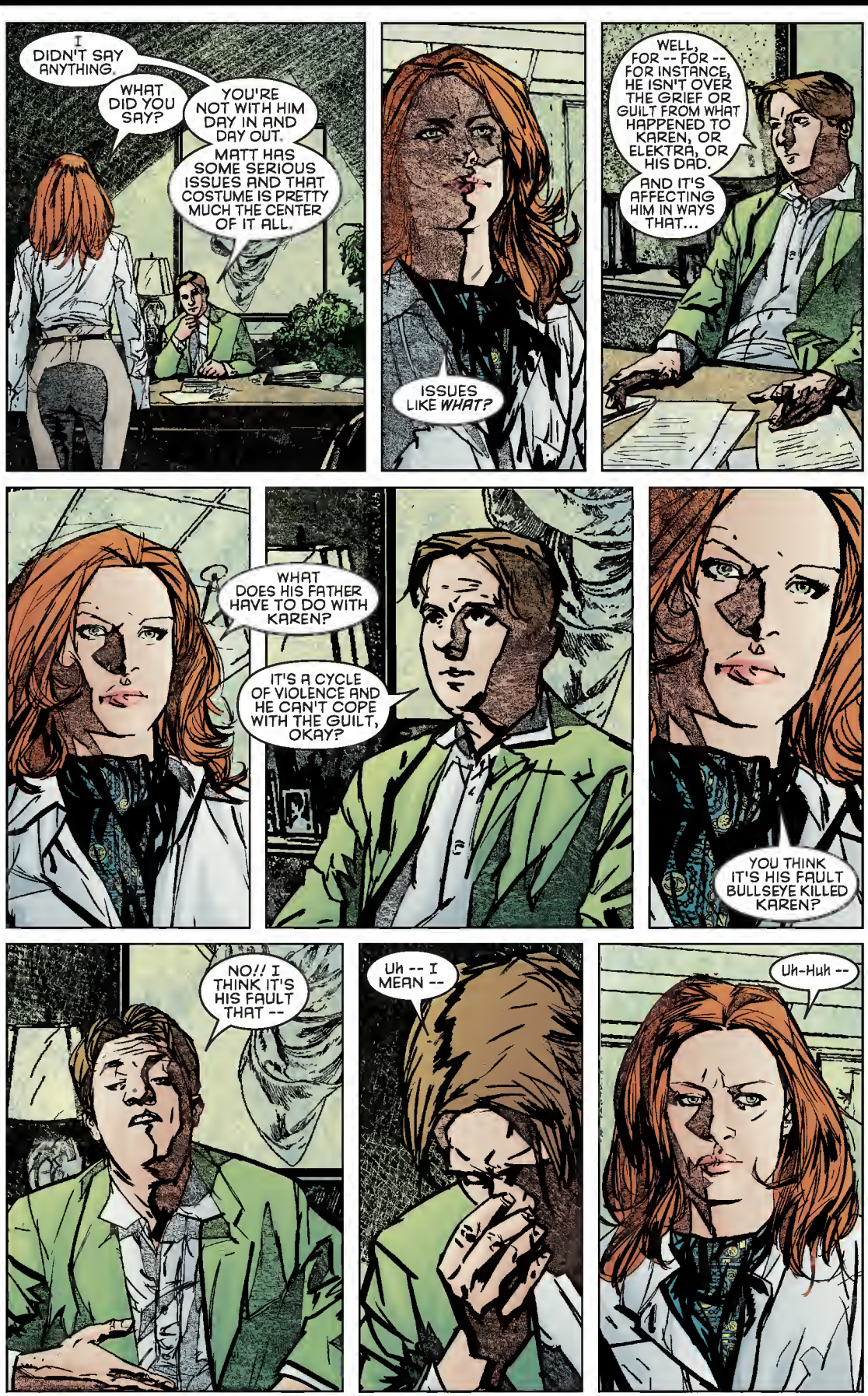

THEY DON'T HAVE A SOURCE BECAUSE THE STORY THEY CONCOCTED IS UNTRUE.
I WOULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO SURMISE WHY THEY HAVE TARGETED *ME* LIKE THIS.
I HAVEN'T A CLUE.
AND THE *DIFFERENCE* BETWEEN THE GLOBE AND MYSELF IS THAT I WOULD NEVER PUBLICLY STATE SOMETHING THAT I *DIDN'T* KNOW TO BE THE TRUTH, SO...
UH, I HAVE TO GO.
YES, I HOPE THIS HELPS YOUR ARTICLE.
THANKS SO MUCH.
WHAT DID I TELL YOU ON THE PHONE?


YOU KNOW I NEVER LISTEN TO YOU.
PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON, NATASHA.
NO. LET'S GO.
NO.
LET'S GO.
NATASHA...
YOU NEED TO GET OUT ONTO THE ROOFTOPS.
YOU NEED TO SHAKE THE DUST OF THE LAW BOOKS OFF YOU.
YOU NEED TO BONK SOME BAD GUYS ON THE HEAD.
I TOLD YOU, I HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS NOW.
YAH, YAH, YAH, WHATEVER.
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE PIER.
THERE IS ALWAYS SOME, HOW DO YOU SAY? SHENANIGANS -- GOING ON AT THE PIER.
I AM NOT GETTING CAUGHT UP IN YOUR TORNADO THIS TIME.
I HAVE PAPARAZZI FOLLOWING ME AND I HAVE A MOUNTAIN OF PAPERWORK.

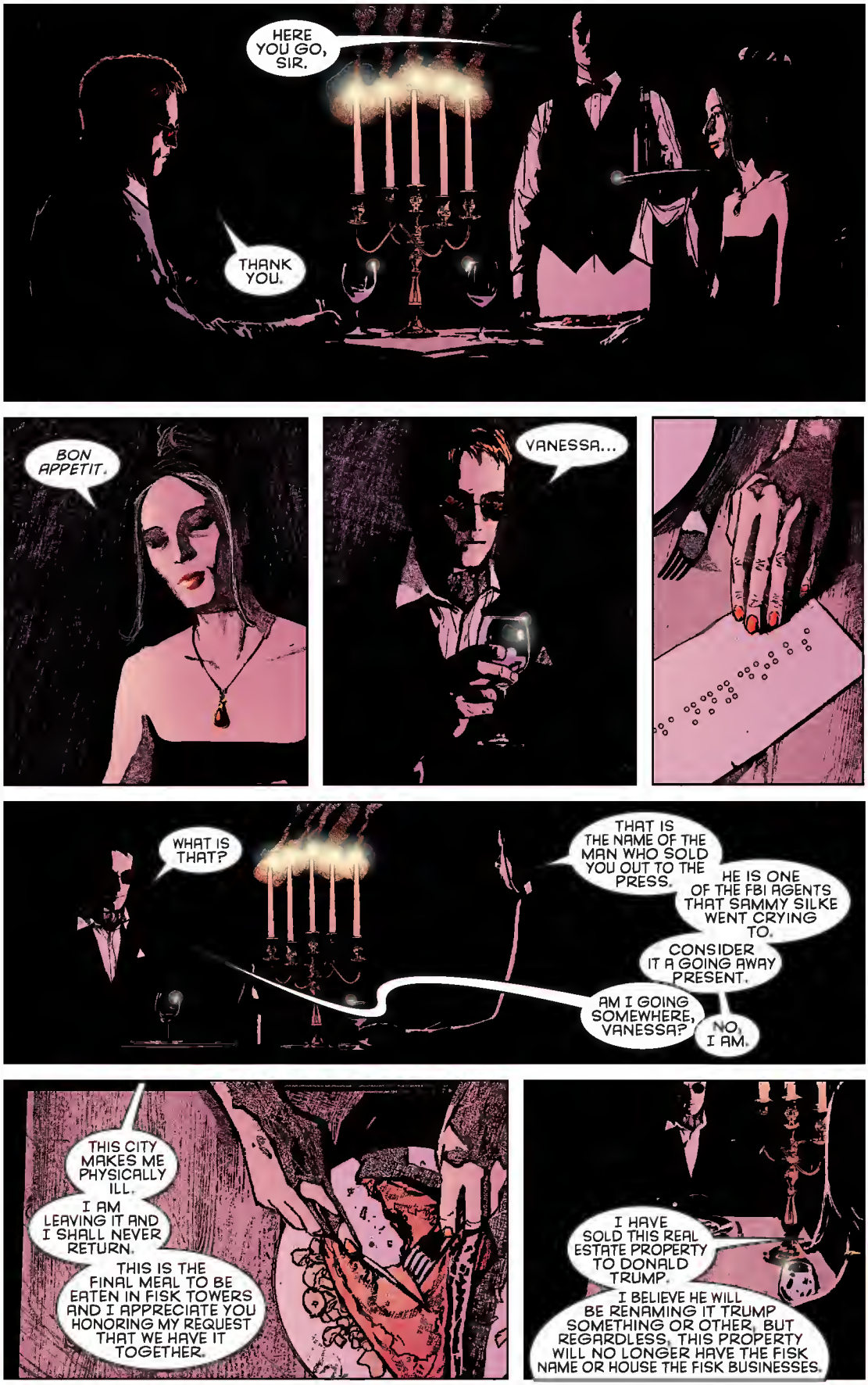

"PAPARAZZI?" WHO GIVES A FLYING @#%@!?
YOU'RE LETTING THIS NONSENSE GET TO YOU. YOU'RE ACTUALLY LETTING IT --
NO.
YOU NEED TO PUT ON YOUR COSTUME AND DANCE WITH ME.
I NEED TO WORK.
YOU NEED TO DANCE.
IF YOU WANT TO HAVE DINNER THIS WEEK... SIT DOWN, HAVE A NICE MEAL...
MAYBE NOBU...
UGGHHH...
HOW ABOUT I GO RIGHT OUT THERE AND TELL THE WORLD THAT I AM YOUR SUPER AGENT EX-GIRLFRIEND THE BLACK WIDOW AND WHAT A BIG FAT LIAR YOU ARE?
DON'T --
-- EVEN --
-- JOKE.

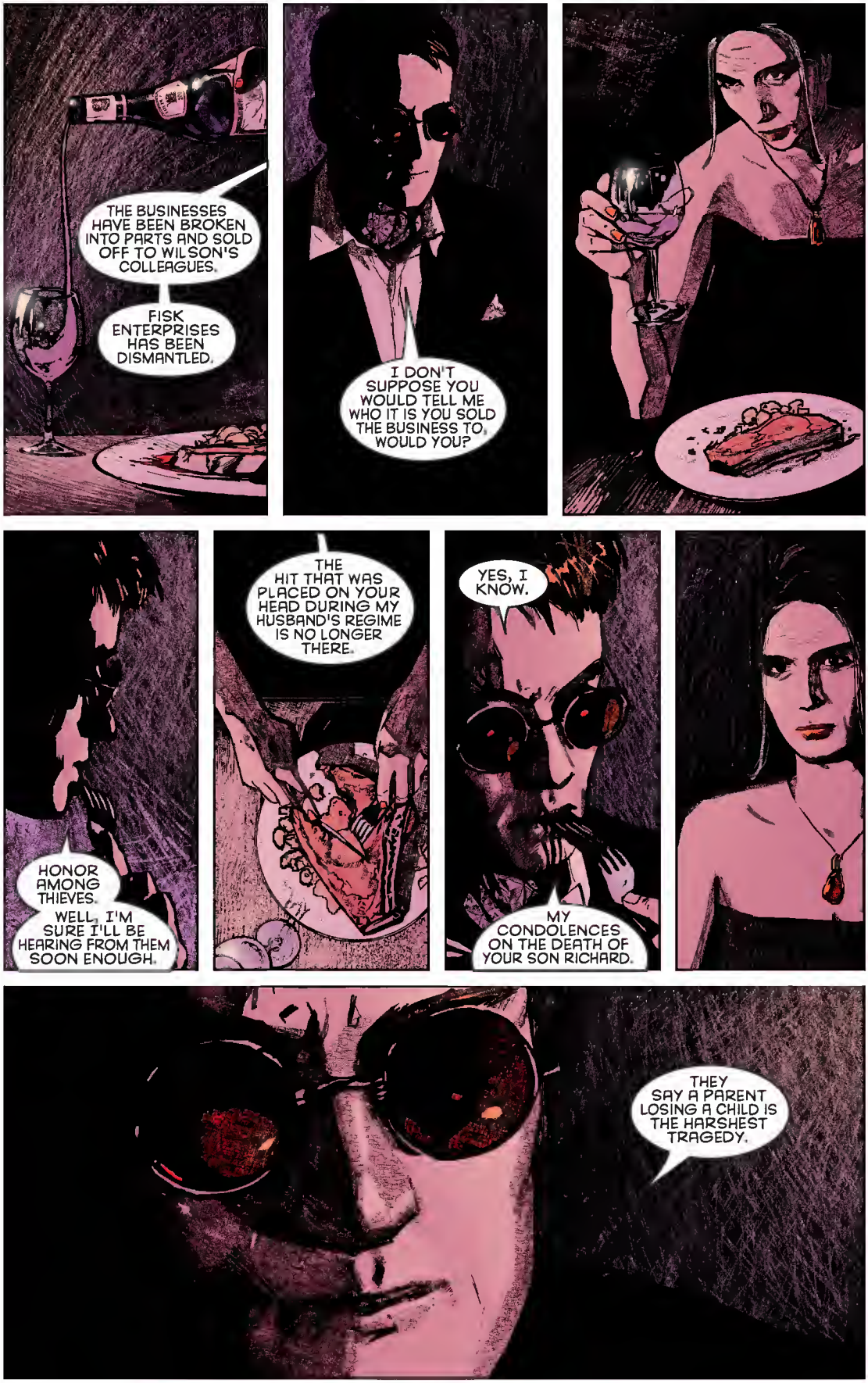

YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
THE CITY NEEDS YOU AND YOU NEED THEM.
MR. MURDOCK, THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION IS ON LINE SEVEN...
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CALL.
COUNSELOR, YES, I KNOW -- THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT IN THIS.
I, HONESTLY, I HAVE NO IDEA *WHAT* THEY ARE THINKING.
I KNOW.
THE ENTIRE ARTICLE AND NOT ONE SOURCE NAMED. IT'S AMAZING. IN THIS DAY AND AGE?
OH, I KNOW, I WOULD LOVE TO FIND OUT WHO I ANGERED.
I KNOW, YES, UH-HUH...


WHAT THE @#@! IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!
I'LL CALL YOU BACK.
CAN I HELP YOU, LADY?
IT'S ME, FOGGY.
NATASHA! WHAT ARE YOU --?
WHAT IS GOING ON WITH MATT?
WHAT'S GOING ON IS HE IS BONING UP FOR THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.
NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT THE OTHER --
HE WON'T PUT ON THE OUTFIT.
GOOD.
WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM?


I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
YOU'RE NOT WITH HIM DAY IN AND DAY OUT.
MATT HAS SOME SERIOUS ISSUES AND THAT COSTUME IS PRETTY MUCH THE CENTER OF IT ALL.
ISSUES LIKE *WHAT?*
WELL, FOR -- FOR -- FOR INSTANCE, HE ISN'T OVER THE GRIEF OR GUILT FROM WHAT HAPPENED TO KAREN, OR ELEKTRA, OR HIS DAD.
AND IT'S AFFECTING HIM IN WAYS THAT...
WHAT DOES HIS FATHER HAVE TO DO WITH KAREN?
IT'S A CYCLE OF VIOLENCE AND HE CAN'T COPE WITH THE GUILT, OKAY?
YOU THINK IT'S HIS FAULT BULLSEYE KILLED KAREN?
NO!! I THINK IT'S HIS FAULT THAT --
Uh -- I MEAN --
Uh-Huh --


I MEAN, HE THINKS IT'S HIS FAULT THAT DAREDEVIL BRINGS MANIACS LIKE BULLSEYE INTO HIS LIFE.
INTO OUR LIVES.
Uh Huh.
HE THINKS THIS?
LISTEN YOU'RE NOT HERE EVERYDAY.
OKAY? SO...
THE CITY NEEDS HIM.
SO DO I.
...AND THE TRUTH COMES OUT.
THIS IS NATASHA.
473222.
BLACKBIRD. A NONSECURE LINE.
I NEED TO FIND SOMEBODY.


HERE YOU GO, SIR.
THANK YOU.
BON APPETIT.
VANESSA...
WHAT IS THAT?
THAT IS THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO SOLD YOU OUT TO THE PRESS.
HE IS ONE OF THE FBI AGENTS THAT SAMMY SILKE WENT CRYING TO.
CONSIDER IT A GOING AWAY PRESENT.
AM I GOING SOMEWHERE, VANESSA?
NO, I AM.
THIS CITY MAKES ME PHYSICALLY ILL.
I AM LEAVING IT AND I SHALL NEVER RETURN.
THIS IS THE FINAL MEAL TO BE EATEN IN FISK TOWERS AND I APPRECIATE YOU HONORING MY REQUEST THAT WE HAVE IT TOGETHER.
I HAVE SOLD THIS REAL ESTATE PROPERTY TO DONALD TRUMP.
I BELIEVE HE WILL BE RENAMING IT TRUMP SOMETHING OR OTHER, BUT REGARDLESS, THIS PROPERTY WILL NO LONGER HAVE THE FISK NAME OR HOUSE THE FISK BUSINESSES.


THE BUSINESSES HAVE BEEN BROKEN INTO PARTS AND SOLD OFF TO WILSON'S COLLEAGUES.
FISK ENTERPRISES HAS BEEN DISMANTLED.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WOULD TELL ME WHO IT IS YOU SOLD THE BUSINESS TO. WOULD YOU?
HONOR AMONG THIEVES.
WELL, I'M SURE I'LL BE HEARING FROM THEM SOON ENOUGH.
THE HIT THAT WAS PLACED ON YOUR HEAD DURING MY HUSBAND'S REGIME IS NO LONGER THERE.
YES, I KNOW.
MY CONDOLENCES ON THE DEATH OF YOUR SON RICHARD.
THEY SAY A PARENT LOSING A CHILD IS THE HARSHEST TRAGEDY.

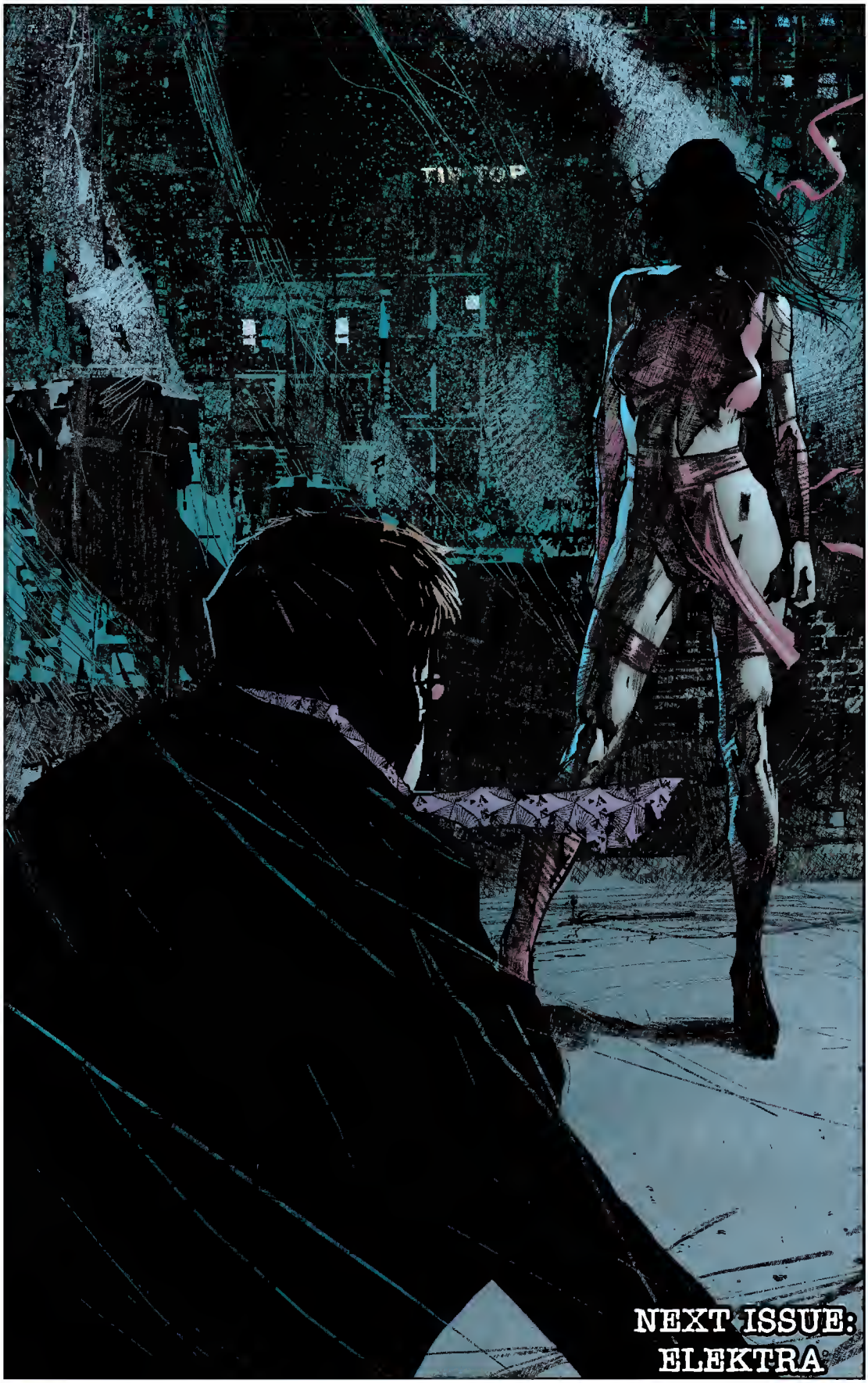


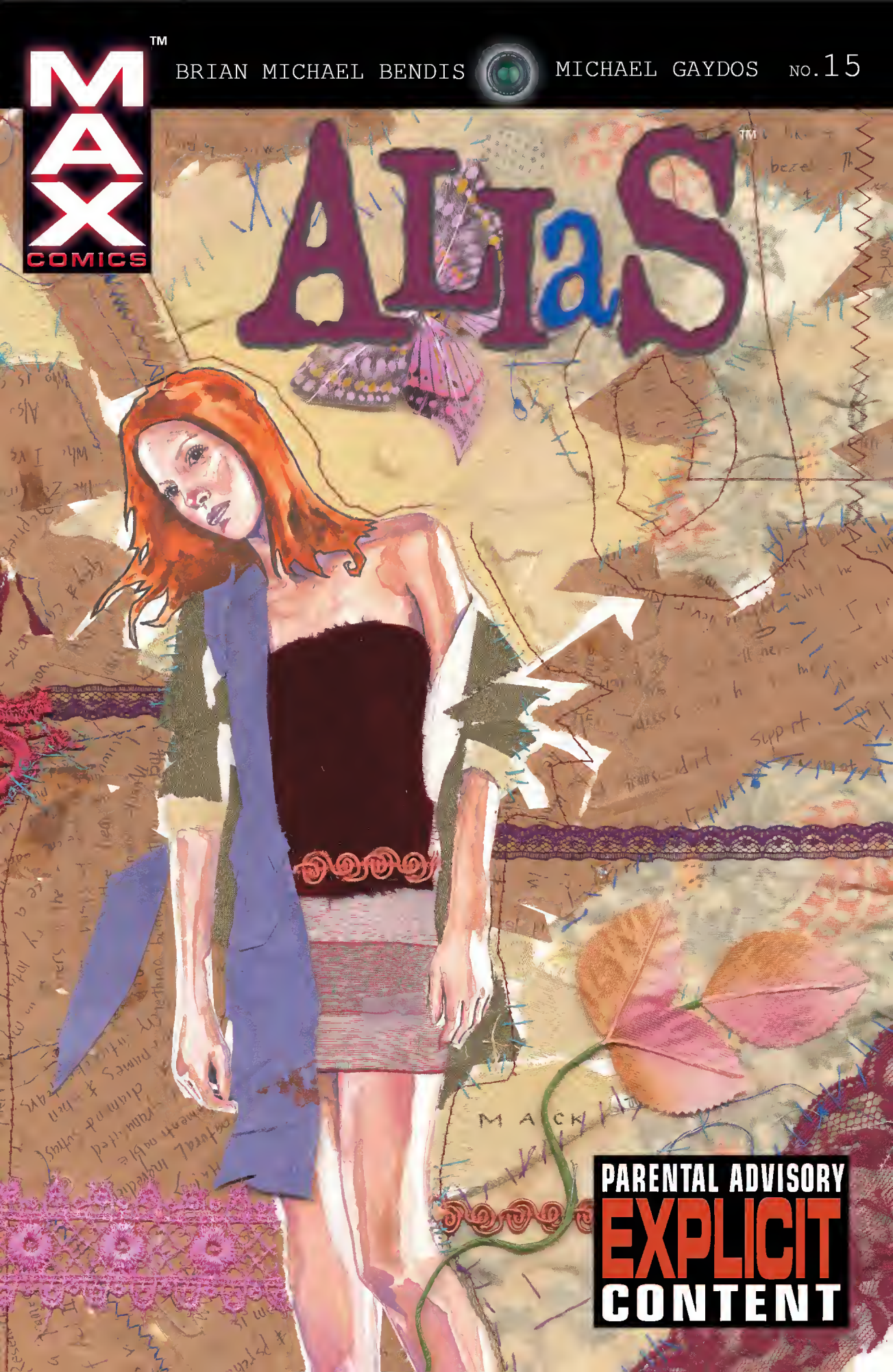

THANKS FOR WAITING, LUKE.
IT'S YOUR DIME.
YES.
KIND OF A RISKY MOVE MEETING THE BIG GUY'S WIFE LIKE THAT, AIN'T IT?
NOT REALLY.
THE PRESS IS LOOKING UP YOUR SKIRT AND YOU'RE HAVING DINNER WITH THE KINGPIN'S WIFE?
NO ONE IS FOLLOWING ME RIGHT NOW.
THEN WHAT AM I HERE FOR?
APPEARANCES. FOR THE BOOKS.
YOU KNOW THAT.
LOVELY.


HOME. SWEET, HOME.
THANKS, LUKE.
THESE GOOD NIGHT KISSES ARE ALWAYS AWKWARD.
STOP IT.
SO, I'LL SEE YOU *WHEN* TOMORROW?
I...
WHAT?
NOTHING. NO, I'M -- I'M JUST TIRED.
YOU WANT ME TO COME UP?
NO. GO HOME.
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.
YOU SURE?
YEAH.
I'M FINE.


I BEG MY RADAR FOR A LEGITIMATE REASON NOT TO DO THIS.
A REPORTER LURKING --
A TELEPHOTO LENS PEEKING --
A CIVILIAN WATCHING OUT HIS BEDROOM WINDOW.
ANYTHING.


BUT THE ONE TIME THIS YEAR I ACTUALLY WISH FOR IT... NOTHING.
COMPLETE FAMILY MEDICAL CARE
МЕДИЦИНСКАЯ ПОМОЩЬ ВСЕЙ СЕМЬЕ


TIP TOP
NEXT ISSUE:
ELEKTRA


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.15
ALIAS
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S JASON LEVINE
letters

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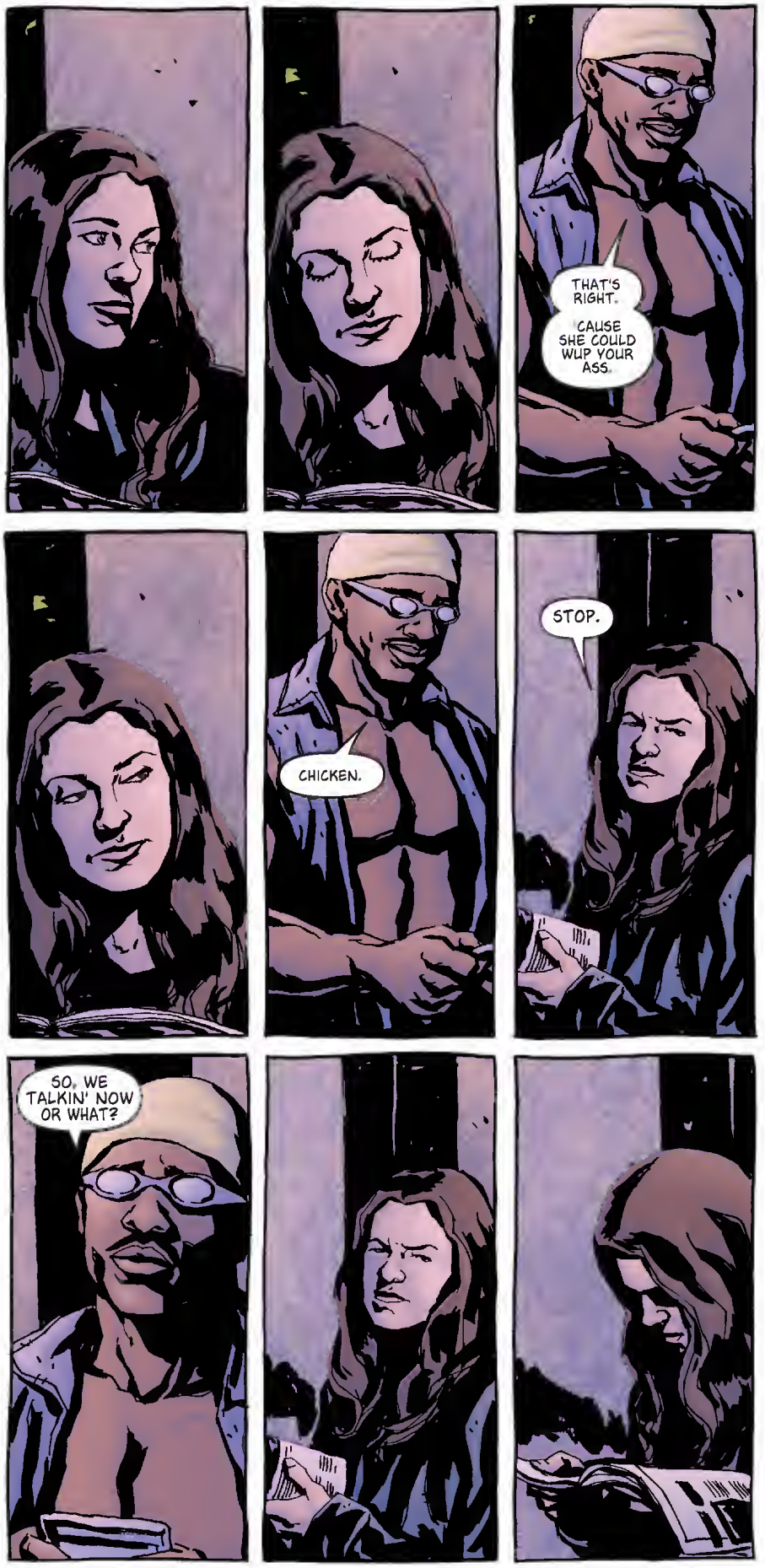
Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.

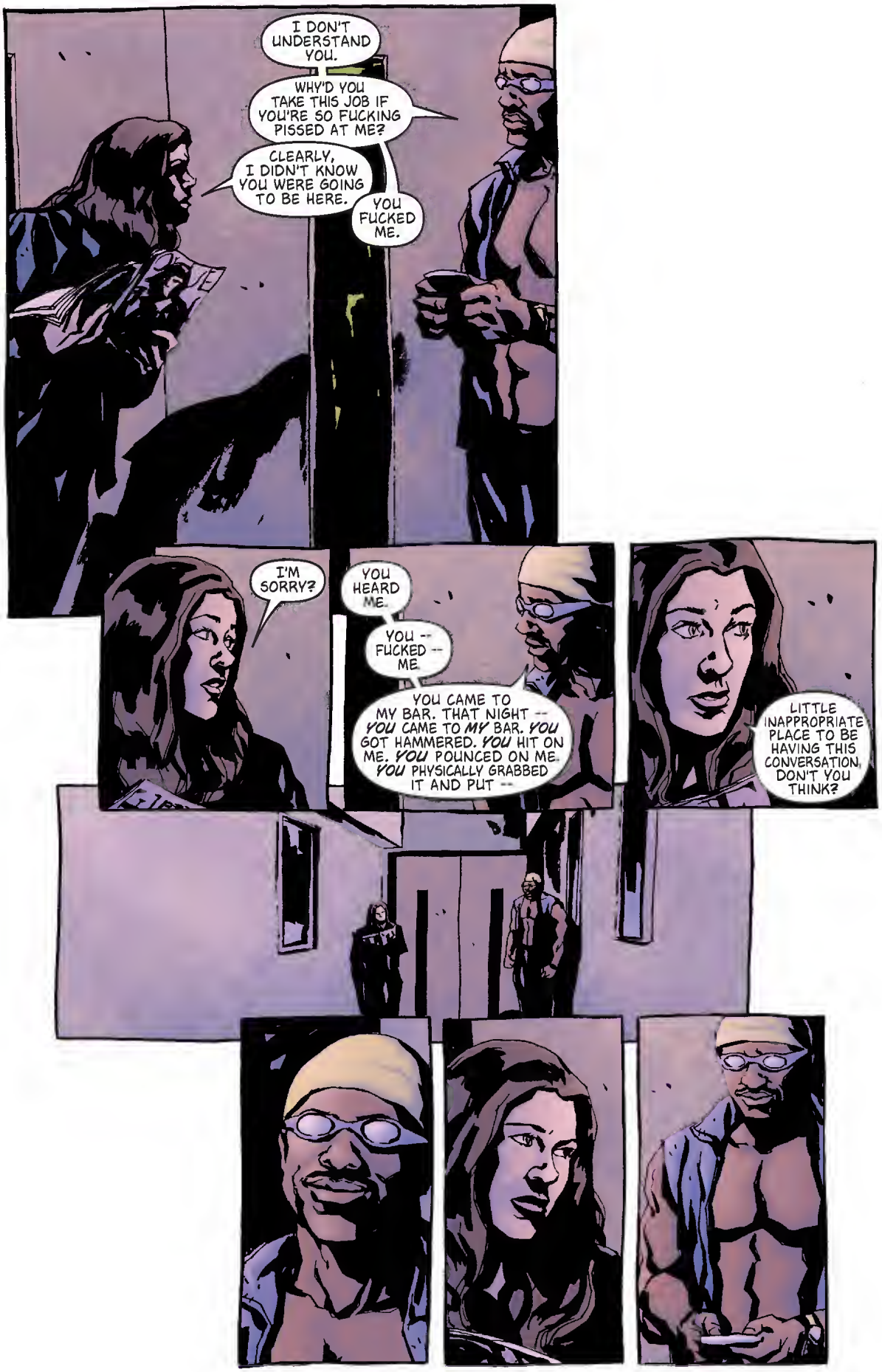


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LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK.
MR. MURDOCK IS EXPECTING YOU.
OH...
UH... HI.
HEY, BABE...


"HEY, BABE --"?
WHAT?
THAT WAS SOME BODYGUARDING YOU JUST DID RIGHT THERE -- MR. HERO FOR HIRE.
WHAT?
WE'RE JUST LETTING STRANGE WOMEN WALK RIGHT INTO MATT'S OFFICE?
THAT WAS NOT A STRANGE WOMAN -- THAT WAS NATASHA ROMANOV -- A.K.A. THE BLACK WIDOW.
I THOUGHT SHE HAD RED HAIR.
SHE DOES.
I BELIEVE THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A DISGUISE.
(CHEAP-ASS SAD DISGUISE, BUT WHATEVER.)
STILL, WE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED HER.
SO GO ON IN THERE AND DO WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU DO.


THAT'S RIGHT.
CAUSE SHE COULD WUP YOUR ASS.
CHICKEN.
STOP.
SO, WE TALKIN' NOW OR WHAT?


I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.
WHY'D YOU TAKE THIS JOB IF YOU'RE SO FUCKING PISSED AT ME?
CLEARLY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE GOING TO BE HERE.
YOU FUCKED ME.
I'M SORRY?
YOU HEARD ME.
YOU -- FUCKED -- ME.
YOU CAME TO MY BAR. THAT NIGHT -- YOU CAME TO MY BAR. YOU GOT HAMMERED. YOU HIT ON ME. YOU POUNCED ON ME. YOU PHYSICALLY GRABBED IT AND PUT --
LITTLE INAPPROPRIATE PLACE TO BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION, DON'T YOU THINK?

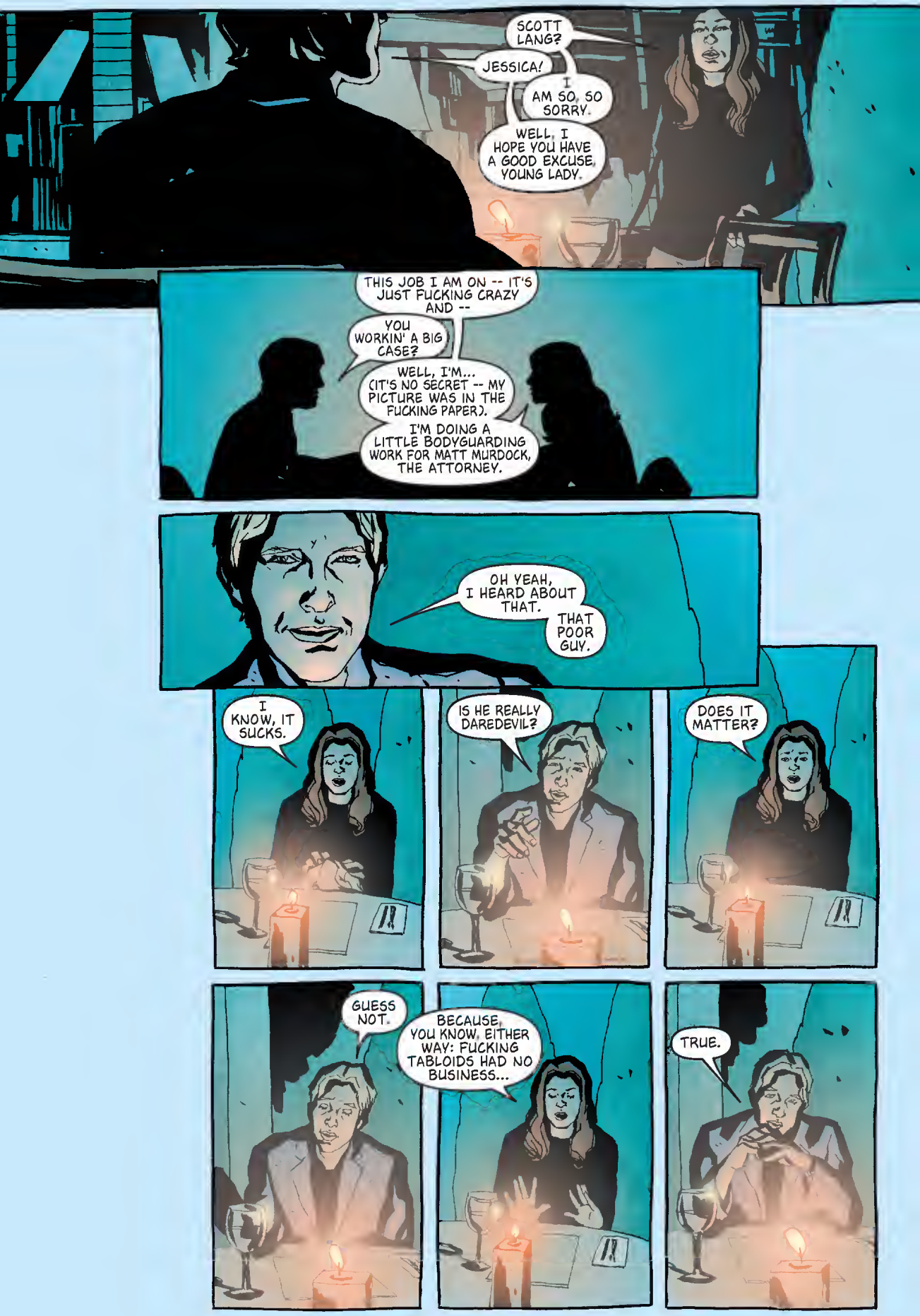

I WAS DRUNK.
YOU'RE A BIG GIRL.
YOU HIT ON ME, YOU FUCKED ME.
THEN, THE WEEK AFTER, YOU CAME BY MY HOUSE AT THREE IN THE MORNING WITHOUT CALLING...
AND EVEN THOUGH YOU ALMOST BURNED MY ENTIRE LIFE DOWN BY DOING SO -- I STILL GOT MURDOCK TO HELP YOU OUT OF THE CLUSTERFUCK YOU MADE OF YOUR LIFE.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID AFTER THAT?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID THEN --
BUT I KNOW IT SURE AS FUCK WASN'T *THANKING* ME FOR *BEING* THERE FOR YOU WHEN YOU NEEDED ME.
TWO ADULTS.
ADULT.
ADULT.
BOTH ADULTS.


ADULT.
BIG ADULT. AND WHO WAS THAT IN YOUR APARTMENT THAT NIGHT WHEN I CAME BY?
DO YOU WANT TO BE MY GIRLFRIEND?
WHAT? NO!
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE MY GIRLFRIEND?
NO.
DO YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED?
HELL, NO!
THEN IT'S NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS WHO WAS IN MY BED.
SEE?


YOU HIT ON ME.
YEAH, WELL, THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW YOU WERE A CAPE CHASER.
A WHAT?
OH, YOU HEARD ME.
"A CAPE CHASER?"
GUY WHO LIKES TO FUCK GIRLS IN -- GIRLS WITH -- GIRLS WHO --
HAHAHAHAHA ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME WITH THIS SHIT?
I HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FETISH.
FETISH?
SHE-HULK? I MEAN, COME ON.
WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH THE --
IT'S GROSS.
WELL, YOU OBVIOUSLY NEVER FUCKED HER.
I HATE WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT.


SO I'M A CAPE CHASER. SURE. RIGHT.
WHO TOLD YOU THAT? WAS THAT -- THAT CAROL DANVERS CRAZY PERSON?
SOME FRIEND.
IF I WAS A -- IF I WAS A LAWYER, I WOULD PROBABLY END UP FUCKING A LOT OF LAWYERS.
BUT BEING IN OUR PROFESSION -- I AM PROBABLY GOING TO END UP FUCKING A LOT OF PEOPLE -- IN OUR PROFESSION.
FUCKING BUNCH OF SHIT I HAVE TO LISTEN TO.
YOU'RE ANGRY AT YOU, GIRL -- NOT ME.
(I HATE THIS SHIT.)
JUST TRYING TO BE YOUR FRIEND.
SHIT.
...SORRY.
A'IGHT.
AND THANKS FOR HELPING ME WITH THAT CLUSTERFUCK THING I HAD.
NEXT YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME I FUCKED IRON FIST.
I HEARD YOU DID.
YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM --
YEAAAAH -- I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THAT JOKE.


HEY, YOU THINK IT'S TRUE?
WHAT?
THE SHIT WITH MATT BEING DAREDEVIL...
OH YEAH.
HUH.
SO THEN HE JUST HEARD THIS WHOLE CONVERSATION WE JUST HAD.
HMMM... GUESS SO.
ARROGANT...
YOU WANNA GET DINNER TONIGHT?
I HAVE PLANS.
LIAR.
I DO.
A DATE?
MAYBE.
WHO?
QUIET, I'M WORKING.


SCOTT LANG?
JESSICA!
I AM SO, SO SORRY.
WELL, I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE, YOUNG LADY.
THIS JOB I AM ON -- IT'S JUST FUCKING CRAZY AND --
YOU WORKIN' A BIG CASE?
WELL, I'M... (IT'S NO SECRET -- MY PICTURE WAS IN THE FUCKING PAPER).
I'M DOING A LITTLE BODYGUARDING WORK FOR MATT MURDOCK, THE ATTORNEY.
OH YEAH, I HEARD ABOUT THAT.
THAT POOR GUY.
I KNOW, IT SUCKS.
IS HE REALLY DAREDEVIL?
DOES IT MATTER?
GUESS NOT.
BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, EITHER WAY: FUCKING TABLOIDS HAD NO BUSINESS...
TRUE.


YOU BODYGUARD?
NOT OFTEN. BUT FOR MATT...
SURE.
HE GOT ME OUT OF A SHITSTORM NOT TOO LONG AGO.
I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.


YOU DID?

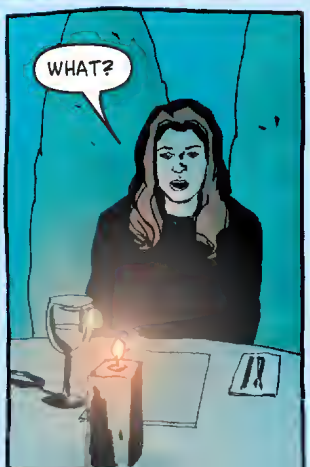

A LITTLE SOMETHING. I HAVE AVENGERS STATUS SO, YOU KNOW...


DID YOU ORDER?


I DID NOT. THAT WOULD BE VERY UNLADYLIKE OF ME.
WELL, DINNER IS MY TREAT. THERE WAS NO REASON YOU HAD TO SIT HERE. I FEEL JUST --
IT'S OKAY. IT'S A NICE NIGHT.
HI, I'M JULIE. I'LL BE YOUR WAITRESS THIS EVENING.

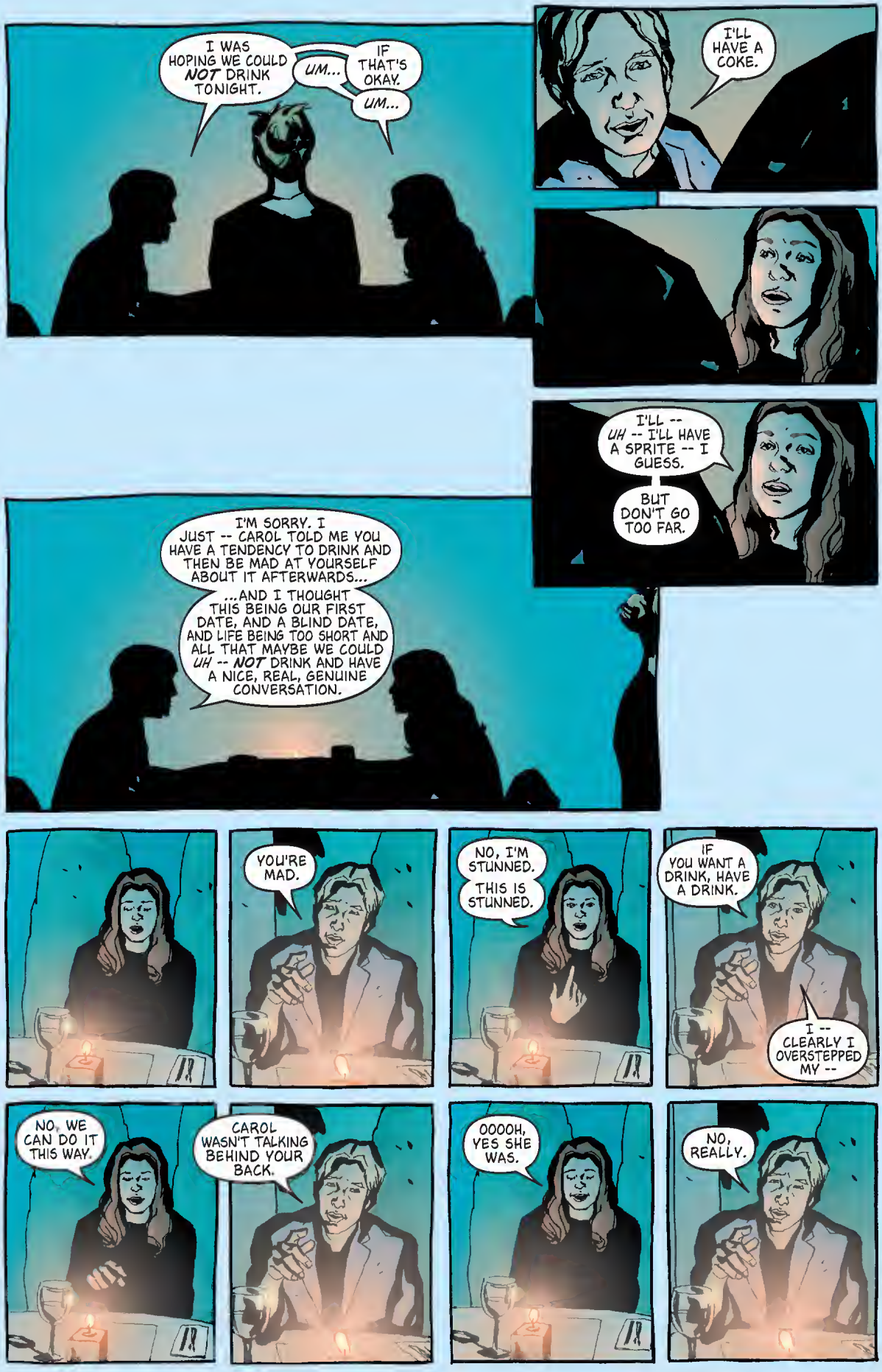

HI, JULIE. I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE VODKA ON THE ROCKS AND --

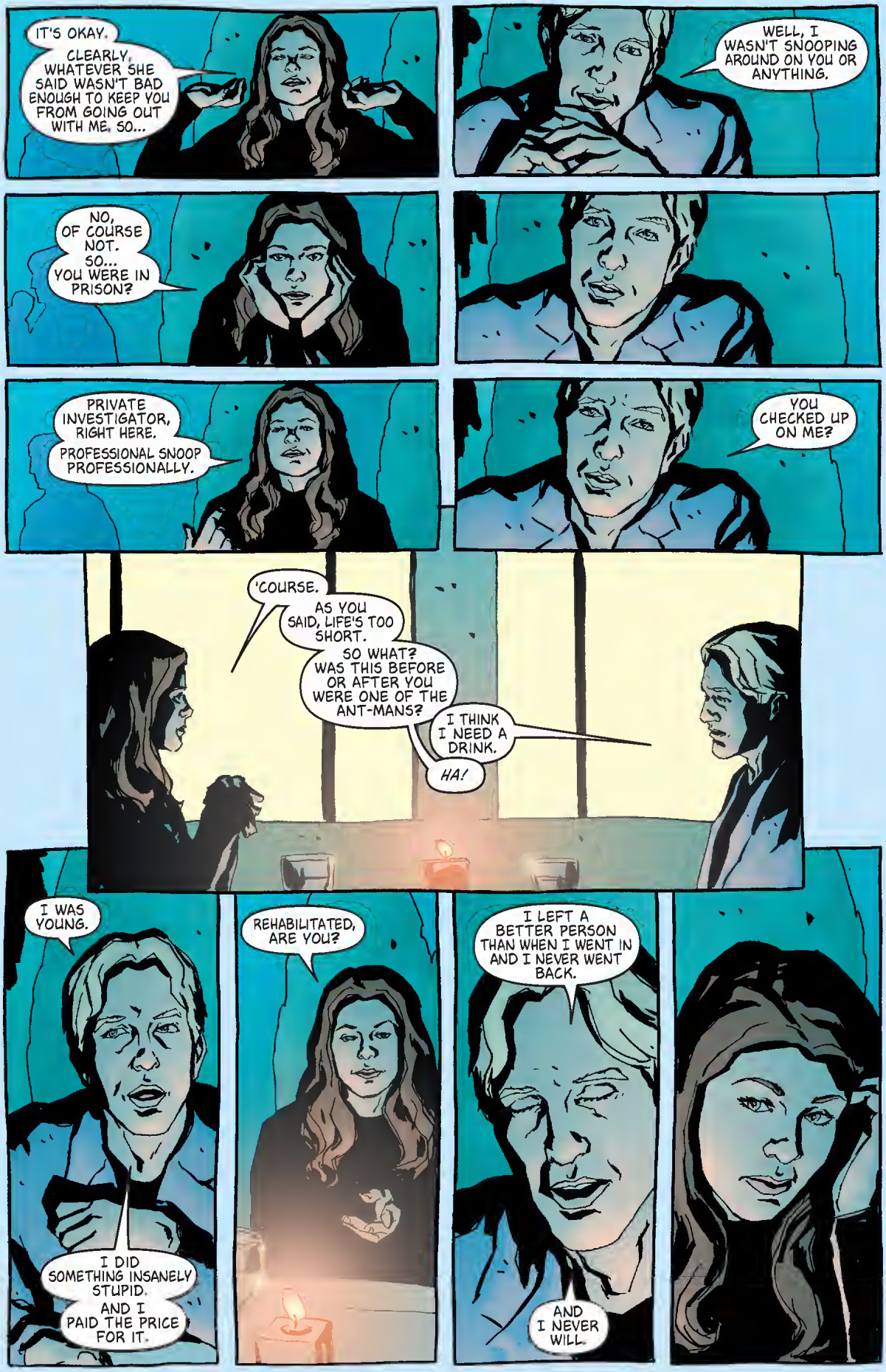

UM --

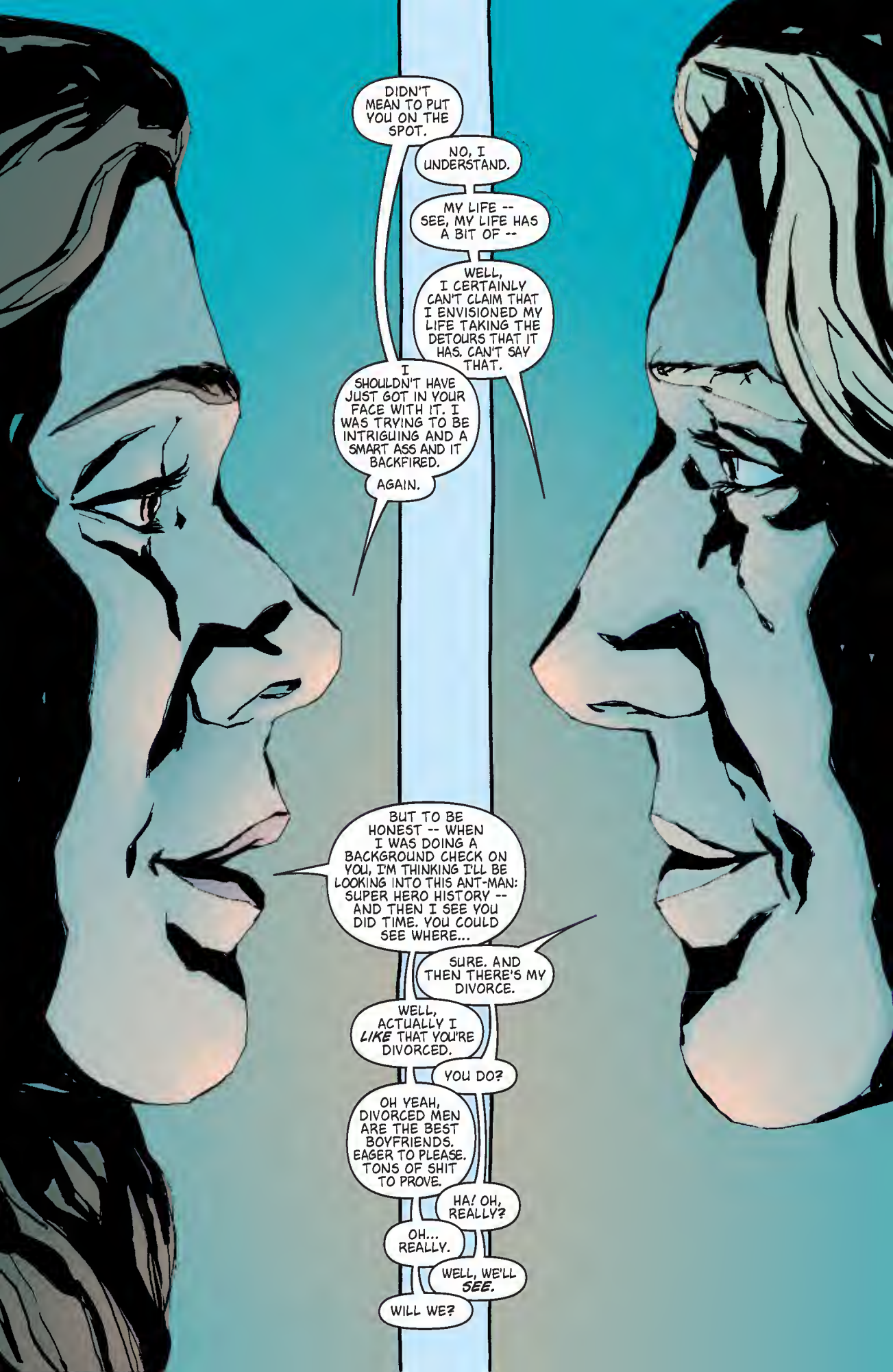

WHAT?

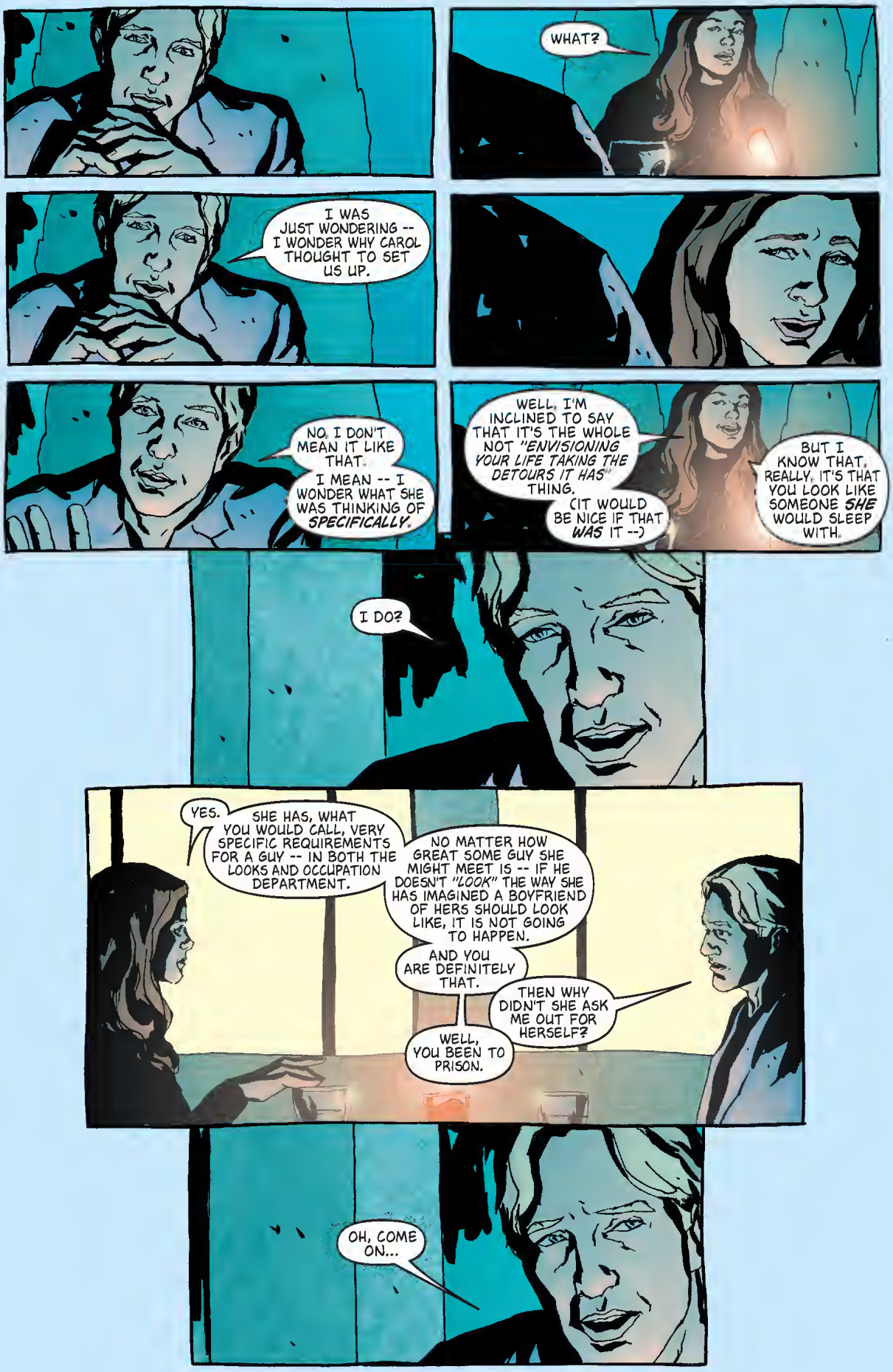

HOW ABOUT YOU DON'T.

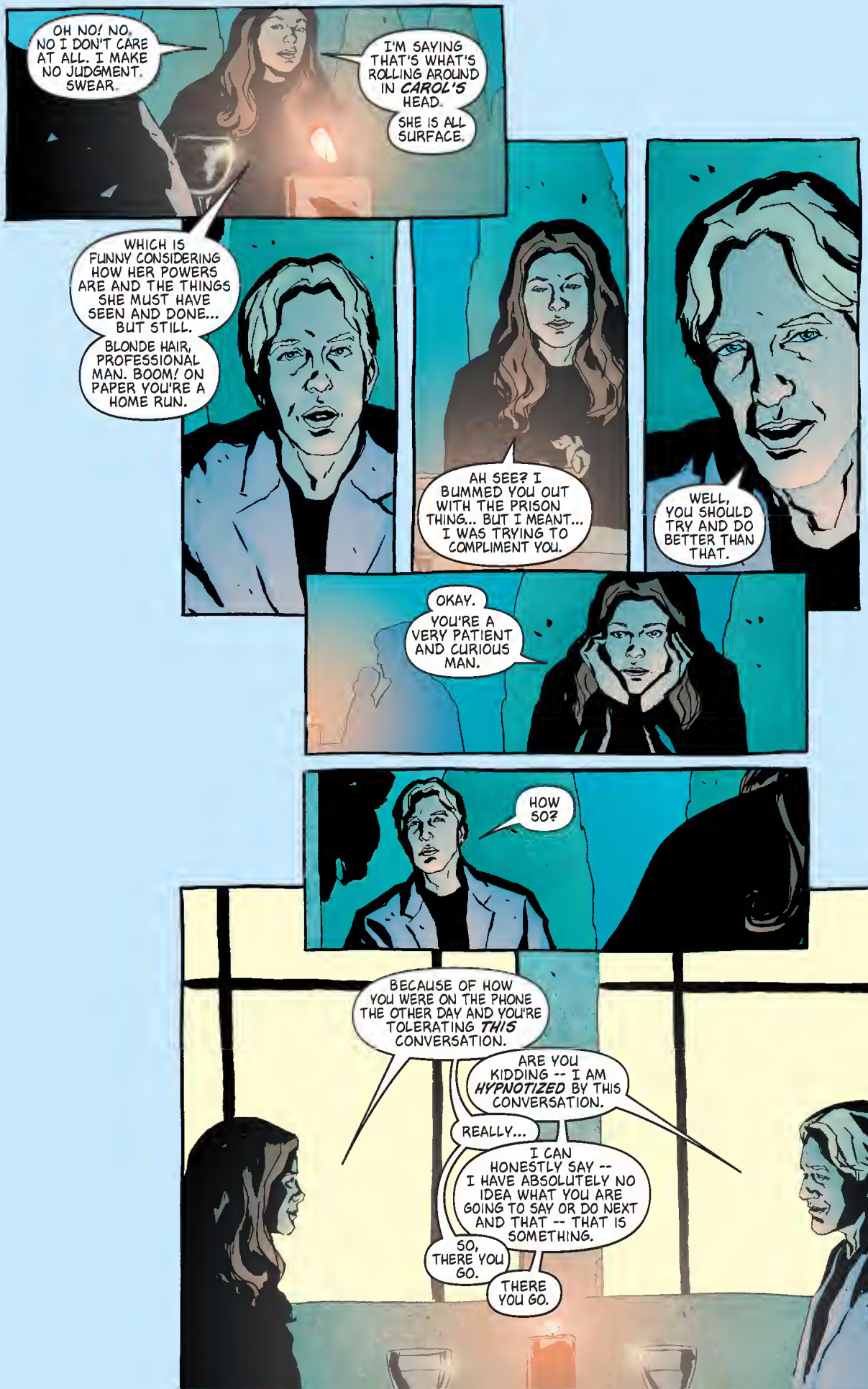

...I'M SORRY?

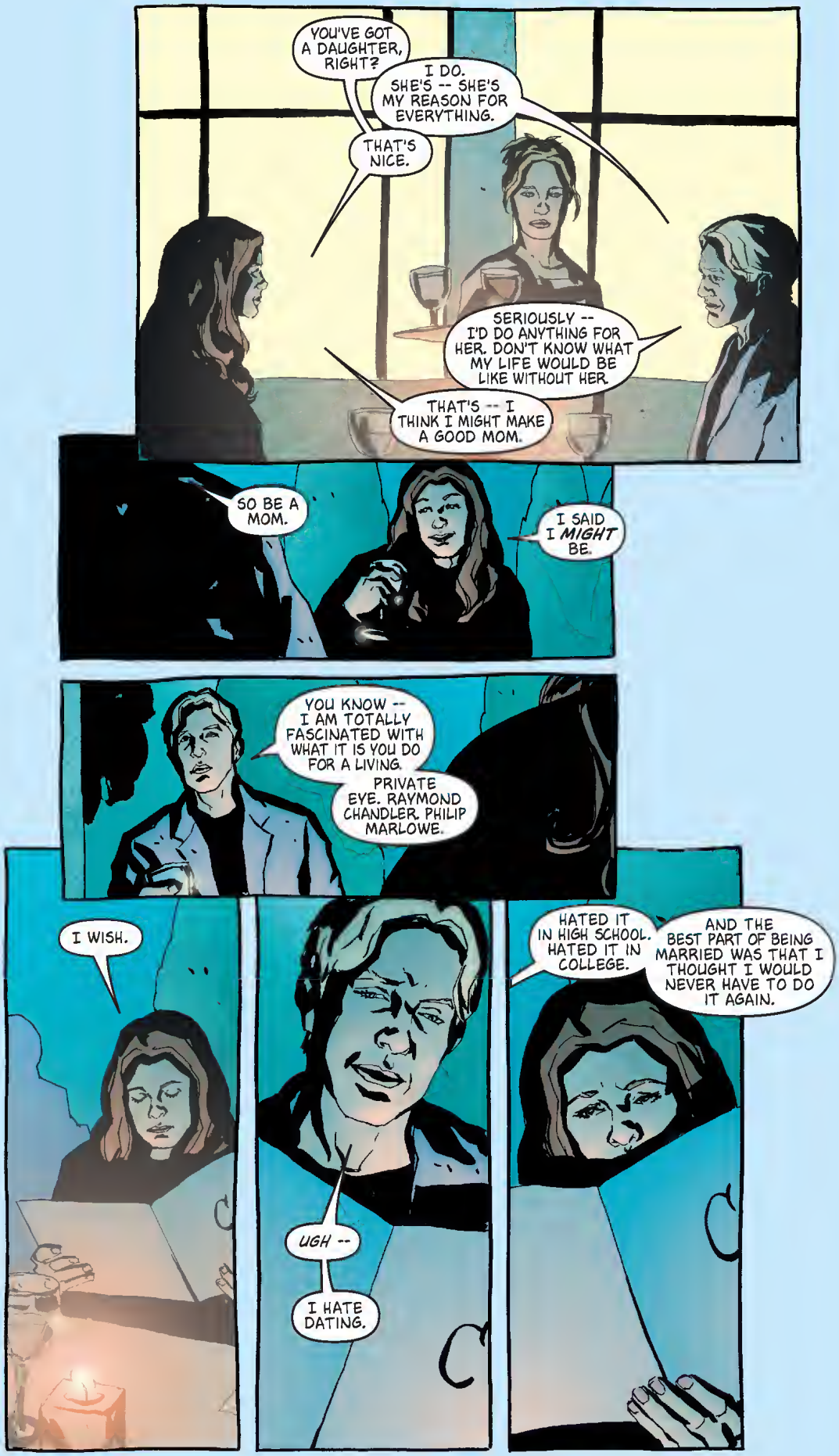

I WAS HOPING WE COULD NOT DRINK TONIGHT.
UM...
IF THAT'S OKAY.
UM...
I'LL HAVE A COKE.
I'LL -- UH -- I'LL HAVE A SPRITE -- I GUESS.
BUT DON'T GO TOO FAR.
I'M SORRY. I JUST -- CAROL TOLD ME YOU HAVE A TENDENCY TO DRINK AND THEN BE MAD AT YOURSELF ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS...
...AND I THOUGHT THIS BEING OUR FIRST DATE, AND A BLIND DATE, AND LIFE BEING TOO SHORT AND ALL THAT MAYBE WE COULD UH -- NOT DRINK AND HAVE A NICE, REAL, GENUINE CONVERSATION.
YOU'RE MAD.
NO, I'M STUNNED.
THIS IS STUNNED.
IF YOU WANT A DRINK, HAVE A DRINK.
I -- CLEARLY I OVERSTEPPED MY --
NO, WE CAN DO IT THIS WAY.
CAROL WASN'T TALKING BEHIND YOUR BACK.
OOOOH, YES SHE WAS.
NO, REALLY.


IT'S OKAY. CLEARLY, WHATEVER SHE SAID WASN'T BAD ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU FROM GOING OUT WITH ME. SO...
WELL, I WASN'T SNOOPING AROUND ON YOU OR ANYTHING.
NO, OF COURSE NOT. SO... YOU WERE IN PRISON?
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, RIGHT HERE. PROFESSIONAL SNOOP PROFESSIONALLY.
YOU CHECKED UP ON ME?
'COURSE.
AS YOU SAID, LIFE'S TOO SHORT.
SO WHAT? WAS THIS BEFORE OR AFTER YOU WERE ONE OF THE ANT-MANS?
I THINK I NEED A DRINK.
HA!
I WAS YOUNG.
I DID SOMETHING INSANELY STUPID. AND I PAID THE PRICE FOR IT.
REHABILITATED, ARE YOU?
I LEFT A BETTER PERSON THAN WHEN I WENT IN AND I NEVER WENT BACK.
AND I NEVER WILL.


DIDN'T MEAN TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT.
NO, I UNDERSTAND.
MY LIFE -- SEE, MY LIFE HAS A BIT OF --
WELL, I CERTAINLY CAN'T CLAIM THAT I ENVISIONED MY LIFE TAKING THE DETOURS THAT IT HAS. CAN'T SAY THAT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE JUST GOT IN YOUR FACE WITH IT. I WAS TRYING TO BE INTRIGUING AND A SMART ASS AND IT BACKFIRED.
AGAIN.
BUT TO BE HONEST -- WHEN I WAS DOING A BACKGROUND CHECK ON YOU, I'M THINKING I'LL BE LOOKING INTO THIS ANT-MAN: SUPER HERO HISTORY -- AND THEN I SEE YOU DID TIME. YOU COULD SEE WHERE...
SURE. AND THEN THERE'S MY DIVORCE.
WELL, ACTUALLY I *LIKE* THAT YOU'RE DIVORCED.
YOU DO?
OH YEAH, DIVORCED MEN ARE THE BEST BOYFRIENDS. EAGER TO PLEASE. TONS OF SHIT TO PROVE.
HA! OH, REALLY?
OH... REALLY.
WELL, WE'LL *SEE.*
WILL WE?


I WAS JUST WONDERING -- I WONDER WHY CAROL THOUGHT TO SET US UP.
NO, I DON'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.
I MEAN -- I WONDER WHAT SHE WAS THINKING OF SPECIFICALLY.
WHAT?
WELL, I'M INCLINED TO SAY THAT IT'S THE WHOLE NOT "ENVISIONING YOUR LIFE TAKING THE DETOURS IT HAS" THING.
(IT WOULD BE NICE IF THAT WAS IT --)
BUT I KNOW THAT, REALLY, IT'S THAT YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE SHE WOULD SLEEP WITH.
I DO?
YES.
SHE HAS, WHAT YOU WOULD CALL, VERY SPECIFIC REQUIREMENTS FOR A GUY -- IN BOTH THE LOOKS AND OCCUPATION DEPARTMENT.
NO MATTER HOW GREAT SOME GUY SHE MIGHT MEET IS -- IF HE DOESN'T "LOOK" THE WAY SHE HAS IMAGINED A BOYFRIEND OF HERS SHOULD LOOK LIKE, IT IS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.
AND YOU ARE DEFINITELY THAT.
WELL, YOU BEEN TO PRISON.
THEN WHY DIDN'T SHE ASK ME OUT FOR HERSELF?
OH, COME ON...


OH NO! NO, NO I DON'T CARE AT ALL. I MAKE NO JUDGMENT. SWEAR.
I'M SAYING THAT'S WHAT'S ROLLING AROUND IN CAROL'S HEAD.
SHE IS ALL SURFACE.
WHICH IS FUNNY CONSIDERING HOW HER POWERS ARE AND THE THINGS SHE MUST HAVE SEEN AND DONE... BUT STILL.
BLONDE HAIR, PROFESSIONAL MAN. BOOM! ON PAPER YOU'RE A HOME RUN.
AH SEE? I BUMMED YOU OUT WITH THE PRISON THING... BUT I MEANT... I WAS TRYING TO COMPLIMENT YOU.
WELL, YOU SHOULD TRY AND DO BETTER THAN THAT.
OKAY. YOU'RE A VERY PATIENT AND CURIOUS MAN.
HOW SO?
BECAUSE OF HOW YOU WERE ON THE PHONE THE OTHER DAY AND YOU'RE TOLERATING THIS CONVERSATION.
ARE YOU KIDDING -- I AM HYPNOTIZED BY THIS CONVERSATION.
REALLY...
I CAN HONESTLY SAY -- I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY OR DO NEXT AND THAT -- THAT IS SOMETHING.
SO, THERE YOU GO.
THERE YOU GO.

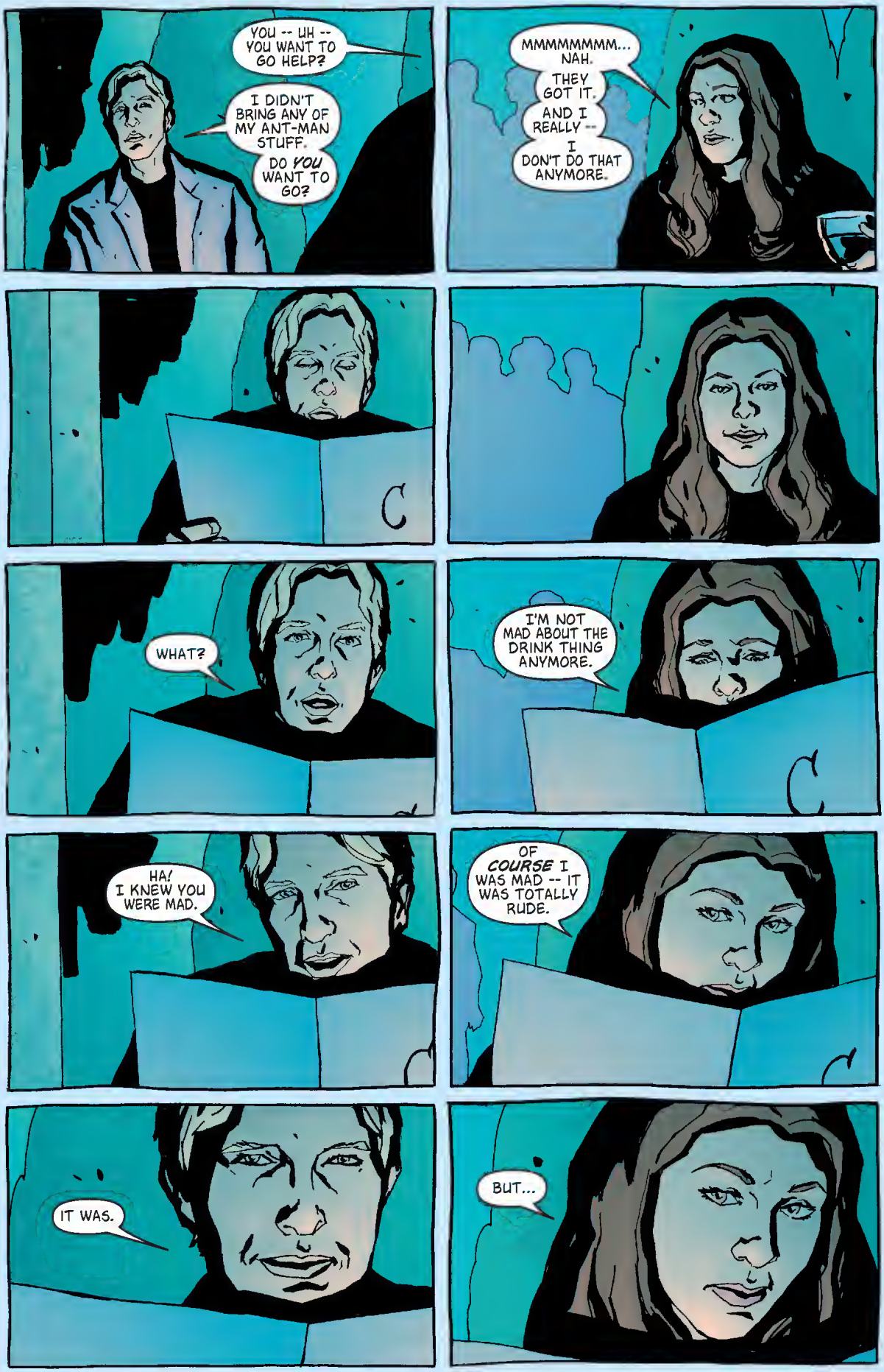

YOU'VE GOT A DAUGHTER, RIGHT?
I DO. SHE'S -- SHE'S MY REASON FOR EVERYTHING.
THAT'S NICE.
SERIOUSLY -- I'D DO ANYTHING FOR HER. DON'T KNOW WHAT MY LIFE WOULD BE LIKE WITHOUT HER.
THAT'S -- I THINK I MIGHT MAKE A GOOD MOM.
SO BE A MOM.
I SAID I *MIGHT* BE.
YOU KNOW -- I AM TOTALLY FASCINATED WITH WHAT IT IS YOU DO FOR A LIVING.
PRIVATE EYE. RAYMOND CHANDLER. PHILIP MARLOWE.
I WISH.
UGH --
I HATE DATING.
HATED IT IN HIGH SCHOOL. HATED IT IN COLLEGE.
AND THE BEST PART OF BEING MARRIED WAS THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN.


SEE, I LEGITIMATELY WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOUR JOB IS LIKE.
IF YOU WERE A GUY, I WOULD WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEING A PRIVATE EYE.
BUT I FEEL LIKE EVERYTHING I AM SAYING SOUNDS FAKE.
GUARDED.
OH, I KNOW. IT'S LIKE --
ESPECIALLY IN OUR LINE OF WORK.
COSTUMES AND ADVENTURES.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLY HARD TO MEET PEOPLE YOU CAN TRUST OR RELATE TO, ISN'T IT?
AND THEN THERE'S ALSO THAT THING WHERE YOU SAY TO YOURSELF -- WHO WOULD WANT TO DATE SOMEONE WHO IS AS FUCKED UP AS SOMEONE LIKE US?
YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON I'VE MET IN TEN YEARS WHO HASN'T ASKED ME WHY I WASN'T A SUPER HERO ANYMORE.
WELL... YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON I HAVE MET IN TEN YEARS WHO HASN'T ASKED ME WHY I WAS A SUPER HERO.
CHEERS.
CHEERS.
SO, WHY AREN'T YOU --
HA! I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DO THAT!
OH, SHIT
WHAT?
OH SHIT...


FUCK!! FUCK!!
MY CAB!


ONE WAY
ONE WAY


HUH.


YOU -- UH -- YOU WANT TO GO HELP?
I DIDN'T BRING ANY OF MY ANT-MAN STUFF.
DO YOU WANT TO GO?
MMMMMMMM... NAH.
THEY GOT IT.
AND I REALLY -- I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE.
WHAT?
I'M NOT MAD ABOUT THE DRINK THING ANYMORE.
HA! I KNEW YOU WERE MAD.
OF COURSE I WAS MAD -- IT WAS TOTALLY RUDE.
IT WAS.
BUT...


NOT...
NOT WITHOUT...
I GUESS, I KIND OF NEEDED SOMEONE TO DO THAT FOR ME.
CHRISTINE
I DON'T THINK OUR WAITRESS IS COMING BACK.
NeXT: uNDeRNeaTH


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--with reports that bystanders caught in the middle of the fight between Spider-Man and his opponents, one of whom has been identified as Doctor Octopus, were able to escape shortly before the hotel collapsed.

LAPD SWAT units and helicopters are searching the area looking for Doctor Octopus and the man who may either have been an accomplice or who may also have been fighting Doctor Octopus for reasons not yet known.

"We also have no information on the fate of Spider-Man, who may or may not have been able to escape the scene before the hotel collapsed.

"According to structural experts, it is unlikely that anyone inside the hotel when it collapsed could have survived."

I can't breathe... can't breathe.

Keep moving... don't black out... If you black out you die.

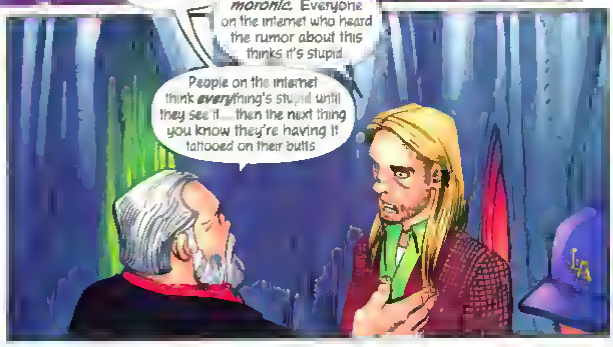


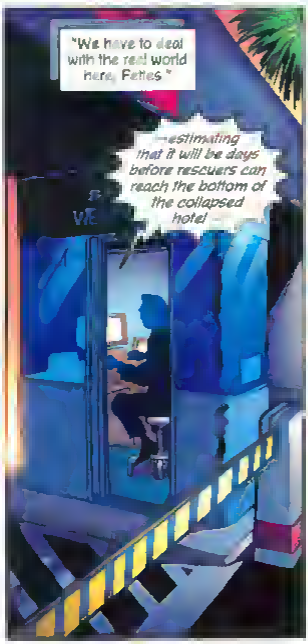
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ALAN FINE Chairman Emeritus


Amazing what five million dollars worth of lumber, paint and chrome can buy these days, isn't it, Al?
Yessir.
Any word from the director?
No sir. He's caught in traffic. Front gate's talking about some kind of problem up the road at the hotel --
Look, we have to get these camera tests on hair, makeup and wardrobe done in time for the studio brass to approve it before we shoot. We don't need the director for that part. Tell 'em to get out here.
Yes sir, Mister Devereaux.
We need first-team on the set.
That's why producers make the big bucks, Al. When everybody else flakes out, we get things done.
Hey, Rick, how's it going?
Fine, Mr. Devereaux. Have you lost weight? You look great.
Thanks. So Mary Jane, you've met your love interest?
Yes, I --
Great, that's great, now --
Excuse me, but I thought there was supposed to be a closed set for these tests --
It's just a skeleton crew, MJ. I promise if anyone here sees anything he hasn't seen before, I'll shoot it personally.
I understand, but --
Time's wasting, so let's get to it.
Mr. Devereaux --
Oh, cruel...
What?
It's the writer, Fellas Gray. I gave the office specific instructions that he wasn't invited --
Why didn't I get a call sheet for the camera test?
I don't know... I gave my assistant specific instructions that you were to be faxed the call sheet wherever you were. I'll have her fired at once.
We have bigger problems than that. Have you seen this last batch of notes?
This isn't the best time to --
They don't like Lobster-Man's origin. They said it was stupid and improbable and not deep enough. What the hell does that mean?
How was he created?

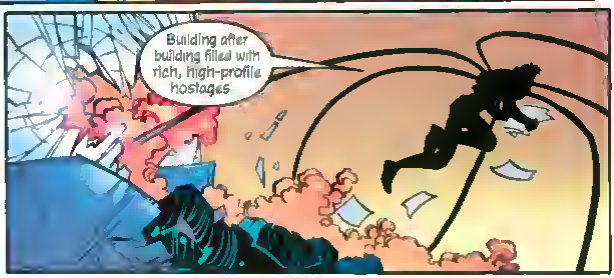

By a bite from a radioactive lobster...
Here we go again...
They want something bigger, like he was summoned to the job by, I get this some kind of Giant Lobster God!


Look, Fettes... radiation is passe. It is so last-century. We have to move on, create new myths for a new audience. Besides, if it's a Lobster God rather than a one-time-only accident we can have all kinds of sequels... Lobster-Boy and Lobster-Girl and the Evil Lobster-Man, you name it.


Fettes... be reasonable.
Reasonable? It's moronic. Everyone on the internet who heard the rumor about this thinks it's stupid.
People on the internet think everything's stupid until they see it... then the next thing you know they're having it tattooed on their butts.


"We have to deal with the real world here, Fettes."
...estimating that it will be days before rescuers can reach the bottom of the collapsed hotel...


"And stuff like this just doesn't happen in the real world."
Sorry, pal, but you've got something I need.

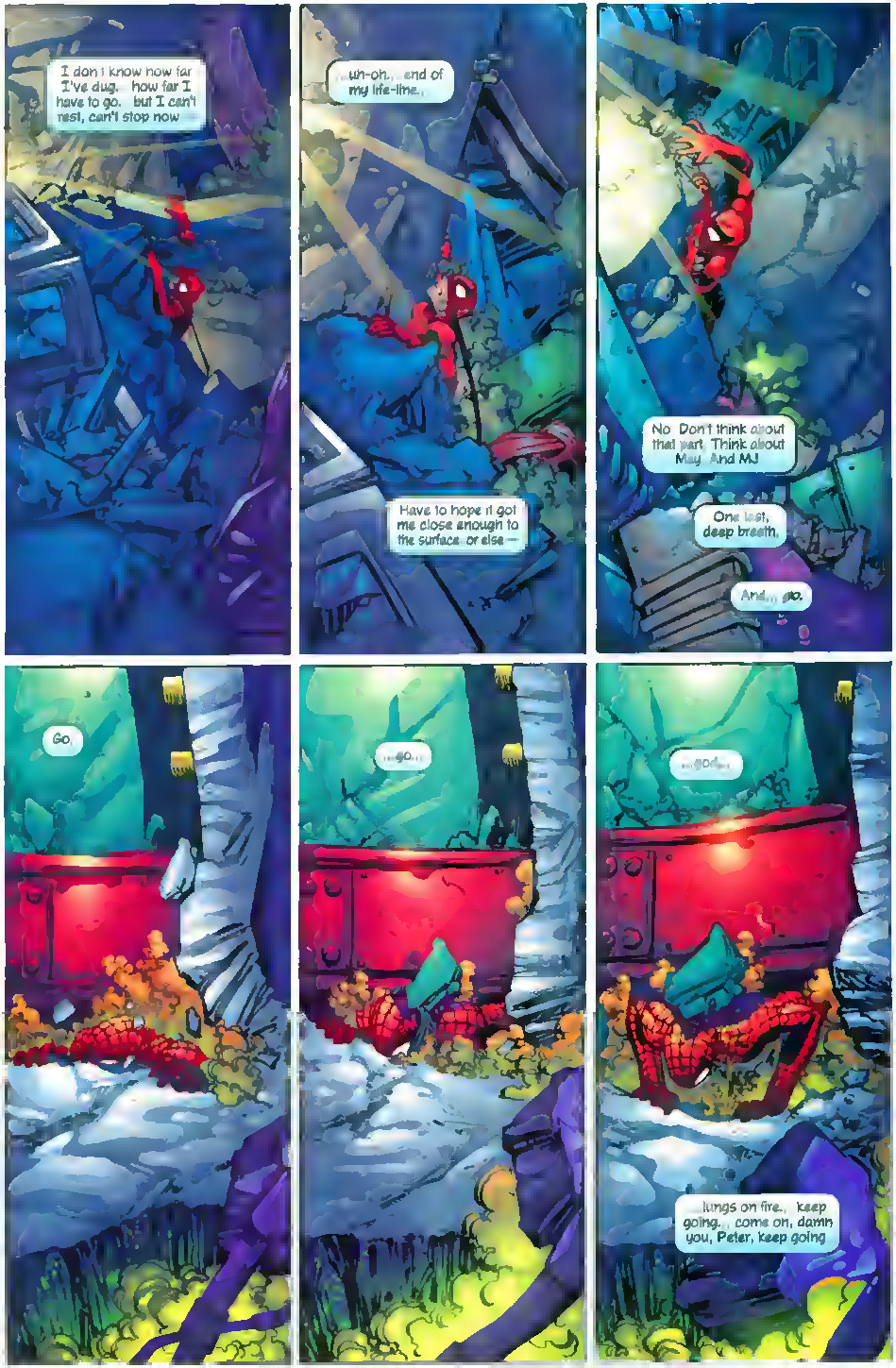

Building after building filled with rich, high-profile hostages


I can't stay here... the debris keeps shifting... collapsing... it's only a matter of time before everything around me... everything *including* me... gets flattened under a few hundred thousand tons of wreckage...
And I can't try to leave... because one wrong move and this all comes down around me... it means leaving my supply of air behind at some point... not a big deal if I'm only under ten feet of debris... but if it's twenty, or thirty...
...or forty... or more...
I'll never make it before I run out of air. I can't try it.
Except -- I remember now -- as the place came down...
Doc Ock and the new guy... Carlyle... they were headed for the studio, headed for hostages, headed for --


Have to try
Have to
Have --
--to --
--try
Mary Jane.
Aunt May.


Mary Jane...?
Excuse me, ma'am, but you're going to have to leave... the tour's that way, ↑ --
No, it's all right, she's with me
Is everything all right?
Yes... well, no, that is... Peter had to go.
Oh. Well, I suppose I should have expected --
No. I mean he... had to go.
...itsy-bitsy spider went up the water-spout...
Got it
There's some kind of trouble up the hill --
WHAMMM
WHAMMM

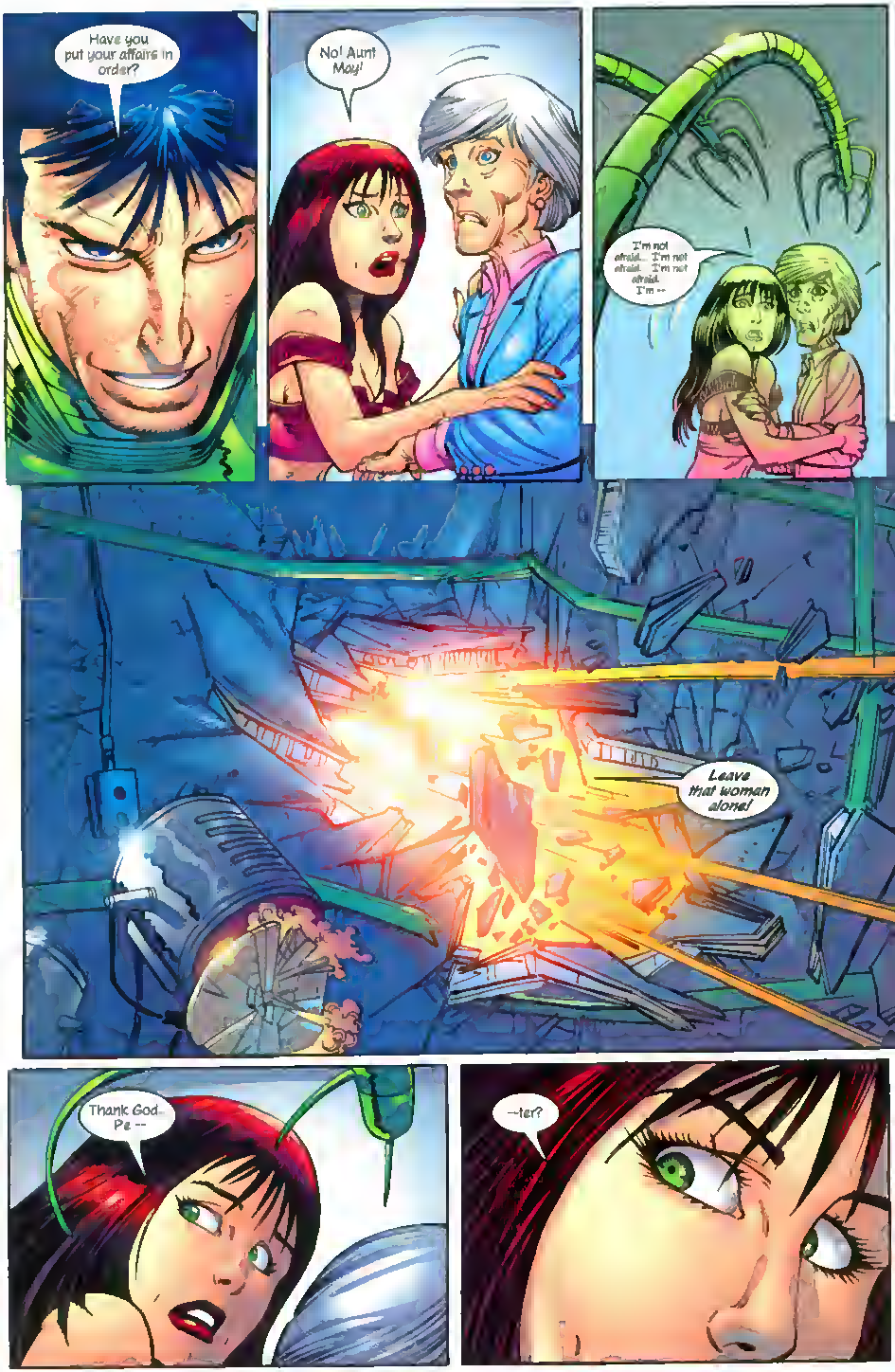

Well... just what I was looking for. A perfect cross-section of hostages and potential casualties. All we need now is a teamster with a truck and --
--and --
Tell me that... your... aren't really what you look like, are you?
I...
No. It's just wardrobe.
Good.
OoOfff!
Rick!
"Such a relief. I was afraid that entrance requirements in the hero community had hit an all-time low."


I don't know how far I've dug. how far I have to go. but I can't rest, can't stop now
...uh-oh... end of my life-line...
Have to hope it got me close enough to the surface. or else —
No. Don't think about that part. Think about May. And MJ.
One last, deep breath.
And... go.
Go.
...go...
...go!...
...lungs on fire... keep going... come on, damn you, Peter, keep going


Can't breathe... can't stop... can't breathe... can't stop...
One last push. One last...
If this doesn't work... I love you, MJ. I love you, Aunt May.
Goodbye.
Push.
Push.
Damn you. don't you dare give up... not now... when they need you... push! Come on, Peter! Push! Push!
Push!
Hkkkkk hhhkkkk...


Hey... you hear something?
Whoa!
Unnh! What the --
...dude...
Not today...
Not today...


Look, whoever you are, if you're smart you'll take a hike and get away while you still can
While I still *can*? Are *you* threatening *me*, in *that*?
If you harm us, there's no way on earth you're getting out of here in one piece. The LAPD has a policy they don't negotiate over hostages. No one will.
Well, now, let's not be hasty
Look, I don't know what this is all about, but I'm sure we can come to a reasonable compromise. This studio has considerable influence with the city, and I'm a person of some importance myself, so you just tell me what you want and --
What I want?
I want a fast car out of here, no pursuit, and no interference from *anyone*. But I know they won't take me seriously, no one ever does
Until someone dies.
So I have to make them understand just how serious I am
But to show I'm not completely heartless I should pick someone... expendable. Someone who's already had a good, long life.
So, ma'am, let me ask you a question

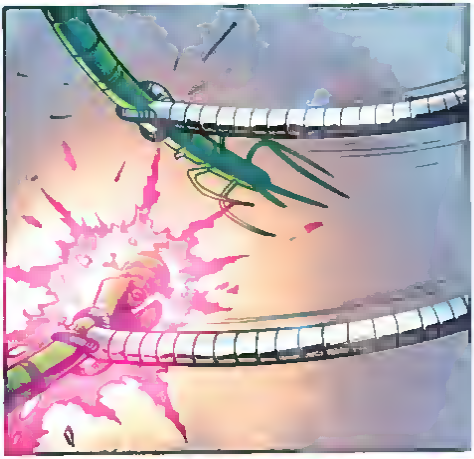

Have you put your affairs in order?
No! Aunt May!
I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid. I'm --
Leave that woman alone!
Thank God. Pe --
--ter?

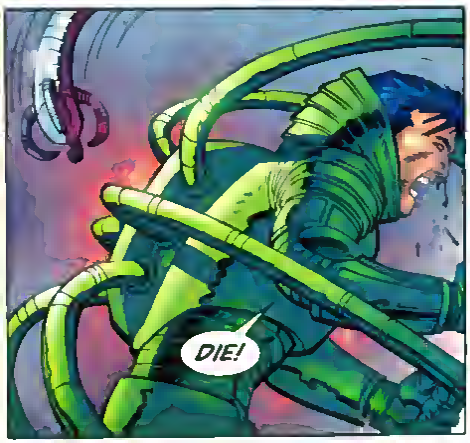

I want no distractions! If you think for a minute you're going to get away with my technology you're --
Otto?
May?
Otto...? Otto Octavius?
"Brad! Jane!! Doctor Scott!"
You just don't know when to give up, do you?

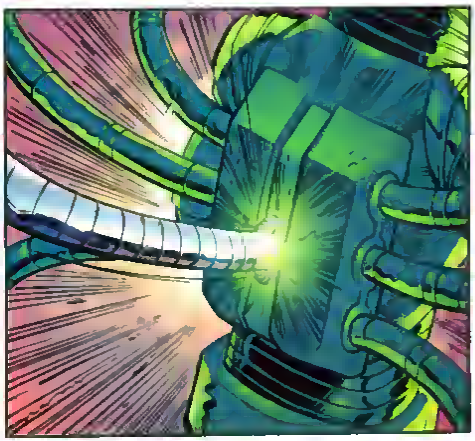

Never!
--Urrgh!
All right enough's enough




Die, old man.

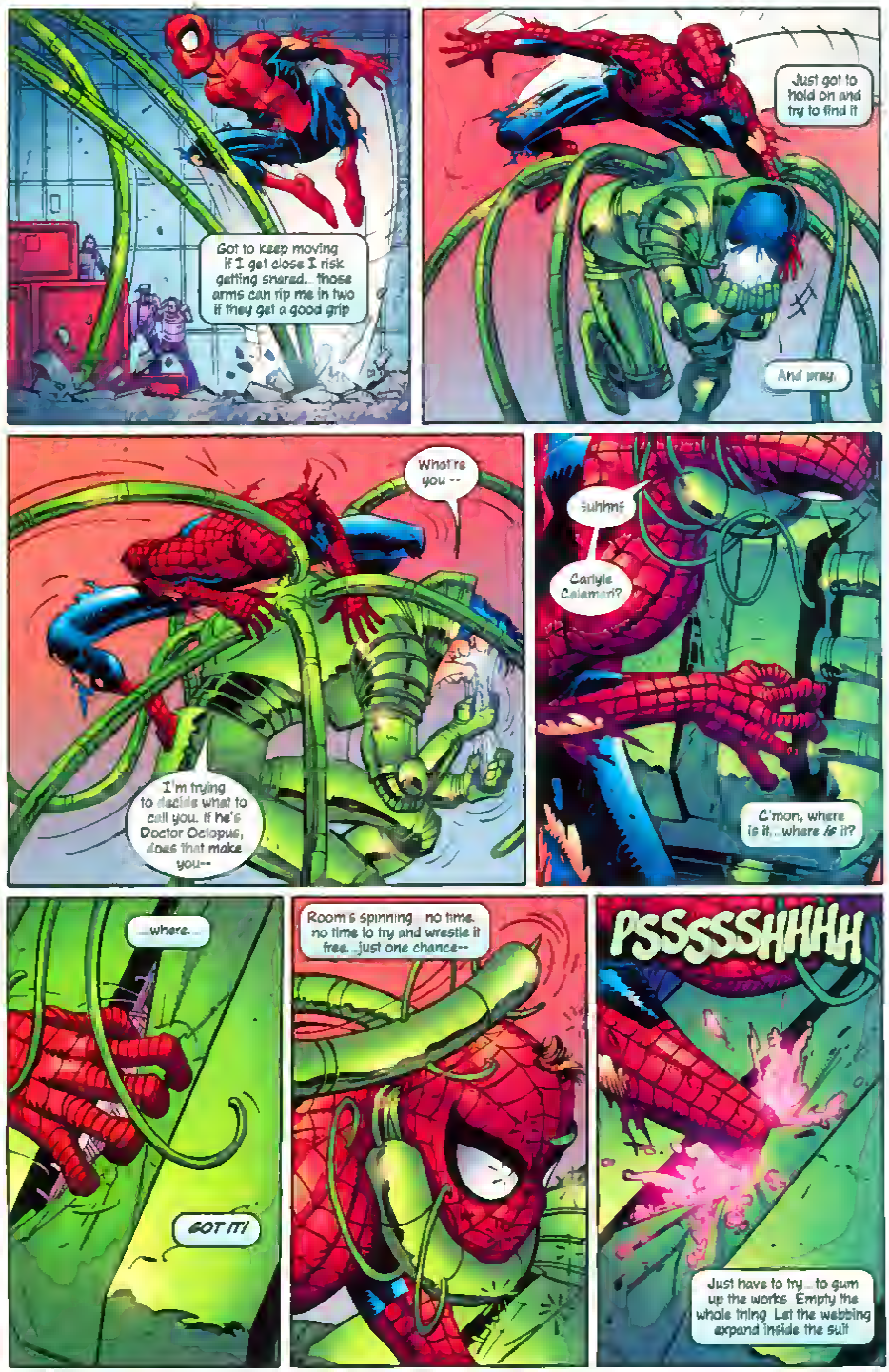



DIE!



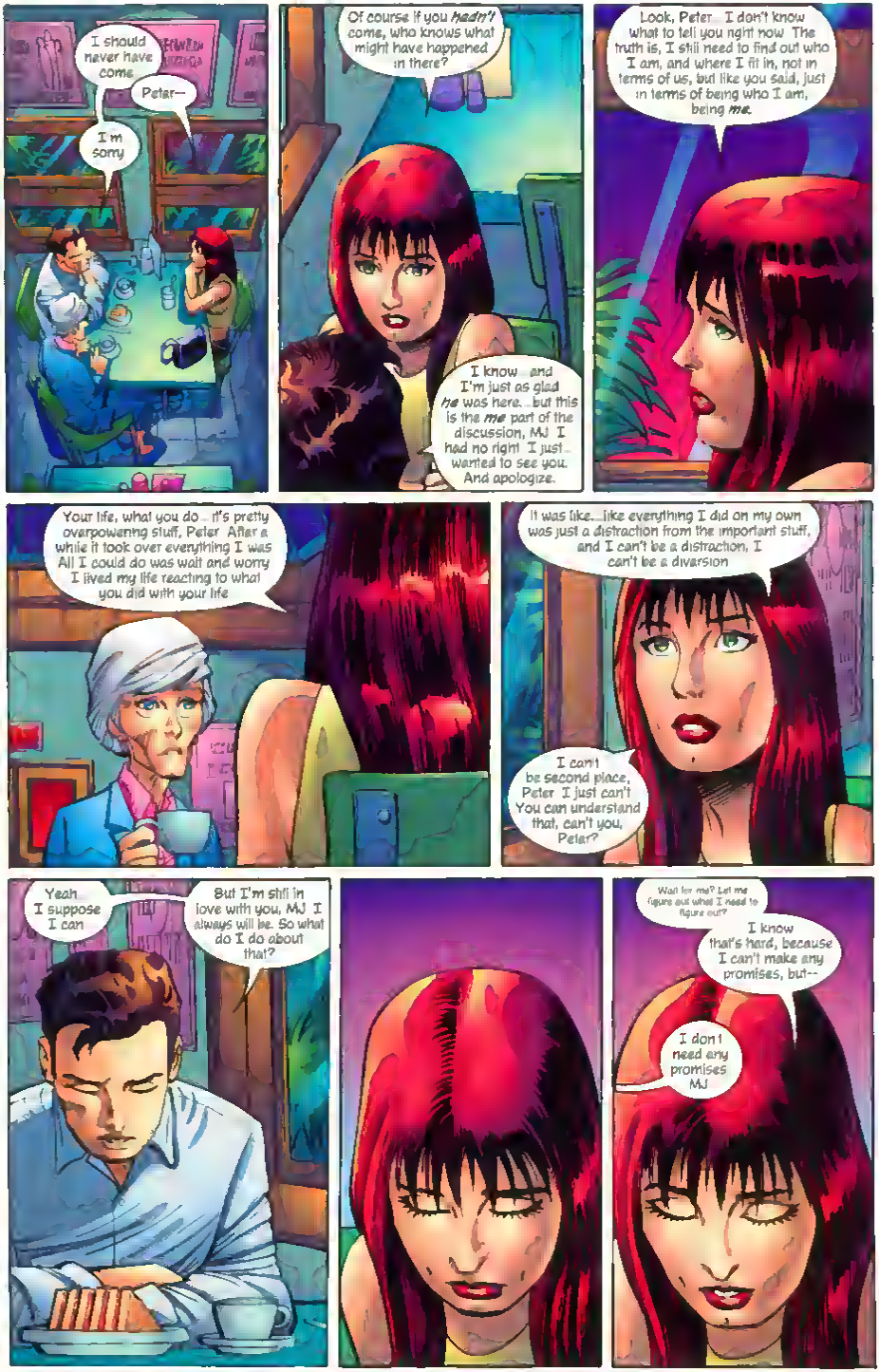

Agh!
You're a fool, Octavius. You should have stayed away. There was room for two of us. But you had to press the issue. And now you have to learn the lesson every stubborn man learns sooner or later.
Whoever has the most advanced technology always wins in the end.
What the —
Thanks for pointing out the obvious
But it only works if there's nobody else in town more advanced than you are.
Which would include pretty much anybody else shopping at the Sharper Image these days.
Is that—
Yes. But I... think you should stay under here for a while. It's... It's safer
I catch MJ keeping Aunt May away, where she can't see what shape I'm in, and where she's safe


Which is all I need to know
Just got to hit and run wear him out. For as strong as that suit is, it's still a normal man inside.
Hit and run and stay clear of those—
--arms--
OOF!
I think he cracked a rib.
Can't let that slow me down... can't
his shell...
What?
I made a small crack... just behind...
...maybe you can still take him out
You're helping me?
No... I'm hurting him.


Got to keep moving. If I get close I risk getting snared.. those arms can rip me in two if they get a good grip
Just got to hold on and try to find it
And pray.
What're you --
I'm trying to decide what to call you. If he's Doctor Octopus, does that make you--
Suhhhh
Carlyle Calamari?
C'mon, where is it...where is it?
...where...
GOT IT!
Room's spinning... no time, no time to try and wrestle it free...just one chance--
PSSSSSHHHH
Just have to try...to gum up the works. Empty the whole thing. Let the webbing expand inside the suit


Ow!!
Have to hope it's enough.. enough to--
Got you now, got--
What the--can't move--
No--
NO!
KRUMMP


Is it--
And he's--
Yep. It's okay, Aunt May. We're safe now.
I think he's fine.
Never thought I'd owe you one, Doc, and I know you did it just to save your own ass, but even so, I--
Damn.
Rick! Are you okay?
Yeah, I... I think so...
Here, let me help you.
So where's the brass--
--band...
This was a mistake I should never have come


I should never have come
Peter--
I'm sorry
Of course if you hadn't come, who knows what might have happened in there?
I know... and I'm just as glad he was here... but this is the me part of the discussion, MJ. I had no right. I just... wanted to see you. And apologize.
Look, Peter... I don't know what to tell you right now. The truth is, I still need to find out who I am, and where I fit in, not in terms of us, but like you said, just in terms of being who I am, being me.
Your life, what you do... it's pretty overpowering stuff, Peter. After a while it took over everything. I was all I could do was wait and worry. I lived my life reacting to what you did with your life.
It was like...like everything I did on my own was just a distraction from the important stuff, and I can't be a distraction, I can't be a diversion.
I can't be second place, Peter. I just can't. You can understand that, can't you, Peter?
Yeah... I suppose I can.
But I'm still in love with you, MJ. I always will be. So what do I do about that?
Wait for me? Let me figure out what I need to figure out?
I know that's hard, because I can't make any promises, but--
I don't need any promises, MJ.

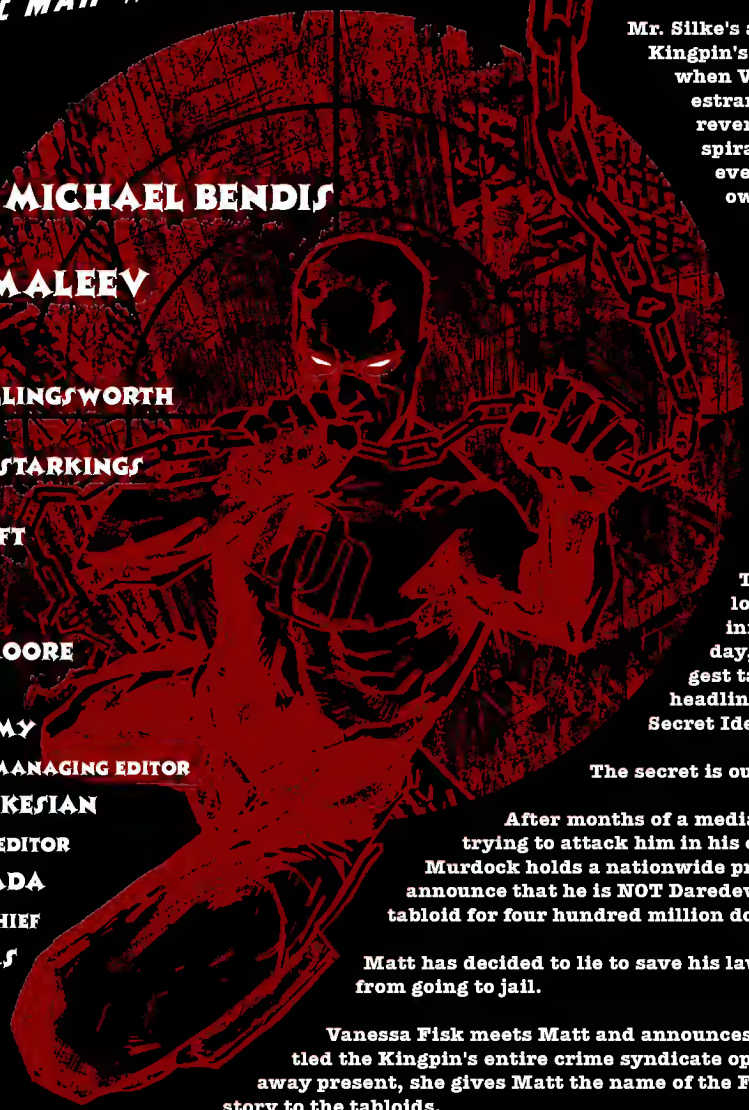

I'll wait for you as long as you need. Or until the stars turn cold and fall from the sky. Whichever comes first.
You've been awfully quiet, Aunt May.
Have I? Yes, I suppose I have been. I was just thinking--
Peter, I know that you're--
Right.
And Octavius... all this time, he was--
Doc Octopus, that's right.
Is there anything you want to tell me, Mary Jane?
No, Aunt May.
Good. good... that's very good, Mary Jane. Because I'm strong. I found out I'm a lot stronger than I ever thought I was.
But I'm not invulnerable. And I love you both more than I can say.
You just want the rest of my chocolate cake, don't you?
Just the parts with the frosting.
END



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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS. HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE.

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
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ALEX MALEEV
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EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke's attempt to take over the Kingpin's territory backfires when Vanessa, the Kingpin's estranged wife, exacts revenge on all his fellow conspirators, brutally killing everyone including her own son.

Afraid for his life, Silke turns himself into the FBI. When they refuse his request for protection, he gives them the one piece of information that the Kingpin had that he thinks will save him:

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information. But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads: Daredevil's Secret Identity Revealed!

The secret is out.

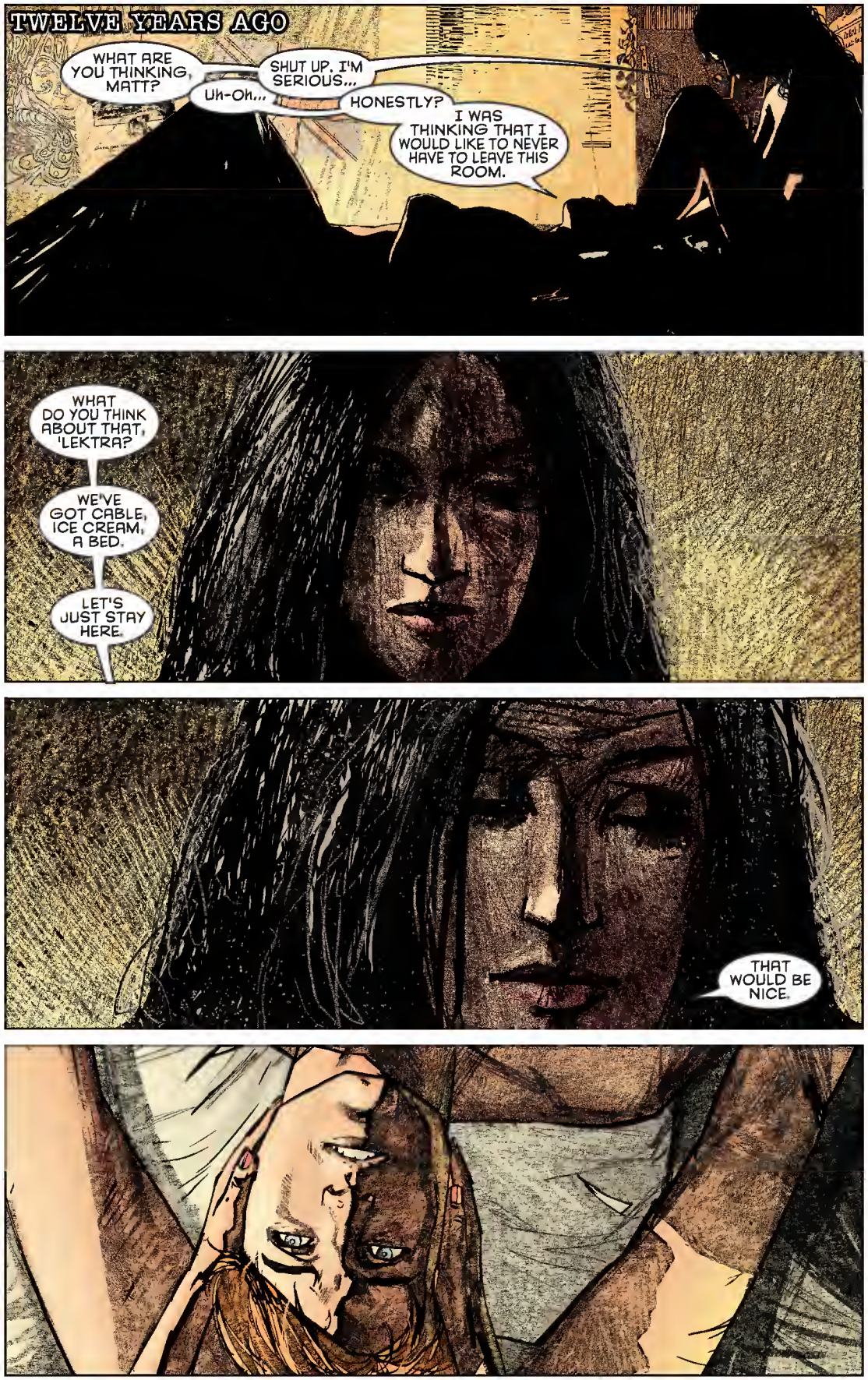
After months of a media circus with old villains trying to attack him in his civilian identity, Matt Murdock holds a nationwide press conference to announce that he is NOT Daredevil and he is suing the tabloid for four hundred million dollars.

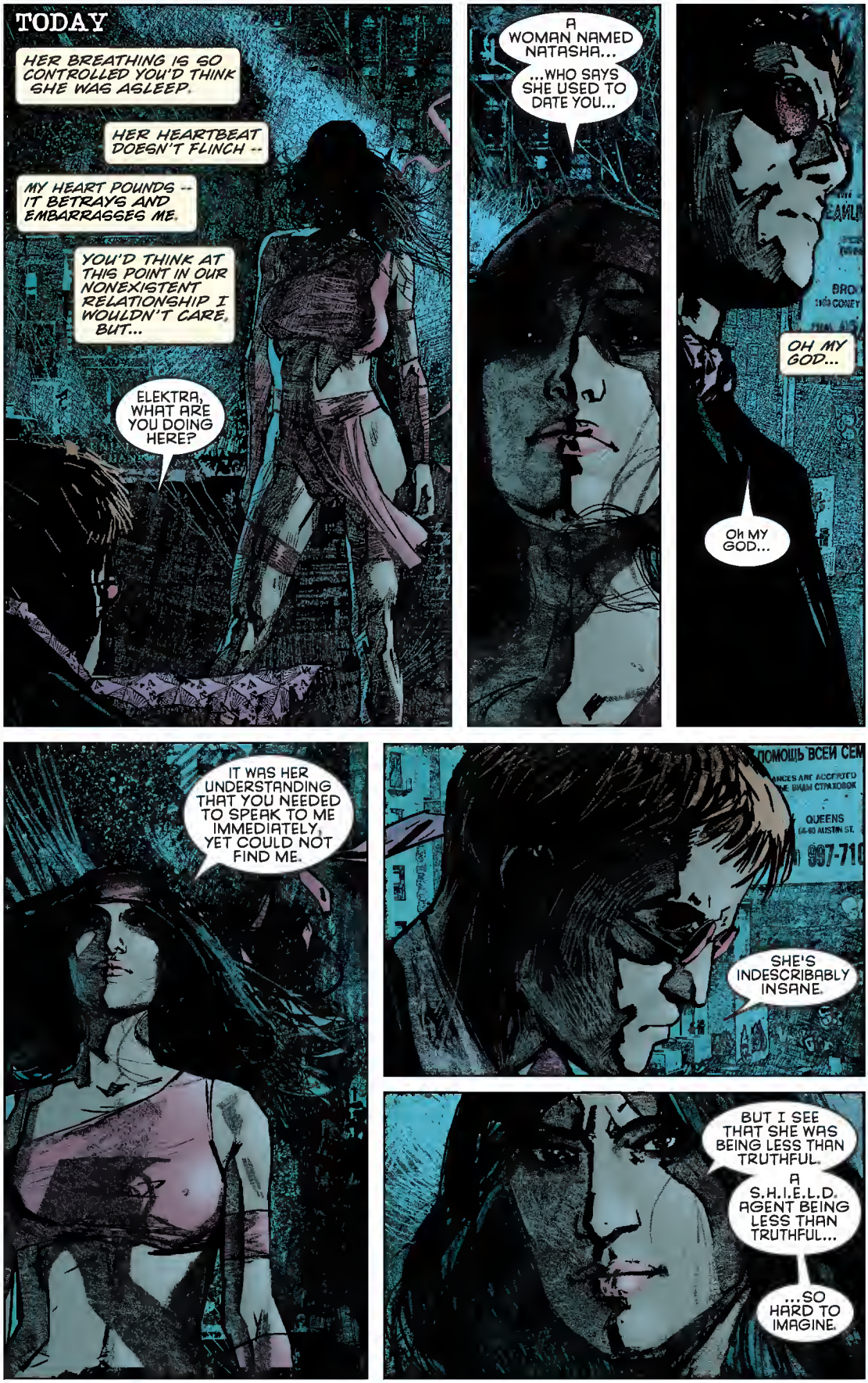
Matt has decided to lie to save his law practice and himself from going to jail.

Vanessa Fisk meets Matt and announces that she has dismantled the Kingpin's entire crime syndicate operation. As a going away present, she gives Matt the name of the FBI agent that sold his story to the tabloids.

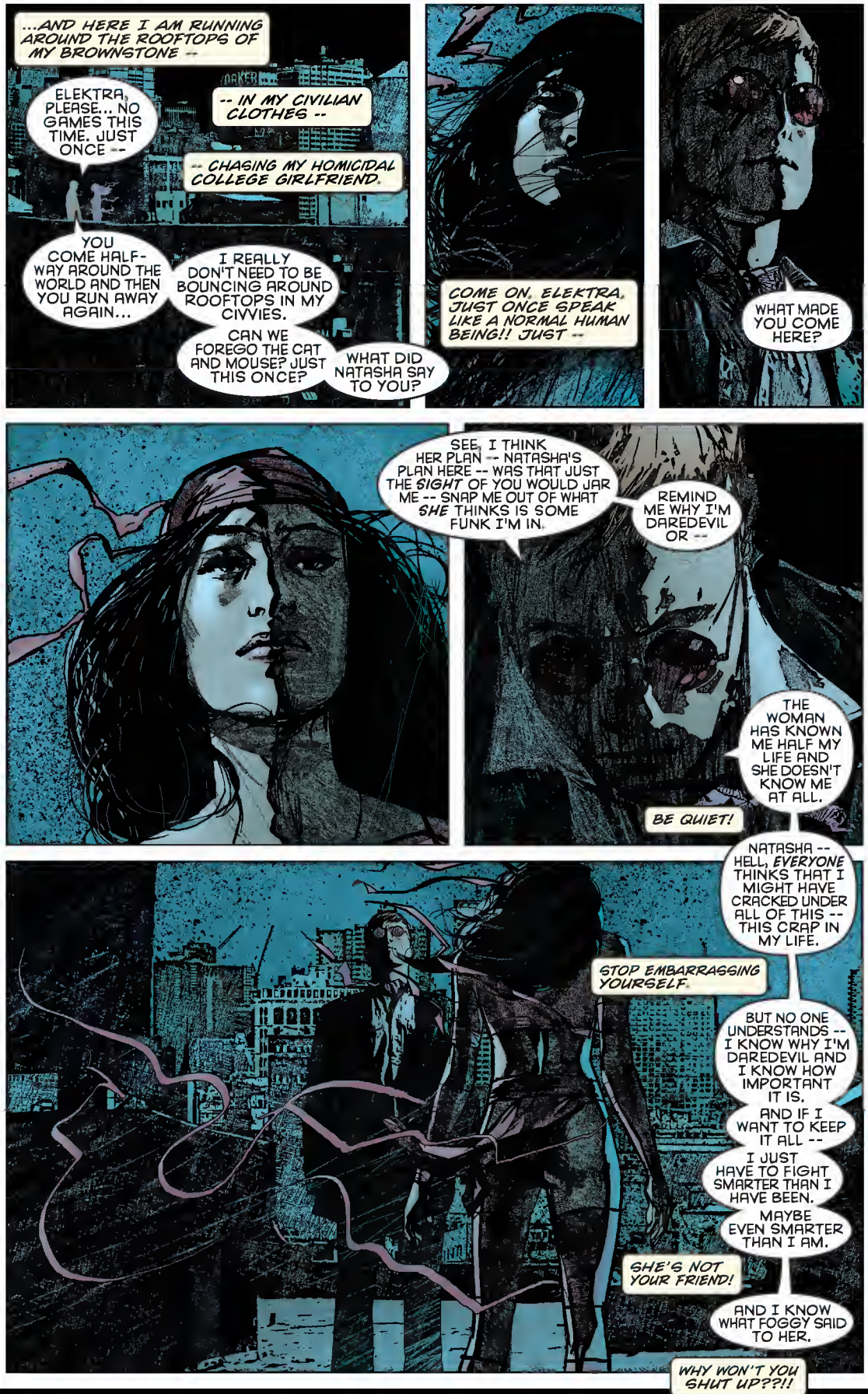
Matt's ex crime fighting partner, the Black Widow, is disturbed to see that Matt has put his secret identity away to focus on the legal fight in front of him. She makes a phone call to a voice from Daredevil's past in an attempt to shake Matt out of the mental rut she thinks he is in. Elektra has come to visit.

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TWELVE YEARS AGO
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, MATT?
Uh-Oh...
SHUT UP. I'M SERIOUS...
HONESTLY?
I WAS THINKING THAT I WOULD LIKE TO NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE THIS ROOM.
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, 'LEKTRA?
WE'VE GOT CABLE, ICE CREAM, A BED.
LET'S JUST STAY HERE.
THAT WOULD BE NICE.

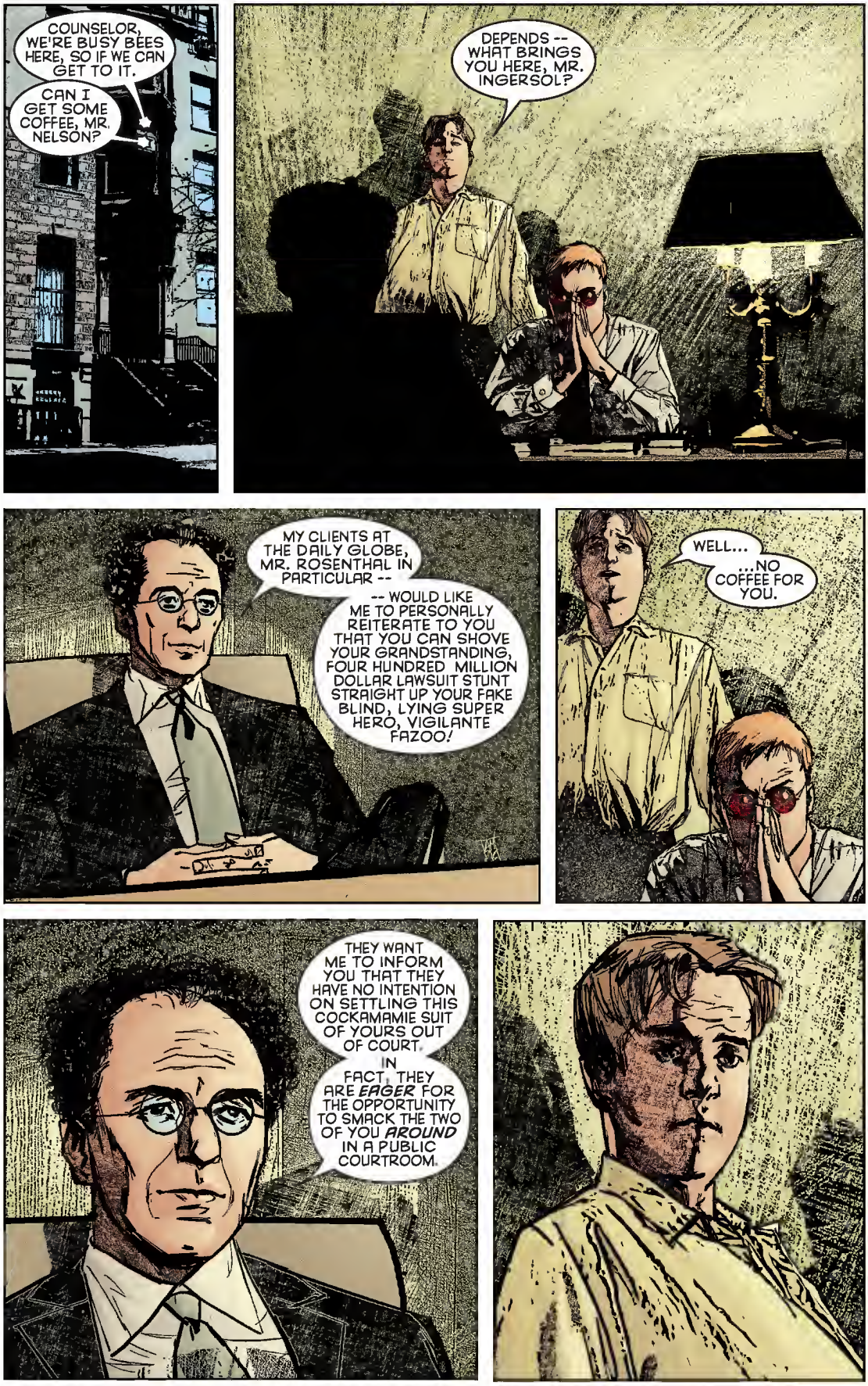

TODAY
HER BREATHING IS SO CONTROLLED YOU'D THINK SHE WAS ASLEEP.
HER HEARTBEAT DOESN'T FLINCH --
MY HEART POUNDS -- IT BETRAYS AND EMBARRASSES ME.
YOU'D THINK AT THIS POINT IN OUR NONEXISTENT RELATIONSHIP I WOULDN'T CARE. BUT...
ELEKTRA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
A WOMAN NAMED NATASHA...
...WHO SAYS SHE USED TO DATE YOU...
OH MY GOD...
Oh MY GOD...
IT WAS HER UNDERSTANDING THAT YOU NEEDED TO SPEAK TO ME IMMEDIATELY, YET COULD NOT FIND ME.
ПОМОЩЬ ВСЕЙ СЕМ
QUEENS
SHE'S INDESCRIBABLY INSANE.
BUT I SEE THAT SHE WAS BEING LESS THAN TRUTHFUL.
A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT BEING LESS THAN TRUTHFUL...
...SO HARD TO IMAGINE.

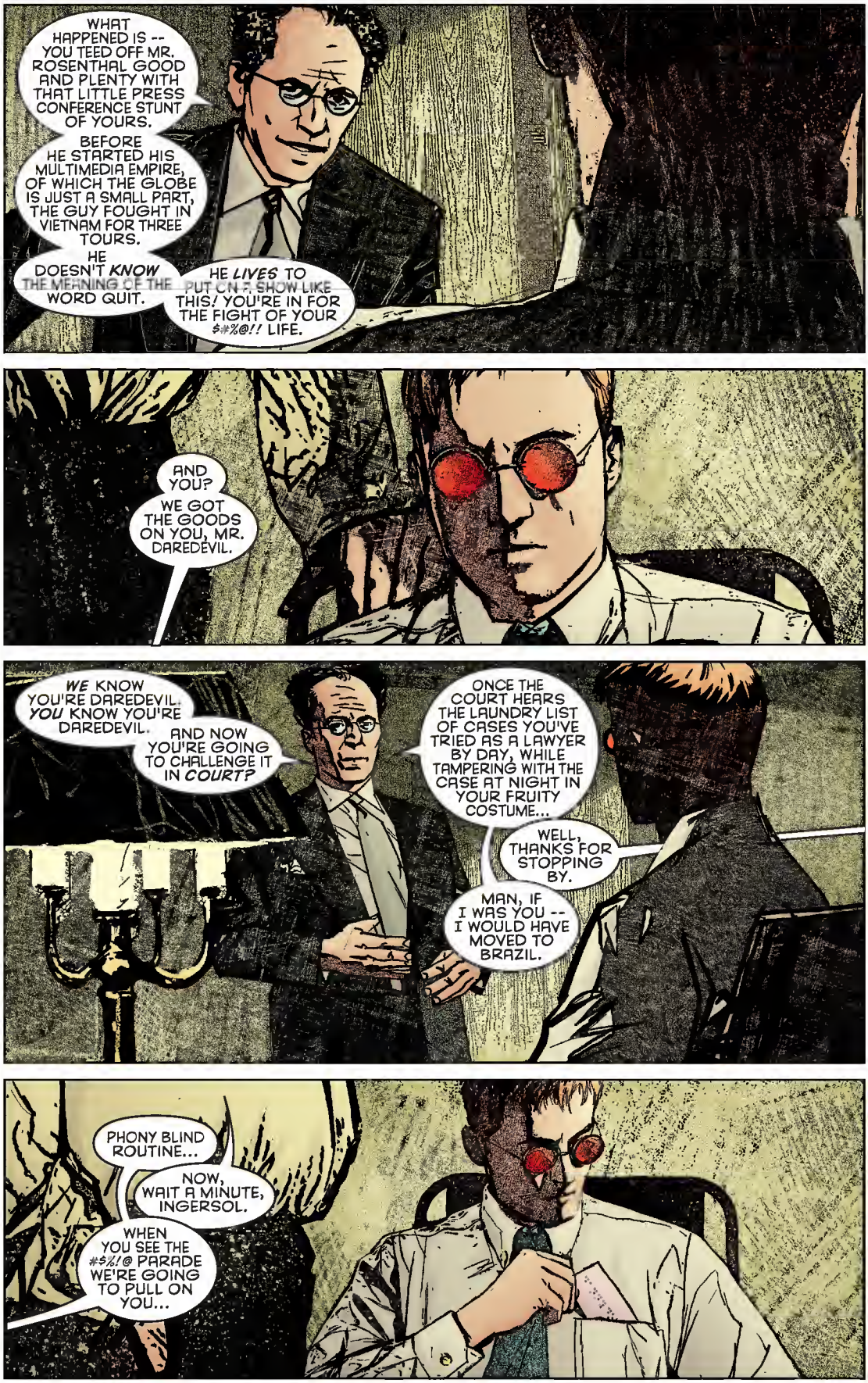

WHAT EXACTLY DID SHE SAY?
MAYBE IT'S BEST THAT I GO.
MY ENTIRE LIFE HAS BECOME A HELLISH PAPARAZZI NIGHTMARE --
ELEKTRA!
DAMN IT!
EVERY LITTLE MEDIA WEASEL IS TROLLING AROUND LOOKING FOR CONCRETE PROOF THAT I AM ACTUALLY DAREDEVIL.
EVERYONE LOOKING TO GET THE GOODS ON ME...


...AND HERE I AM RUNNING AROUND THE ROOFTOPS OF MY BROWNSTONE --
-- IN MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES --
-- CHASING MY HOMICIDAL COLLEGE GIRLFRIEND.
ELEKTRA, PLEASE... NO GAMES THIS TIME. JUST ONCE --
YOU COME HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD AND THEN YOU RUN AWAY AGAIN...
I REALLY DON'T NEED TO BE BOUNCING AROUND ROOFTOPS IN MY CIVVIES.
CAN WE FOREGO THE CAT AND MOUSE? JUST THIS ONCE?
WHAT DID NATASHA SAY TO YOU?
COME ON, ELEKTRA, JUST ONCE SPEAK LIKE A NORMAL HUMAN BEING!! JUST --
WHAT MADE YOU COME HERE?
SEE, I THINK HER PLAN -- NATASHA'S PLAN HERE -- WAS THAT JUST THE SIGHT OF YOU WOULD JAR ME -- SNAP ME OUT OF WHAT SHE THINKS IS SOME FUNK I'M IN.
REMIND ME WHY I'M DAREDEVIL OR --
THE WOMAN HAS KNOWN ME HALF MY LIFE AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW ME AT ALL.
BE QUIET!
NATASHA -- HELL, EVERYONE THINKS THAT I MIGHT HAVE CRACKED UNDER ALL OF THIS -- THIS CRAP IN MY LIFE.
STOP EMBARRASSING YOURSELF.
BUT NO ONE UNDERSTANDS -- I KNOW WHY I'M DAREDEVIL AND I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS.
AND IF I WANT TO KEEP IT ALL --
I JUST HAVE TO FIGHT SMARTER THAN I HAVE BEEN.
MAYBE EVEN SMARTER THAN I AM.
SHE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND!
AND I KNOW WHAT FOGGY SAID TO HER.
WHY WON'T YOU SHUT UP??!!


FOGGY -- FOGGY SAYS THAT THERE'S -- HE SAYS WE LIVE IN A CYCLE OF VIOLENCE.
WE DO.
Uh...
WELL, HE SAYS THAT WE CREATE -- THAT I CREATE A CYCLE OF VIOLENCE EVERY TIME I PUT ON MY COSTUME --
SHE'S NOT YOUR PRIEST!
MY FIRST SENSEI SAID TO ME: THE ONLY DEATH THAT YOU CAN TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR --
-- IS ONE THAT YOU COMMIT WITH YOUR OWN HAND.
HE'S RIGHT.
I KNOW --
HE IS RIGHT.
DON'T DO IT. DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF AGAIN.
LET IT GO.
HOLD IT IN.
STICK WOULD LAUGH AT YOU.
DON'T --
YOU --
DO --
IT!!


SOMETIMES, I --
DON'T!!
I STILL WISH WE NEVER LEFT THAT ROOM.
AAAAAND... YOU DID IT.
HER HEART DIDN'T SKIP. HER BREATHING DIDN'T BUDGE.
I DESERVED THAT.
IDIOT.
NATASHA, WHEREVER YOU ARE, YOU ARE THE SINGLE WORST EX-GIRLFRIEND THAT EVER EXISTED.
AND COMING FROM ME -- THAT IS SAYING SOMETHING.


COUNSELOR, WE'RE BUSY BEES HERE, SO IF WE CAN GET TO IT.
CAN I GET SOME COFFEE, MR. NELSON?
DEPENDS -- WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, MR. INGERSOL?
MY CLIENTS AT THE DAILY GLOBE, MR. ROSENTHAL IN PARTICULAR --
-- WOULD LIKE ME TO PERSONALLY REITERATE TO YOU THAT YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR GRANDSTANDING, FOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR LAWSUIT STUNT STRAIGHT UP YOUR FAKE BLIND, LYING SUPER HERO, VIGILANTE FAZOO!
WELL...
...NO COFFEE FOR YOU.
THEY WANT ME TO INFORM YOU THAT THEY HAVE NO INTENTION ON SETTLING THIS COCKAMAMIE SUIT OF YOURS OUT OF COURT.
IN FACT, THEY ARE *EAGER* FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO SMACK THE TWO OF YOU *AROUND* IN A PUBLIC COURTROOM.

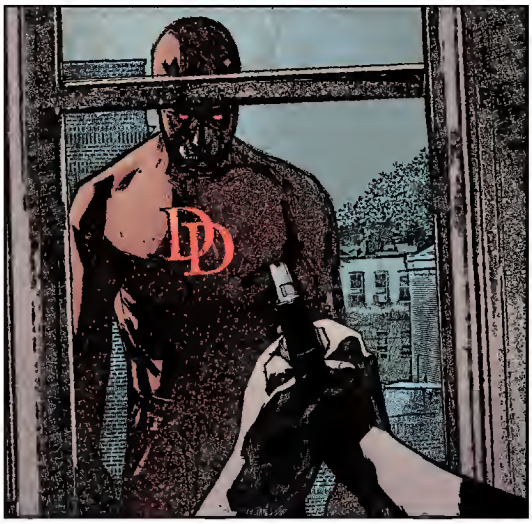

WHAT HAPPENED IS -- YOU TEED OFF MR. ROSENTHAL GOOD AND PLENTY WITH THAT LITTLE PRESS CONFERENCE STUNT OF YOURS.
BEFORE HE STARTED HIS MULTIMEDIA EMPIRE, OF WHICH THE GLOBE IS JUST A SMALL PART, THE GUY FOUGHT IN VIETNAM FOR THREE TOURS.
HE DOESN'T *KNOW* THE MEANING OF THE WORD QUIT.
HE *LIVES* TO PUT ON A SHOW LIKE THIS! YOU'RE IN FOR THE FIGHT OF YOUR $#%@!! LIFE.
AND YOU?
WE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU, MR. DAREDEVIL.
WE KNOW YOU'RE DAREDEVIL. *YOU* KNOW YOU'RE DAREDEVIL.
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO CHALLENGE IT IN *COURT?*
ONCE THE COURT HEARS THE LAUNDRY LIST OF CASES YOU'VE TRIED AS A LAWYER BY DAY, WHILE TAMPERING WITH THE CASE AT NIGHT IN YOUR FRUITY COSTUME...
WELL, THANKS FOR STOPPING BY.
MAN, IF I WAS YOU -- I WOULD HAVE MOVED TO BRAZIL.
PHONY BLIND ROUTINE...
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, INGERSOL.
WHEN YOU SEE THE #$%!@ PARADE WE'RE GOING TO PULL ON YOU...


THAT IS THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO SOLD YOU OUT TO THE PRESS.
HE IS ONE OF THE FBI AGENTS THAT SAMMY SILKE WENT CRYING TO.
CONSIDER IT A GOING AWAY PRESENT.
STOP THIS, INGERSOL OR I'M GOING TO HAVE MR. CAGE COME IN HERE...
WAIT TILL YOU *SEE* WHAT WE PUT ON THE STAND.
WE'RE CALLING YOUR BLUFF SO...
INGERSOL, I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE IF THIS IS THE WAY --
IN A COURTROOM, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE YOUR HEAD ON A STICK!
MR. CAGE!
ON A STICK!


APARTMENT OF FBI AGENT, HENRY DOBBS
FBI
BROOKLYN
FBI
GAH!




GUH...
GUH... OH
GUH...

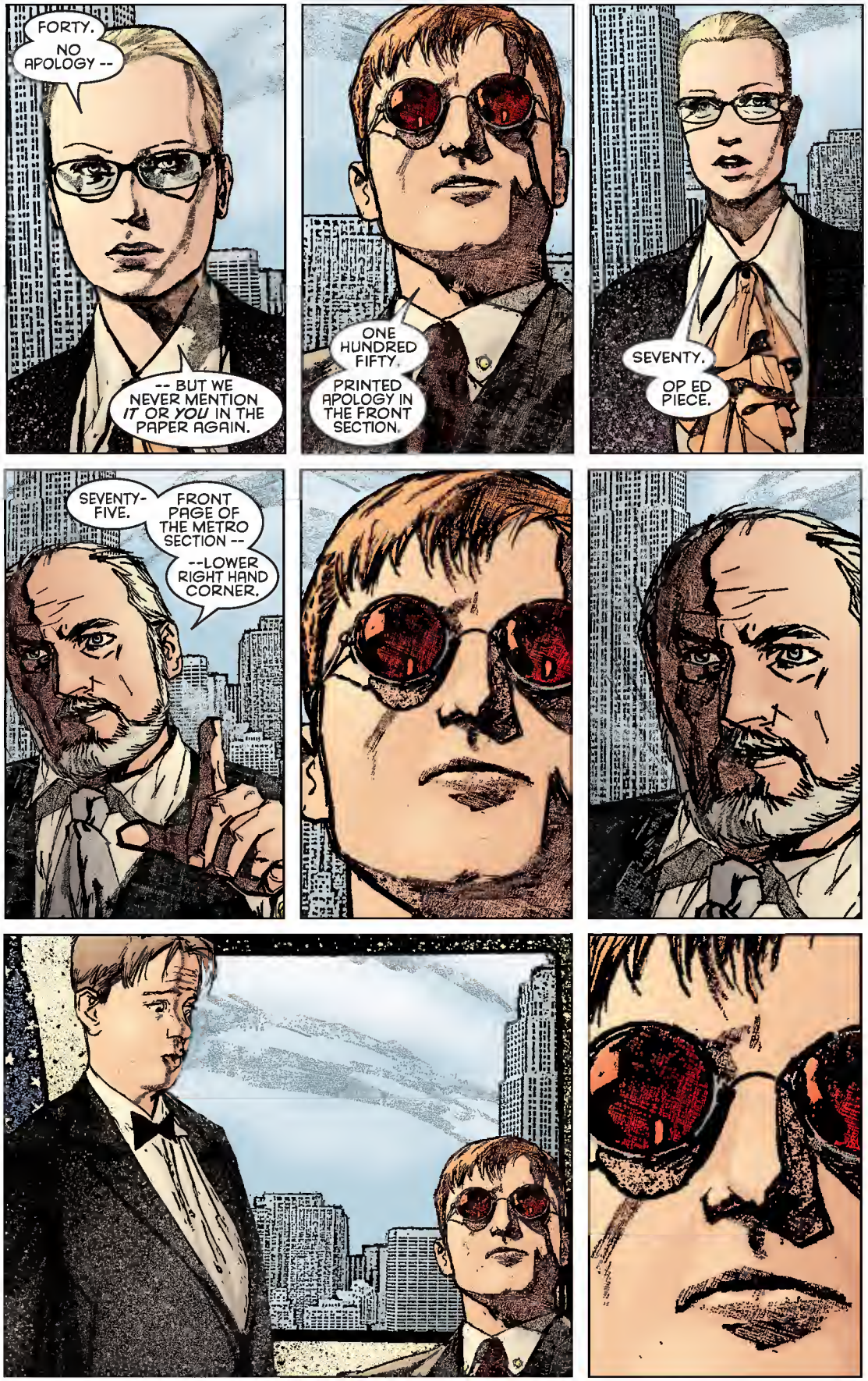




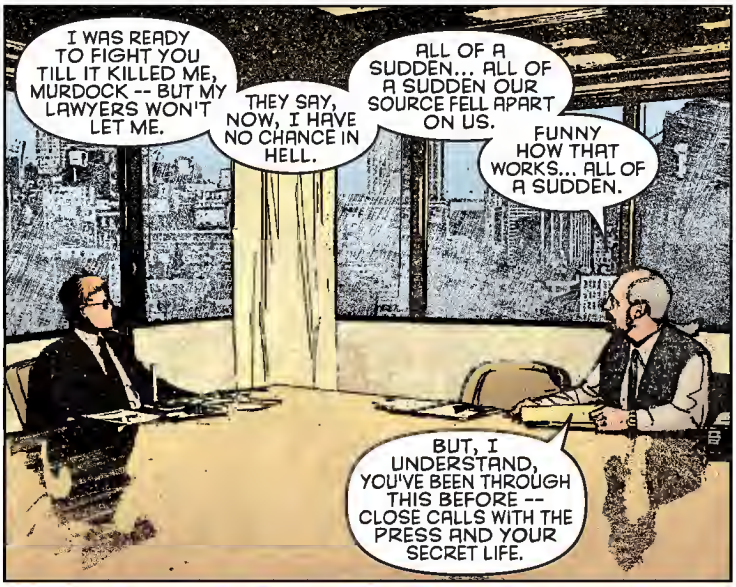

HOW --
HOW DO YOU
KNOW?


HONEY, I GOTTA GO BAFROOM...

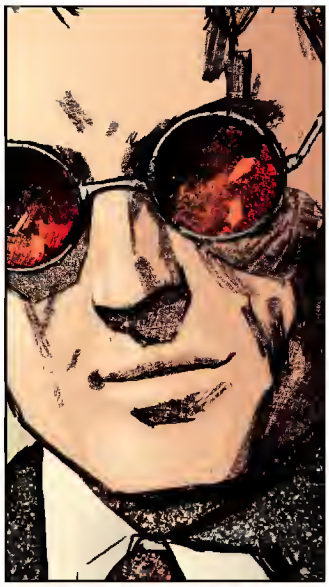

WHERE'S MR. INGERSOL?
HE'S ON VACATION.
MY NAME IS NANCI KORIC, I AM HANDLING THE CASE FOR MR. ROSENTHAL NOW.
MR. MURDOCK...
MR. NELSON...
NO ONE WANTS THE UGLY PUBLICITY OF A TRIAL.
MR. ROSENTHAL, HERE, IS OFFERING YOU TEN MILLION.
TWO HUNDRED MILLION AND A FRONT PAGE PRINTED APOLOGY.


FORTY.
NO APOLOGY --
-- BUT WE NEVER MENTION *IT* OR *YOU* IN THE PAPER AGAIN.
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY.
PRINTED APOLOGY IN THE FRONT SECTION.
SEVENTY.
OP ED PIECE.
SEVENTY-FIVE.
FRONT PAGE OF THE METRO SECTION --
--LOWER RIGHT HAND CORNER.

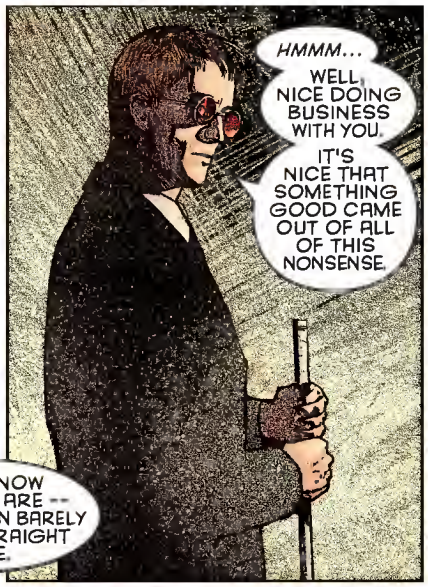

DONE.
BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO WRITE THE CHECK TO US.
HALF THE MONEY GOES TO THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE BLIND.
THE OTHER HALF GOES TO THE HELL'S KITCHEN RESTORATION SOCIETY.
THEY ARE TRYING TO FIND MONEY TO BUILD A LIBRARY.
SO *YOU* ARE GOING TO BUILD IT FOR THEM.
AND YOU ARE GOING TO, IN WRITING, GUARANTEE THAT THERE WILL BE NO EMPLOYEE LAYOFFS AT THE GLOBE FOR TWO CALENDAR YEARS.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SAY THAT THIS SETTLEMENT BROKE YOU.
BECAUSE WE ALL KNOW IT WON'T --
WE WON'T HAVE YOU *PUNISHING* INNOCENT PEOPLE TO GET BACK AT *US*.
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MR. MURDOCK ALONE.
YES, MR. ROSENTHAL...


I WAS READY TO FIGHT YOU TILL IT KILLED ME, MURDOCK -- BUT MY LAWYERS WON'T LET ME.
THEY SAY, NOW, I HAVE NO CHANCE IN HELL.
ALL OF A SUDDEN... ALL OF A SUDDEN OUR SOURCE FELL APART ON US.
FUNNY HOW THAT WORKS... ALL OF A SUDDEN.
BUT, I UNDERSTAND, YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE -- CLOSE CALLS WITH THE PRESS AND YOUR SECRET LIFE.


HOW DO YOU SUPER HERO TYPES DO THAT IN THIS DAY AND AGE?
I WONDER.
HOW DO YOU KEEP DANCING BETWEEN THE RAINDROPS?
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU PERSONALLY -- OR WHAT YOU DO AS THAT DAREDEVIL CHARACTER YOU PLAY.
YOU WANT TO RUN AROUND IN AN OUTFIT, RUN AROUND IN AN OUTFIT.
BUT I WAS GOING TO FIGHT YOU TO THE DEATH BECAUSE YOU WENT ON TV AND YOU CALLED ME A *LIAR.*
YOU CALLED *ME* A LIAR.




...AND NOW HERE YOU ARE -- AND YOU CAN BARELY KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE.


HMMM...
WELL, NICE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.
IT'S NICE THAT SOMETHING GOOD CAME OUT OF ALL OF THIS NONSENSE.

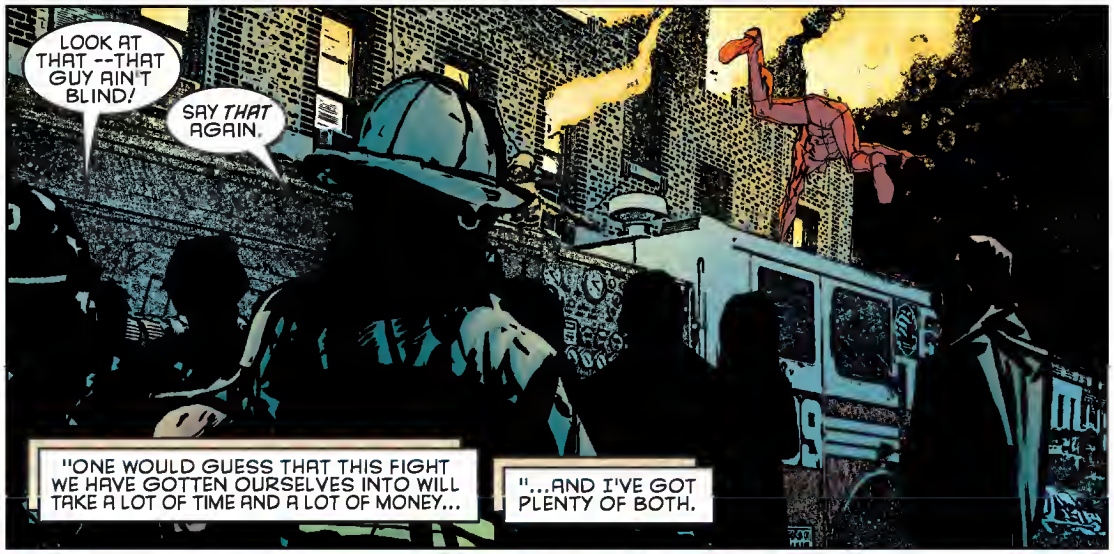

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

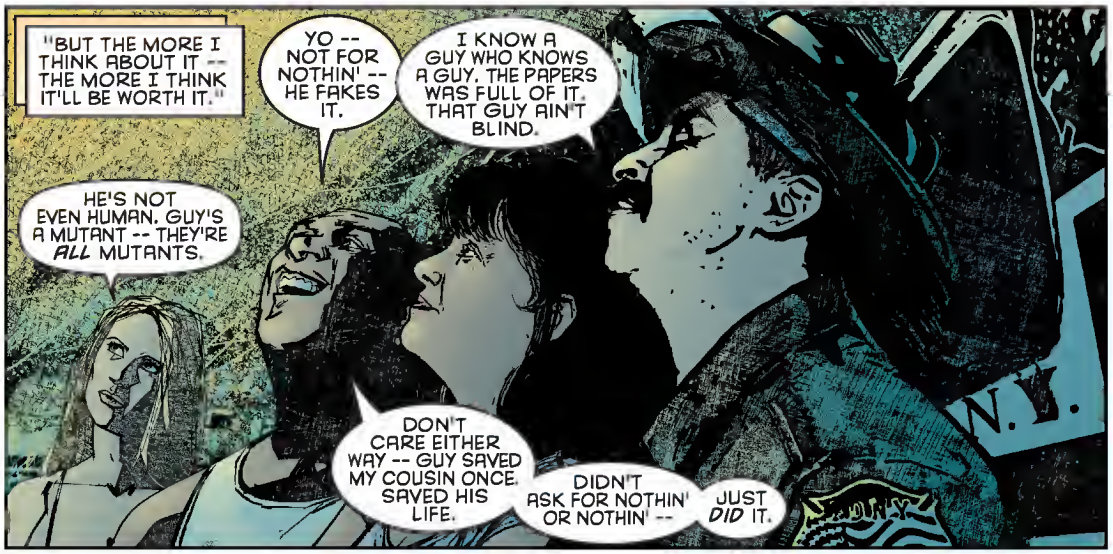

TAP TAP TA


DEAL'S OFF.
I'M SORRY?
YOU ANNOY ME, MURDOCK.
YOU JUST *ANNOY* ME.
(LAUGH IN *MY* FACE.)
YOU SETTLED FOR THE EXACT AMOUNT I WAS READY TO GIVE YOU -- THE *EXACT* AMOUNT.
YOU'RE CONNING ME. I WON'T BE CONNED.
THE HELL IF I'M GOING TO PAY MONEY OUT OF MY POCKET FOR REPORTING WHAT I KNOW IS THE TRUTH.
FORGET MY LAWYERS! LET'S GO THE DISTANCE.
AND I WONDER...
I WONDER WHAT YOUR LIFE IS GOING TO BE LIKE NOW?


"YOU CAN FIGHT IT ALL YOU WANT.
"IT DOESN'T MATTER -- IT'S *OUT* THERE NOW."
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.


"IT'S ALREADY ON EVERY TV, EVERY WEB SITE, EVERY MORNING RADIO TALK SHOW...
"SURE, THE MEDIA WILL TIRE OF IT -- THEY PROBABLY ALREADY HAVE.
"AN ACTOR WILL KILL HIS WIFE.
"A KENNEDY WILL DO SOMETHING TO EMBARRASS HIMSELF...
"...AND THEY'LL ALL MOVE ON TO ANOTHER STORY."
MY BABY... MY BABY...
Oh, MY BABY...
"BUT PEOPLE -- IF I MAY IMPART TO YOU THE THING I HAVE LEARNED IN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING NEWSPAPERS --
"-- PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT THEY *WANT* TO BELIEVE."
THANK YOU...


LOOK AT THAT --THAT GUY AIN'T BLIND!
SAY *THAT* AGAIN.
"ONE WOULD GUESS THAT THIS FIGHT WE HAVE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO WILL TAKE A LOT OF TIME AND A LOT OF MONEY...
"...AND I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BOTH.


"BUT THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT -- THE MORE I THINK IT'LL BE WORTH IT."
YO -- NOT FOR NOTHIN' -- HE FAKES IT.
I KNOW A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY. THE PAPERS WAS FULL OF IT. THAT GUY AIN'T BLIND.
HE'S NOT EVEN HUMAN. GUY'S A MUTANT -- THEY'RE *ALL* MUTANTS.
DON'T CARE EITHER WAY -- GUY SAVED MY COUSIN ONCE. SAVED HIS LIFE.
DIDN'T ASK FOR NOTHIN' OR NOTHIN' --
JUST *DID* IT.


"I BELIEVE THIS WILL BE VERY INTERESTING. MONEY WELL SPENT."
THE TV SHOULD LEAVE HIM ALONE!
YEAH, LET 'IM DO HIS THING.
GUY'S BREAKING THE LAW.
WHO CARES? GUY SAVED MY COUSIN.
IF HE'S BLIND, THAT'S PRETTY AMAZING.
30th AVENUE
FESTIVAL
GUY'S GOING TO TAKE ALL THE CRAP HE TAKES AND STILL PUT IT OUT THERE FOR THE PEOPLE?
YO, DD, YOU MY MAN!!
HA HA!! GOOD FOR YOU, DEVIL GUY!!
DON'T TAKE NO #$%@!


"IT'S GOING TO BE VERY INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS --
"-- NOW THAT IT'S *OUT* THERE.
"AND YOU CAN'T TAKE IT BACK!"
NEXT: THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY

MAX™ COMICS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS MICHAEL GAYDOS NO.10

ALIAS



PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S WES ABBOTT
letters

STUART MOORE
editor

KELLY LAMY
associate managing editor

NANCI DAKESIAN
managing editor

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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RECEPTIONIST
Ms. Jones, can I get you anything?
JESSICA JONES
When is this article from?
RECEPTIONIST
Um -- I'm not sure. There might be a date on it.
JESSICA JONES
Jameson wrote this himself?
RECEPTIONIST
Yes, ma'am. I guess he did.
JESSICA JONES
Didn't realize he'd been in newspapers for so long.
RECEPTIONIST
He's what he likes to call a "lifer." Can I get you anything to drink? Water? Coffee?
JESSICA JONES
No. No, I'm fine.
RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Jameson will be in shortly. He's on a call.
JESSICA JONES
Do you know why he asked me here?
RECEPTIONIST
No. Sorry, I don't. I'm not his personal assistant. I'm just the --
JESSICA JONES
Okay.
RECEPTIONIST
Sorry.
JESSICA JONES
No, it's okay.
DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
SPIDER-MAN MENACE?
DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
CAPTAIN AMERICA FOUND!
DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
KREE-SKRULL WAR ENDS!



J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Jones?

JESSICA JONES
Yes.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Jessica Jones?

JESSICA JONES
Yes.

J. JONAH JAMESON
My name is J. Jonah Jameson. I'm the publisher here at the Daily Bugle.

JESSICA JONES
Yes, yes, I know who you are,

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant! (One second, Ms. Jones.) Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
What the hell is this?

BETTY BRANT
That's the Metro column.

J. JONAH JAMESON
The hell it is. Tell Hendrickson I want this con artist gone from my newspaper. These damn guys and their damn conservative agendas creeping into every damn corner of my paper. Like I don't know what he's up to.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Get Robbie in here.

BETTY BRANT
He's in the archive.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I didn't ask for a Robbie update -- just get him in here.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
And get Be -- Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Where'd you go? I was talking.

BETTY BRANT
I went to get Robbie.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I wasn't done. Get Ben Urich in here too.

BETTY BRANT
He's on his smoke break.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Dammit --

BETTY BRANT
Sorry.

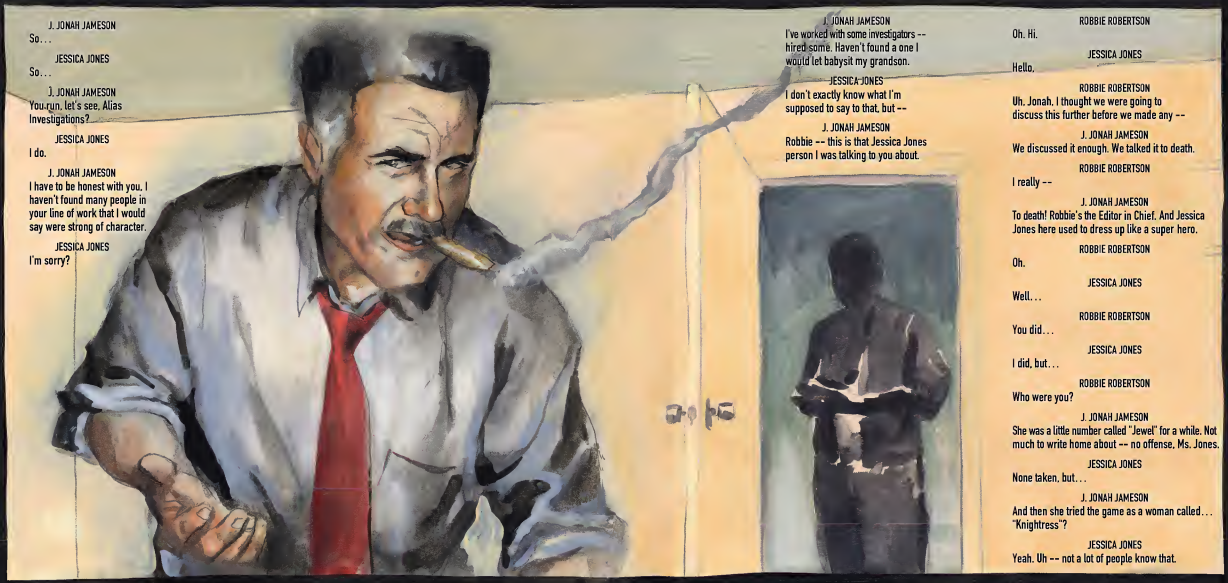
J. JONAH JAMESON
Just get him in here.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Do you have any employees, Ms. Jones?

JESSICA JONES
No sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Count yourself a lucky woman.


J. JONAH JAMESON
So...
JESSICA JONES
So...
J. JONAH JAMESON
You-uh, let's see, Alias Investigations?
JESSICA JONES
I do.
J. JONAH JAMESON
I have to be honest with you. I haven't found many people in your line of work that I would say were strong of character.
JESSICA JONES
I'm sorry?
J. JONAH JAMESON
I've worked with some investigators -- hired some. Haven't found a one I would let babysit my grandson.
JESSICA JONES
I don't exactly know what I'm supposed to say to that, but --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Robbie -- this is that Jessica Jones person I was talking to you about.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Oh. Hi.
JESSICA JONES
Hello.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Uh, Jonah, I thought we were going to discuss this further before we made any --
J. JONAH JAMESON
We discussed it enough. We talked it to death.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
I really --
J. JONAH JAMESON
To death! Robbie's the Editor in Chief. And Jessica Jones here used to dress up like a super hero.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Oh.
JESSICA JONES
Well...
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You did...
JESSICA JONES
I did, but...
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Who were you?
J. JONAH JAMESON
She was a little number called "Jewel" for a while. Not much to write home about -- no offense, Ms. Jones.
JESSICA JONES
None taken, but...
J. JONAH JAMESON
And then she tried the game as a woman called... "Knightress"?
JESSICA JONES
Yeah. Uh -- not a lot of people know that.
J. JONAH JAMESON
What's a Knightress?
JESSICA JONES
It's about the only name that wasn't taken.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
But you don't do it anymore?
JESSICA JONES
No. I do not.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Any reason?
JESSICA JONES
Oh, a-a-a pick one.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Though I despise your chosen profession, I do admire your going public with your questionable past. I imagine that was somewhat of a hard choice.
JESSICA JONES
Uh, not really. Firstly, I wouldn't use the word "questionable." And truth be told, no one cared either way. But I guess it makes meetings like this a little more interesting.
J. JONAH JAMESON
You guess?
JESSICA JONES
Well, I still don't know what this meeting is about, so...
J. JONAH JAMESON
It's about secret identities. I thought Robbie would find your background a little interesting considering what I am about to offer you.



JESSICA JONES
Uh, what is that you have there? Is that all about me?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Yes, it's your archive here at the paper.

JESSICA JONES
My clippings?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Your clippings.

JESSICA JONES
Oh. I hadn't realized I made the paper so many times.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Take this to Xerox and make a copy of it for Ms. Jones. Every paper.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

JESSICA JONES
Oh, uh, thanks.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Make yourself a little scrapbook. So. Ms. Jones, are the numbers on your web site correct?

JESSICA JONES
You mean my fees?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Yes.

JESSICA JONES
You want to hire me?

J. JONAH JAMESON.
Yes. I -- Ms. Brant!!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You just sent her to make copies.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Dammit! Where ś Urich?

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
He's coming. Jonah, can we discuss this a little before --?

J. JONAH JAMESON
What we'd like to do, Ms. Jones, is hire you -- pay you your full wage and have one of my reporters follow you.

JESSICA JONES
Follow me where?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ben, where were you?

BEN URICH
I didn't know you were --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Sit down. Say hi to Jessica Jones.

BEN URICH
Why is that name familiar?

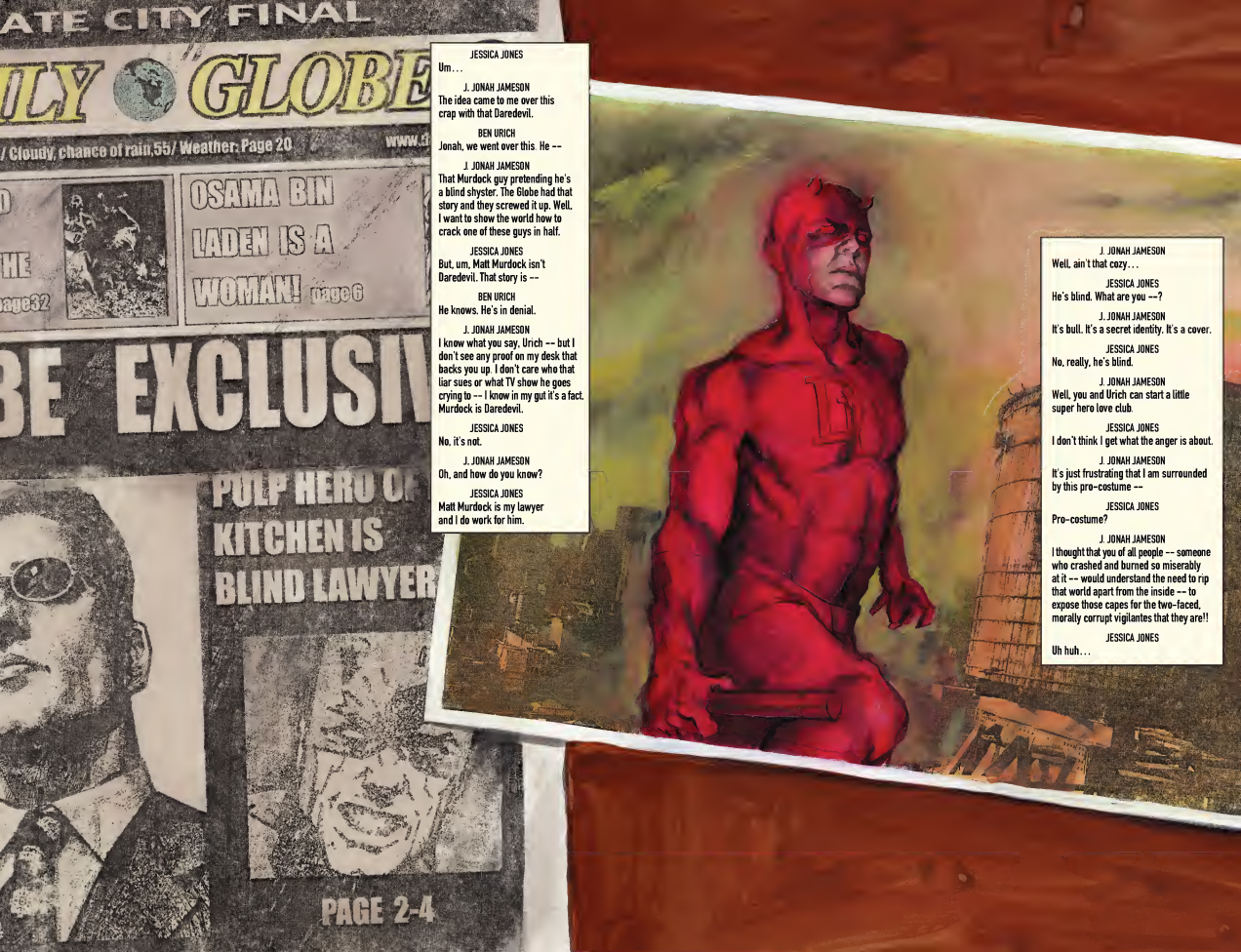
J. JONAH JAMESON
You can do the niceys later. Jessica is a private investigator. The Daily Bugle is hiring her to find out who Spider-Man really is.

JESSICA JONES
Uh -- what?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Jessica here is going to crack his world in half and you are going to follow her while she does it.

JESSICA JONES
Well, I. . .

J. JONAH JAMESON
What we're hoping for is a series of articles. A real conversation piece to spread over days -- but hey! If all it is is a big red headline -- then all it is is a big red headline.


ATE CITY FINAL
ILY GLOBE
/ Cloudy, chance of rain,55/ Weather: Page 20
OSAMA BIN LADEN IS A WOMAN! page6
BE EXCLUSIV
KITCHEN IS
BLIND LAWYER
PAGE 2-4
JESSICA JONES
Um . . .
J. JONAH JAMESON
The idea came to me over this crap with that Daredevil.
BEN URICH
Jonah, we went over this. He --
J. JONAH JAMESON
That Murdock guy pretending he's a blind shyster. The Globe had that story and they screwed it up. Well, I want to show the world how to crack one of these guys in half.
JESSICA JONES
But, um, Matt Murdock isn't Daredevil. That story is --
BEN URICH
He knows. He's in denial.
J. JONAH JAMESON
I know what you say, Urich -- but I don't see any proof on my desk that backs you up. I don't care who that liar sues or what TV show he goes crying to -- I know in my gut it's a fact. Murdock is Daredevil.
JESSICA JONES
No, it's not.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh, and how do you know?
JESSICA JONES
Matt Murdock is my lawyer and I do work for him.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, ain't that cozy . . .
JESSICA JONES
He's blind. What are you --?
J. JONAH JAMESON
It's bull. It's a secret identity. It's a cover.
JESSICA JONES
No, really, he's blind.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, you and Urich can start a little super hero love club.
JESSICA JONES
I don't think I get what the anger is about.
J. JONAH JAMESON
It's just frustrating that I am surrounded by this pro-costume --
JESSICA JONES
Pro-costume?
J. JONAH JAMESON
I thought that you of all people -- someone who crashed and burned so miserably at it -- would understand the need to rip that world apart from the inside -- to expose those capes for the two-faced, morally corrupt vigilantes that they are!!
JESSICA JONES
Uh huh . . .



J. JONAH JAMESON
And this Spider-Man -- I could give two Canadian nickels about Daredevil -- it's this Spider-Man that should've gotten the public spanking. It's Spider-Man that has this coming to him.

JESSICA JONES
Why?

J. JONAH JAMESON
What?

JESSICA JONES
Why does Spider-Man have this coming to him?

J. JONAH JAMESON
That's what you're going to tell me.

JESSICA JONES
Uh-huh. So you want me to "out" Spider-Man and you want Mr. Urich here to report on it for your newspaper.

J. JONAH JAMESON
An onion peel. Do you know what an onion peel is?

JESSICA JONES
I could guess.

J. JONAH JAMESON
We'll follow you as you pull the layers, follow the leads, turn over the rocks. How great will this be? Not only will it be killer journalism -- but money will actually start shooting out of my ass faster than we can print papers.

JESSICA JONES
I'd like to think about it.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Listen, I don't have time to change your tampons for you. I need an answer.

JESSICA JONES
I'm sorry?

J. JONAH JAMESON
In or out, Ms. Jones.

JESSICA JONES
Well, these kinds of investigations are rather unique.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Don't toss my salad -- how much are we talking?

JESSICA JONES
Hard to say. I don't even know where I am going to begin.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT
Here -- here -- I was making the copies.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Where's the Spider-Man map?

BETTY BRANT
It's right there.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Right where?

BETTY BRANT
Right under your elbow.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh...

JESSICA JONES
Map? Map?

J. JONAH JAMESON
We've taken the liberty of compiling a list and a chart of frequent Spider-Man sightings. Places where he is repeatedly seen. See? Empire State University, Queens...

JESSICA JONES
So, I'm not the first investigator you've had on this.

J. JONAH JAMESON
It's a pet project -- as I said -- renewed by this Daredevil news. Here are some pictures that Parker kid took a couple of years back. You can see -- see? You can see some of the same buildings in the background. I think it's Soho.

JESSICA JONES
What happened the last time you tried this?

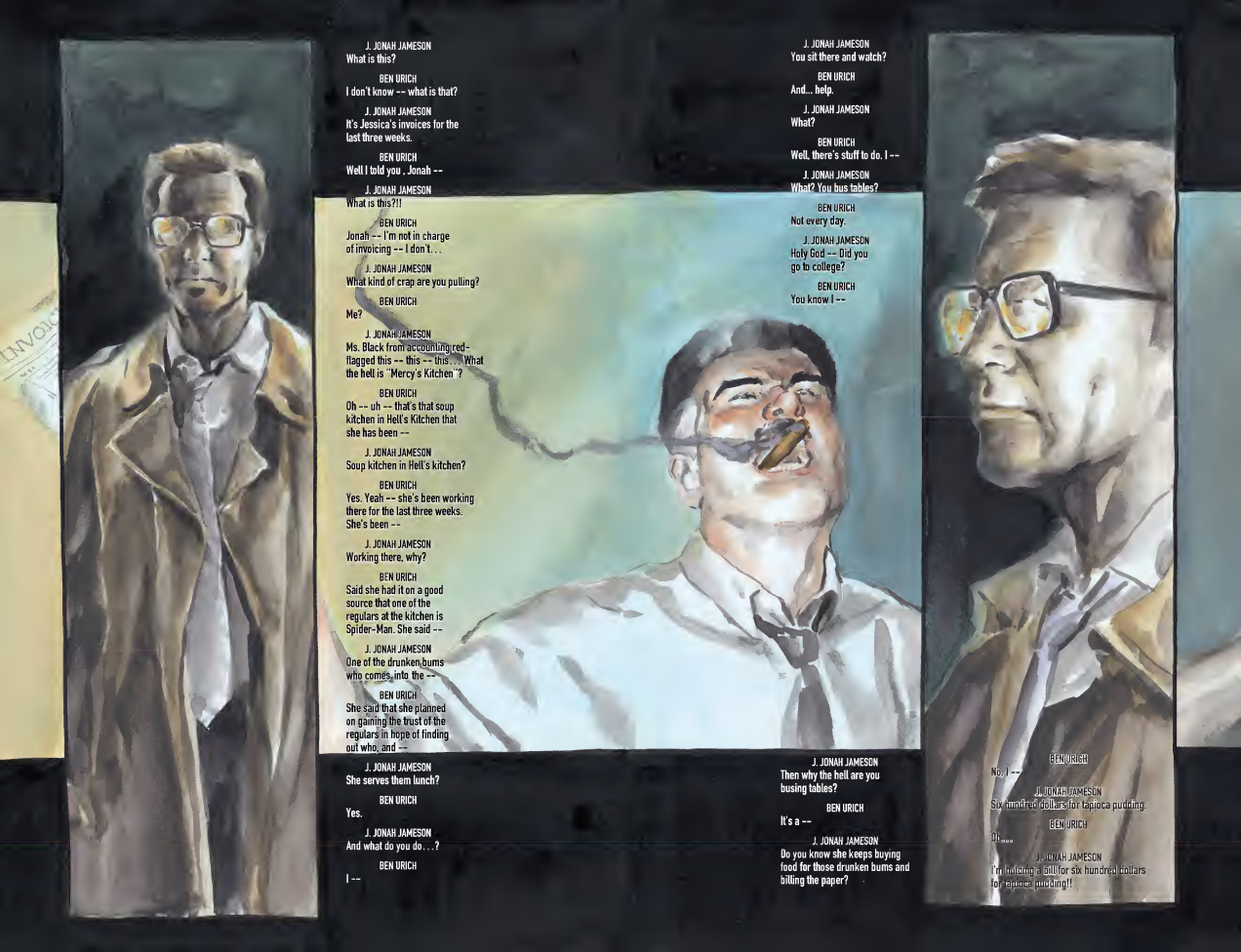
J. JONAH JAMESON
I'll be blunt with you, Jones. I'm offering you fame and fortune. The kind you weren't able to put together on your own -- even in any of your silly little "identities." One would imagine that off the fumes of a story like this you'll be up to your elbows in "sneaky work" till the cows come home. So, last time, are you in or --?




JESSICA JONES
Sure. I'll do it.
But there is the matter of an advance.

TWO MONTHS LATER




J. JONAH JAMESON
What is this?
BEN URICH
I don't know -- what is that?
J. JONAH JAMESON
It's Jessica's invoices for the last three weeks.
BEN URICH
Well I told you , Jonah --
J. JONAH JAMESON
What is this?!!
BEN URICH
Jonah -- I'm not in charge of invoicing -- I don't. . .
J. JONAH JAMESON
What kind of crap are you pulling?
BEN URICH
Me?
J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Black from accounting red-flagged this -- this -- this . . . What the hell is "Mercy's Kitchen"?
BEN URICH
Oh -- uh -- that's that soup kitchen in Hell's Kitchen that she has been --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Soup kitchen in Hell's kitchen?
BEN URICH
Yes. Yeah -- she's been working there for the last three weeks. She's been --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Working there, why?
BEN URICH
Said she had it on a good source that one of the regulars at the kitchen is Spider-Man. She said --
J. JONAH JAMESON
One of the drunken bums who comes into the --
BEN URICH
She said that she planned on gaining the trust of the regulars in hope of finding out who, and --
J. JONAH JAMESON
She serves them lunch?
BEN URICH
Yes.
J. JONAH JAMESON
And what do you do. . . ?
BEN URICH
I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
You sit there and watch?
BEN URICH
And... help.
J. JONAH JAMESON
What?
BEN URICH
Well, there's stuff to do. I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
What? You bus tables?
BEN URICH
Not every day.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Holy God -- Did you go to college?
BEN URICH
You know I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Then why the hell are you busing tables?
BEN URICH
It's a --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Do you know she keeps buying food for those drunken bums and billing the paper?
BEN URICH
No, I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Six hundred dollars for tapioca pudding.
BEN URICH
Uh...
J. JONAH JAMESON
I'm helping a cult for six hundred dollars for tapioca pudding!!

J. JONAH JAMESON
For the first time in my decades-long career as a -- She's buying pudding for drunks and trying to get me to pay for it --

BEN URICH
Well, she did say expenses.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Phone calls and paperclips are expenses!!! This is pudding!!

BEN URICH
I didn't know she was billing it to you.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, she is!! Two hundred dollars an hour, all day every day!! For her to serve pudding to meth addicts -- and one of my best reporters bussing tables!

BEN URICH
Thanks --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Shut up! Give me the report so far --

BEN URICH
Didn't she send some kind of --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Give me your notes, Urich!!

BEN URICH
Okay. Okay. Here -- uh -- well, soon after you hired her we made the rounds to a handful of orphanages. Three orphanages. St. Alexis' of 49th. The Tony Stark Foundation Home for Wayward --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Come on --



BEN URICH
Okay. Jessica told me that she asked around the quote superhero community and word was that Spider-Man has said he was an orphan. At these orphanages -- Jessica volunteered. helping out. Reading some books to the children.

J. JONAH JAMESON
How does reading books to a bunch of unwanted brats help her find out about Spider-Man?

BEN URICH
Well , I asked her that. I asked her. and again she said that familiarity breeds trust and that making herself a face would help gain access and information.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Uh huh.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
It's the same for us in our business.

BEN URICH
Yes, and that's why I had no reason to question her, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I have a bill here. She bought the kids cupcakes for a week at one of these --

BEN URICH
Then it was on to St. Catherine's Hospital where Jessica said she had a tip that one of the orderlies was Spider-Man. She said it was well known among her circle that he --

J. JONAH JAMESON
So she volunteered at the hospital.

BEN URICH
The AIDS ward.

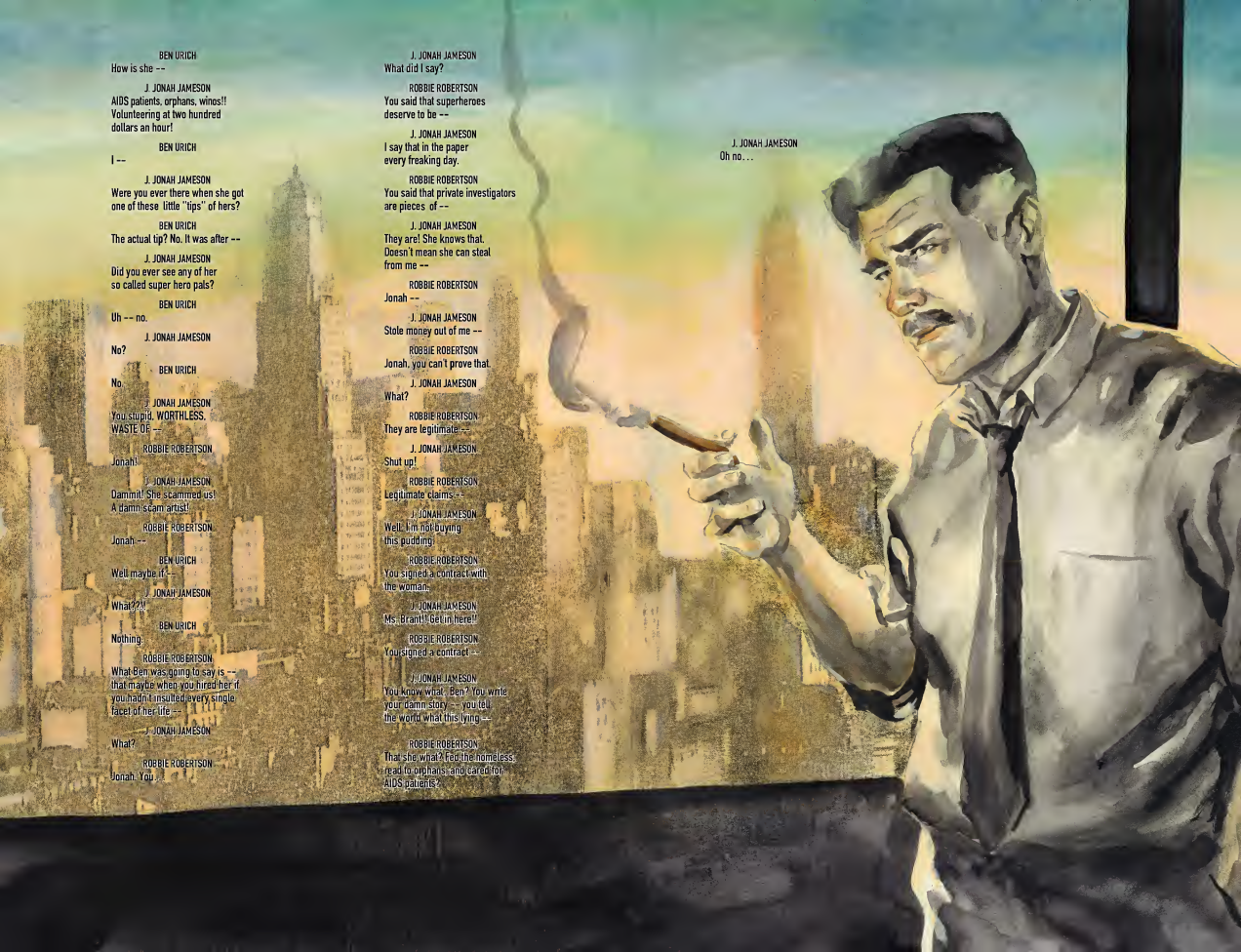
J. JONAH JAMESON
Pssss...

BEN URICH
And for the last few weeks she's been at the soup kitchen...

J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it, Urich!

BEN URICH
What?

J. JONAH JAMESON
She's scamming us!!
She's scamming me!!


BEN URICH
How is she --
J. JONAH JAMESON
AIDS patients, orphans, wimos!! Volunteering at two hundred dollars an hour!
BEN URICH
I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Were you ever there when she got one of these little "tips" of hers?
BEN URICH
The actual tip? No. It was after --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Did you ever see any of her so called super hero pals?
BEN URICH
Uh -- no.
J. JONAH JAMESON
No?
BEN URICH
No.
J. JONAH JAMESON
You stupid, WORTHLESS, WASTE OF --
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah!
J. JONAH JAMESON
Damm!! She scammed us! A damn scam artist!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah --
BEN URICH
Well maybe if I --
J. JONAH JAMESON
What??!
BEN URICH
Nothing.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
What Ben was going to say is -- that maybe when you hired her if you hadn't insulted every single facet of her life --
J. JONAH JAMESON
What?
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah. You --
J. JONAH JAMESON
What did I say?
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You said that superheroes deserve to be --
J. JONAH JAMESON
I say that in the paper every freaking day.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You said that private investigators are pieces of --
J. JONAH JAMESON
They are! She knows that. Doesn't mean she can steal from me --
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Stole money out of me --
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah, you can't prove that.
J. JONAH JAMESON
What?
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
They are legitimate --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Shut up!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Legitimate claims --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, I'm not buying this pudding!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You signed a contract with the woman.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant! Get in here!!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You signed a contract --
J. JONAH JAMESON
You know what, Ben? You write your damn story -- you tell the world what this lying --
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
That she what? Fed the homeless, read to orphans, and cared for AIDS patients?
J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh no...


BEN URICH
Wow, you know -- I actually didn't see it -- it's a pretty decent scam.
J. JONAH JAMESON
You are the worst investigative reporter on the planet Earth.
BEN URICH
You just said I was the best --
J. JONAH JAMESON
I lied. You're the worst. You should have seen this coming --
BEN URICH
You didn't...
J. JONAH JAMESON
Get out! Ms. Brant, get my lawyer on the phone!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it, Jonah.
J. JONAH JAMESON
No, screw her!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Nobody --
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Word gets out that J. Jonah Jameson is suing a woman for reading to orphans... Fox News Channel will run those slo-mo evil pics of you all day for a month -- you str this up. And you heard who her lawyer is.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Just chalk it up --
J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn super heroes -- every time.
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
All right. I'm going home.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant, get me that woman's telephone number -- oh here it is -- I got it! Never mind!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah...
J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh no! Oh no! the least I get to do -- the least I get to do is let her know I know and that the jig is up!
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
I don't think --
J. JONAH JAMESON
It's her machine. Doesn't even have the guts to --
Ms. Jones, this is J. Jonah Jameson, publisher of the Daily Bugle.



J. JONAH JAMESON
I just want you to know that your services are no longer required.

I know who you are and I know what you tried to pull. You think you're all clever? Well, let me tell you something, Missy. You aren't clever.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Hang up the phone, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON
And I pray -- I get down on my hands and knees and I pray for the day that you screw up somewhere because my paper will be so far up your nose that -- that -- that -- arrgghhh! I hate you!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Hang up, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON
And you probably knew who Spider-Man was the entire time -- you and your little secret superfriends. Well, I hope you take your money and I hope you superchoke on it. Coff!! Aagh! Damn cigar!

THE END



NEXT ISSUE: REBECCA, PLEASE COME HOME


MARVEL
PG 46 487
STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR
HANNA
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
PUBLIC
DAILY
REWA
CHO
DIRECT EDITION
$2 25 US $3 75 CAN

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI words
JOHN ROMITA jr pictures
SCOTT HANNA inks
BRIAN HABERLIN colors
RS & COMICRAFT's JIMMY BI letters

STAN LEE presents

UNNATURAL ENEMIES

JOHN MIESEGAES assistant editor
AXEL ALONSO editor
JOE QUESADA chief
BILL JEMAS president

So let's run a summary of the week's work, shall we?

Saw MJ in California but didn't get her back.

Check.

Saw Doc Ock in California, beat the guy who stole his tech but didn't get Ock himself.

Check.

While I was in California, I forgot to send my check to the telephone company and even though it's just a day late, they've cut off my long distance service.

Again.

Dear Mr Parker, We regret to inform you

New York URGENT!

While I was in California, I also didn't get around to playing my usual seven numbers in the Lotto. Five bucks, seven numbers, always the same.

The one week I didn't play, my number came up.

$30 MILL JACKPOT GOES UNCLAIMED

LOTTO 3134289

BIG WIN 61278

ILLIONAIRES 717

Check.

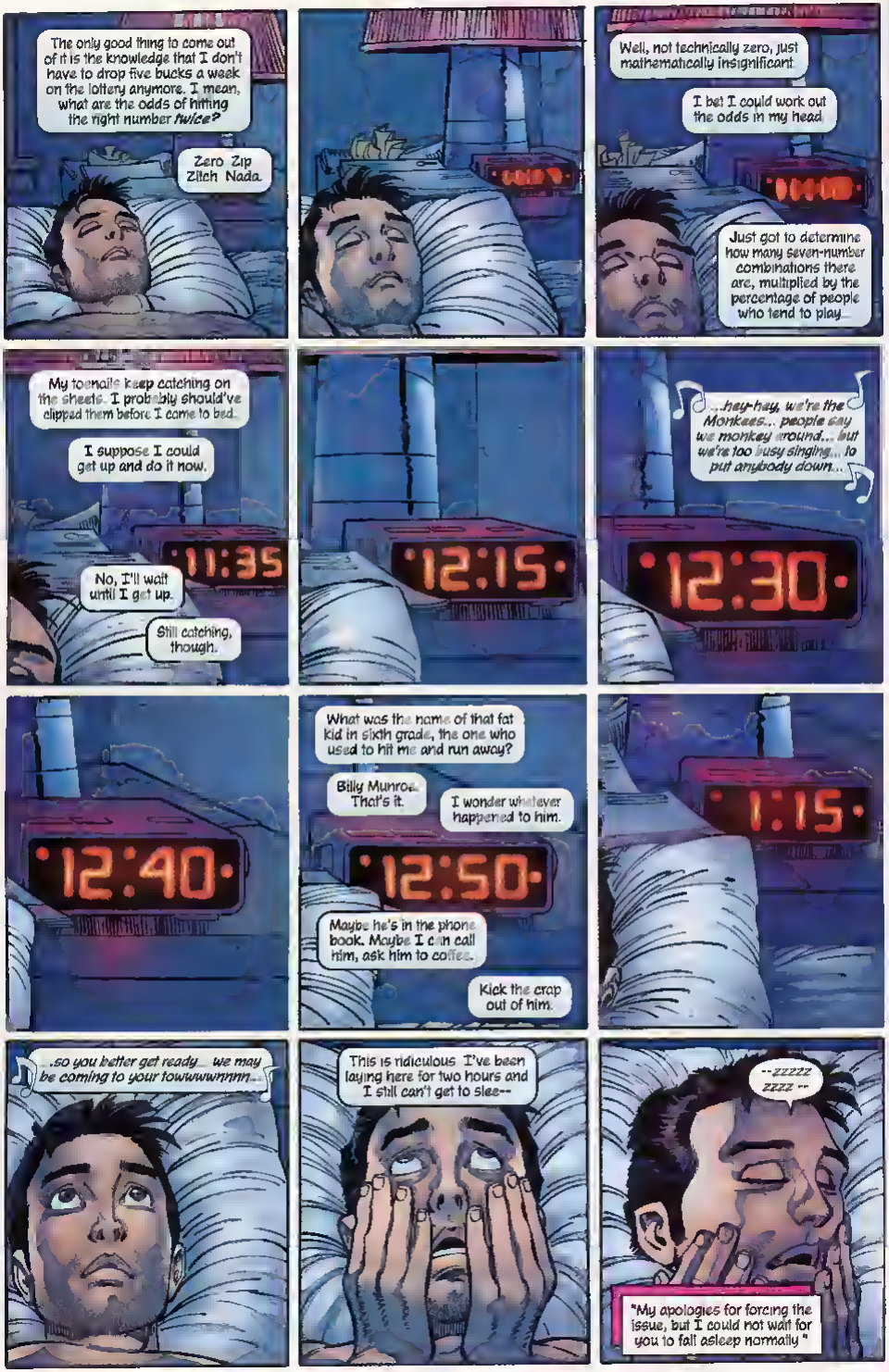
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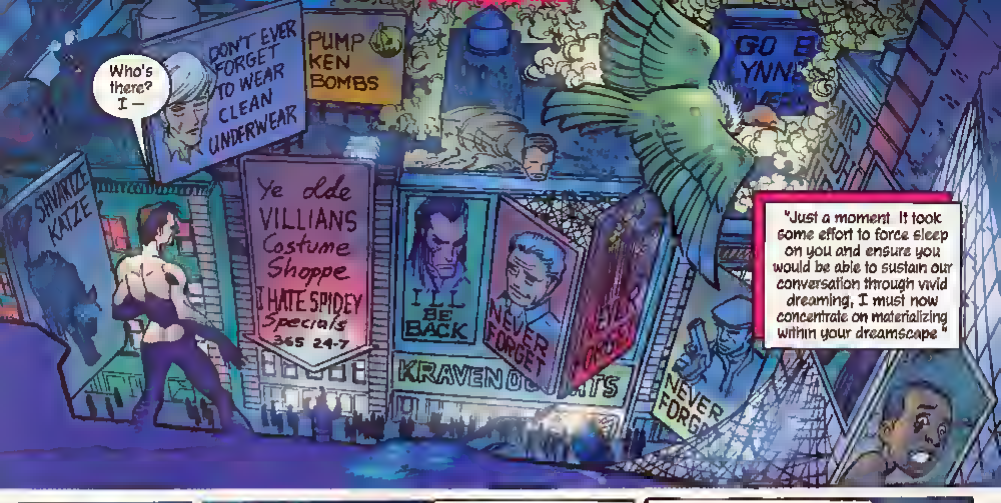
Don't forget

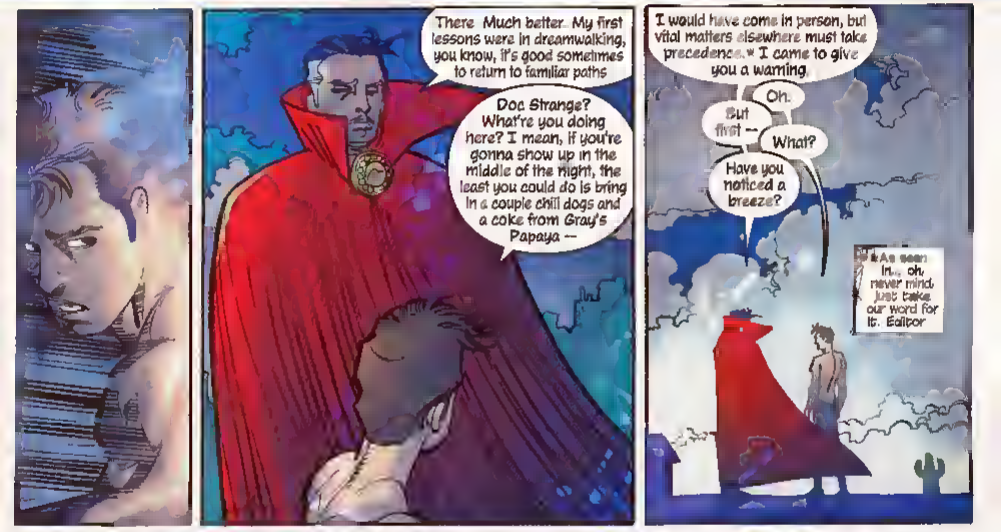
I look at it all, I look for the common denominator, and I think I've figured out what the problem is

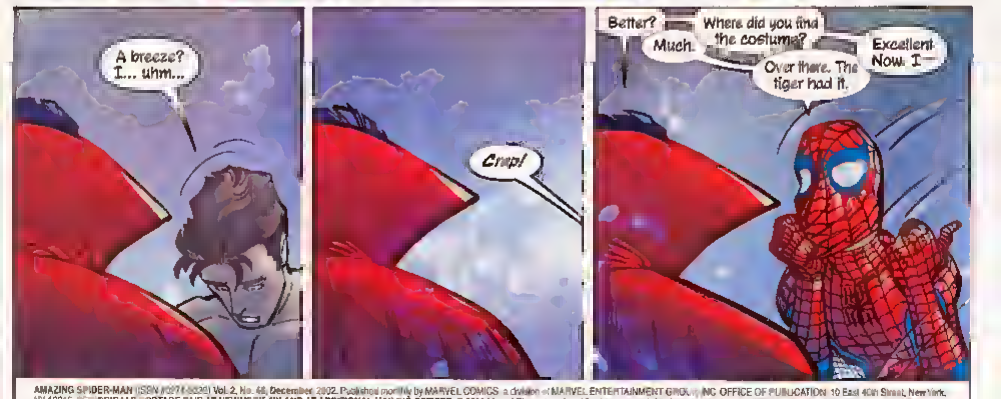
The problem is California.

Which probably makes me the last guy in the country to finally figure *that* one out.


The only good thing to come out of it is the knowledge that I don't have to drop five bucks a week on the lottery anymore. I mean, what are the odds of hitting the right number *twice?*
Zero. Zip. Zilch. Nada.
Well, not technically zero, just mathematically insignificant.
I bet I could work out the odds in my head.
Just got to determine how many seven-number combinations there are, multiplied by the percentage of people who tend to play...
My toenails keep catching on the sheets. I probably should've clipped them before I came to bed.
I suppose I could get up and do it now.
11:35
No, I'll wait until I get up.
Still catching, though.
12:15
...hey-hey, we're the Monkees... people say we monkey around... but we're too busy singing... to put anybody down...
12:30
12:40
What was the name of that fat kid in sixth grade, the one who used to hit me and run away?
Billy Munroe. That's it.
I wonder whatever happened to him.
12:50
Maybe he's in the phone book. Maybe I can call him, ask him to coffee.
Kick the crap out of him.
1:15
...so you better get ready... we may be coming to your towwwwnnnn...
This is ridiculous. I've been laying here for two hours and I still can't get to slee--
--zzzzz zzzz --
"My apologies for forcing the issue, but I could not wait for you to fall asleep normally."





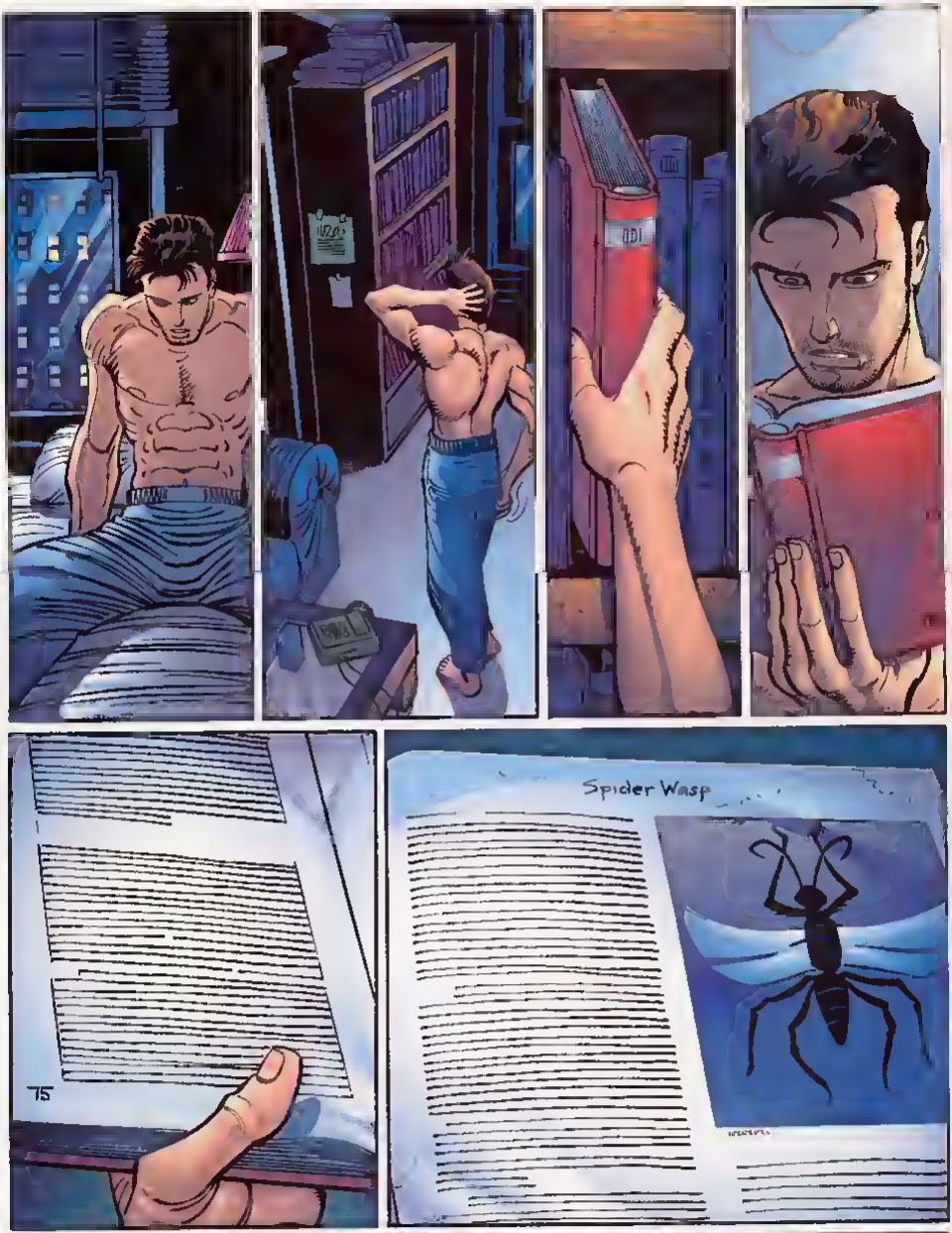


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Wait a minute... I just realized... you saw me without my mask on!
Correct.
But --
It was not a face I recognized It meant nothing to me
Yeah, but --
I am a Sorcerer Supreme If I so desired, I could cause your true name to appear above you in twelve foot tall neon letters.
Also your shoe size, social security number and inseam But I have no interest in knowing any of those things
Not even the inseam?
No
Not even a little?
No
Now, I know that humor is your way of dealing with things that worry or upset you, but my business here is serious, and we must --
--hmmm --
Obsessed?
NO
Of course not
Why do you ask?
When last we met, I dispatched you to the Astral Plane to deal with the one called Shade At that time, I instructed you to stay on the path, that you were not to leave the path for any reason
Did you leave the path?
Listen, about that --
Well, I --
Yeah A little


A little...
Do you consider *this* a little?
What you are, and what you will be. Depart this plane *Now.*
Who are you?
YEEEEOOOOOWWWW!
Okay, so maybe more than a little.
Thing is, it all worked out in the end.
So it may have seemed at the time. But there is a profound difference between *seems to be* and *is.*
I remember the first time I went swimming in the ocean. My father explained that when we were in the city, or on the street in front of our home, the odds were small that we would be attacked by tigers. The ocean was full of unknown dangers gliding just beneath the surface, quick and unpredictable.
"When you enter the ocean, you enter the food chain."
Exactly


When you went off the path, which kept you safe from prying eyes, you were noticed
When you went off the path, you entered the food chain
Whatever the source of your power, you are tied to the spider. It is your icon, your totem, the template for your identity. When you follow the spider, you inherit the ways of the spider. Its natural powers --
--and its natural enemies. They extend into the waking world just as their counterparts in the waking world have echoes in this place.
Yeah, but... what is it?
My time is done here... others are calling to me... I must go.
Wattamnnt...
So that you will know this was not simply a dream... there is an etymology book on your third shelf. Look to page seventy-five
And then...?
Pray.
...pray...

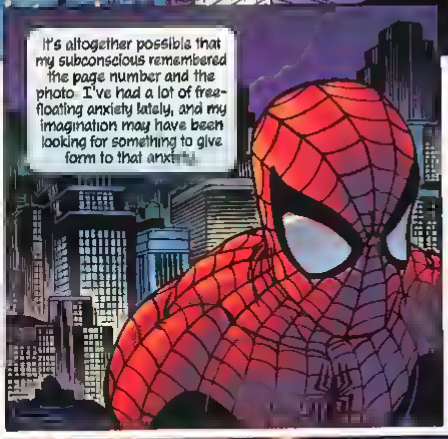


The spider wasp is the most efficient spider-killer in the insect kingdom. Its sting quickly subdues its prey by paralyzing the spider's central nervous system. But it does not kill the spider all at once. The spider wasp carries its prey to its nest, or if the spider is too large to carry in flight, the wasp simply drags it to the nest. In order to make the spider easier to drag, some spider wasps bite off the spider's legs, often drinking the blood that leaks from the wounds. The spider wasp places a single spider in each nest, which is often constructed after catching the prey.


Hey, God? It's Peter again.
"Listen, not that I'm complaining or anything, but next incarnation just for a change of pace, you think you could have me get bitten by a radioactive Jennifer Lopez?
"Just a thought."
EXCELL AUTO
Cans, bottles, plastic? Hmmm? Caaaans, Botttles, plaaaastic?
Cans? Bottles? Plastic?
Cans? Bottles? Pla—
KA
THOOOM


...plastic...?
...ohjeez...
...ahh ...ahh... ahhhhh...
AAAAAHHH!


It's been three days since the dream and I'm starting to think that's all it was, just a dream.
I mean, yeah, that page was pretty ominous, but I've gone through that book a hundred times


It's altogether possible that my subconscious remembered the page number and the photo. I've had a lot of free-floating anxiety lately, and my imagination may have been looking for something to give form to that anxi--


Listen to me, I'm starting to sound like a shrink. Say, now that's an idea. Peter Parker, Psychotherapist to Super-Arch-Villains
"So, Doctor Doom, do you think that your name may have had something to do with your depressive personality, or did you have a --"


What the --
Okay, no fair trying to sneak up on --


--a guy.


Little one
Little spider
So far from home. So far from your mother
Shathra smelled you on the other side. Followed the scent across the darkness
Little one
Little spider


Look, I know why you're here, but there's no reason for us to fight! I don't buy into this whole "natural enemies" thing... people have choices, they have free will —
Shathra not people
Okay, well, yeah, there is that —
Shathra not fight!
There, you see? It's —


To fight needs two of equal power
With you Shathra play Until she is bored
Then Shathra gives you to her children


Sorry, not interested.
FWIP


I've got places to go, things to do, credit cards to overcharge —


No. Stay.


Whoa!


Okay, now --
--you're starting --
--to annoy me.


Look. I think I see the problem here. You're one big ball of instincts, and you have to follow them. I get that. But that doesn't mean we have to--


Talks too much.
Aggh!

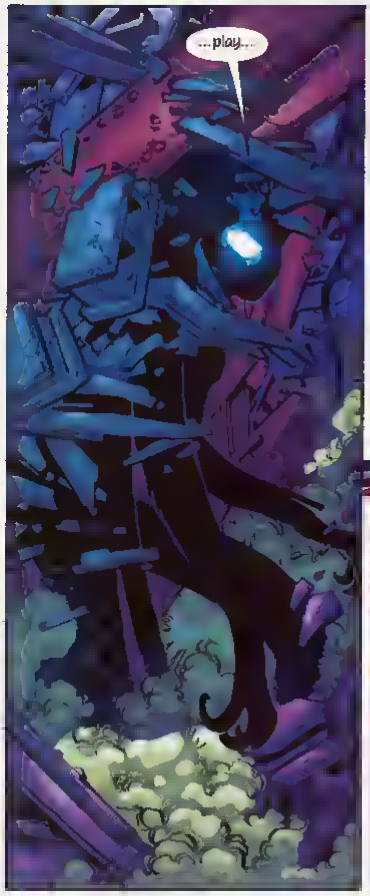

Damn... she's fast. I barely saw that coming in time to move. Would've lost the whole shoulder.
Okay, I tried. But if that's the way you want it --


--you got it.


All my life, I've had a thing about hitting women. I won't do it. Even with a baddie. Unless I'm totally up against the wall.
Then as she moves again... impossibly fast, I remind myself that she's *not* human... and that unless I end this fast and hard, against the wall is exactly where I'll end up.
You know what your problem is? I wear a spider costume because it's a nod to where the power came from.
It's a role. But there's a difference between wearing the colors and *playing* the part.
WHAM
ZZSHHAAA--
--and letting yourself get *buried* in the part.


I decide to make tracks while I can. I don't know if she can really track me the way she says—


--but it's worth testing the hypothesis, just in case.


...play...


I head uptown, into the noise and the traffic. Buying time. I've been at this long enough to know that going toe-to-toe against someone you've just met is stupid, unless there are lives at stake.
Then it's still stupid, but necessary.


Need to get a sense of what her abilities are. how fast she can--

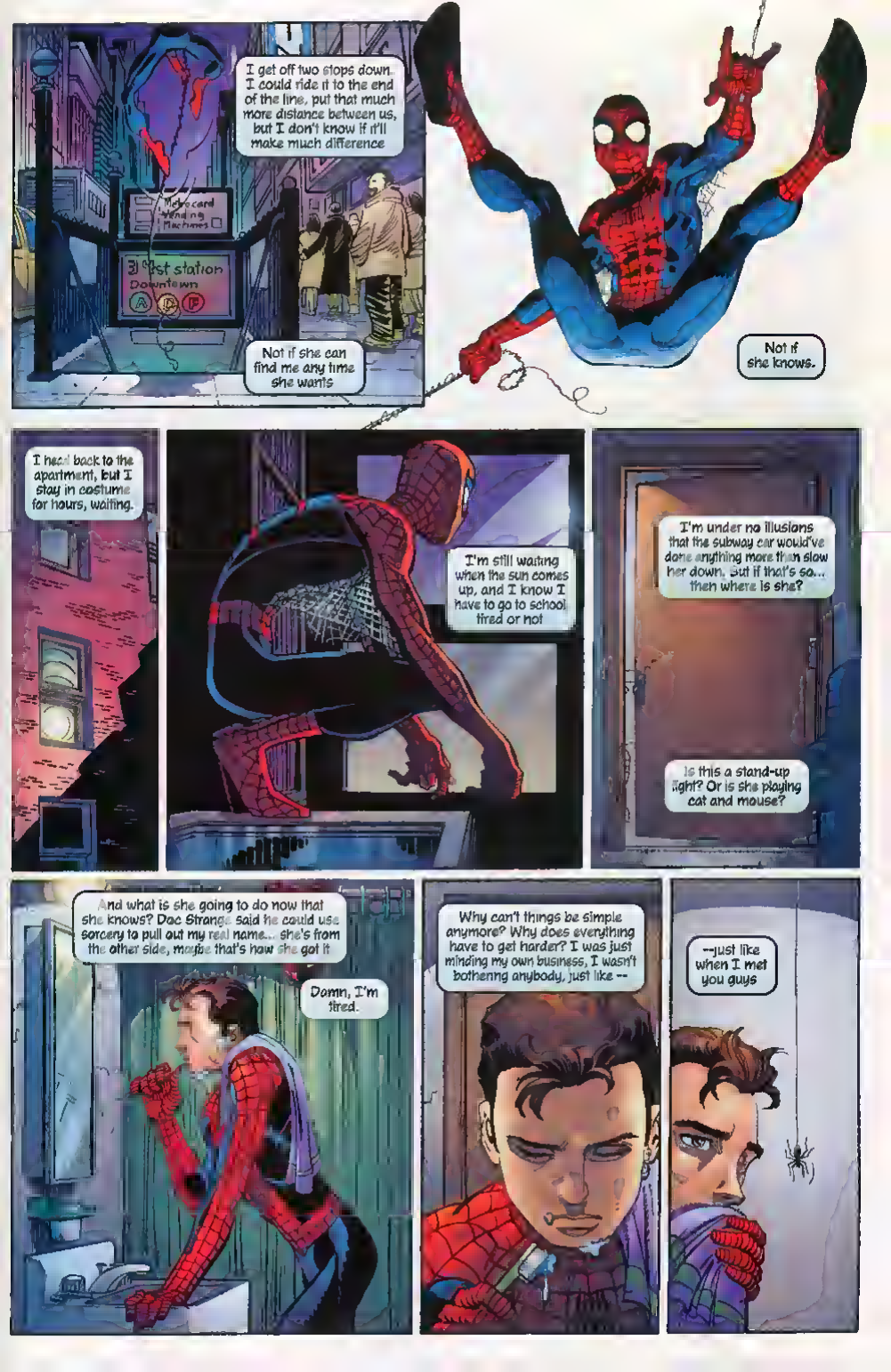

Oh. That fast.
Nuts


Whoof--
Look! It's a bird!
It's a plane!
It's --
Move it, ya freaks, the light ain't gettin' any greener!
KER RASSSH


Oh, man, that one hurt. This is such a --
Come on... could someone cut me just a little slack here?
Yeah, fine, up yours too, buddy
On the other hand, maybe it's a good thing --
--because now I'm pissed
KRACCK
Okay, you want this, let's do it. But we'll do it my way.


Welcome to the subway system. Welcome to New York. Welcome to my town.
Hey! Yo! You gotta pay!
Sorry, all my change is in my other pair of pants.
Coming through!
Made it! Now if only she --
Perfect
PLEASE KEEP
OFF THE L

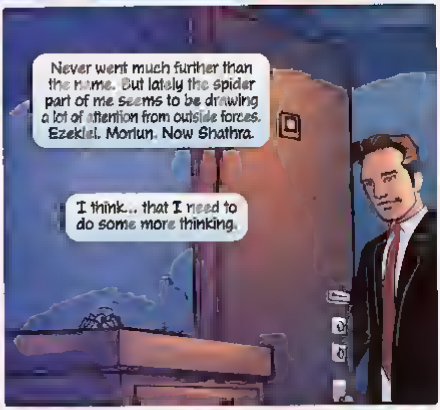

Little spider thought it could hide. But Shathra sees it, Shathra knows it, knows all about it, because she can smell it, she can —
Hey, Shathra --
BRAAAAPPP
It should be a moment to relax. To celebrate. Except --
—before the car hit, she was smiling. And I heard her say, just loud enough for me to hear it —
"...she can smell... Parker..."

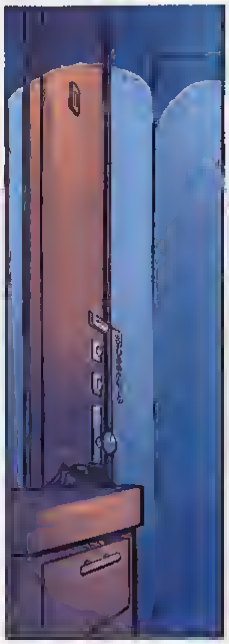

I get off two stops down. I could ride it to the end of the line, put that much more distance between us, but I don't know if it'll make much difference
Not if she can find me any time she wants
Not if she knows.
I head back to the apartment, but I stay in costume for hours, waiting.
I'm still waiting when the sun comes up, and I know I have to go to school tired or not
I'm under no illusions that the subway car would've done anything more than slow her down. But if that's so... then where is she?
Is this a stand-up fight? Or is she playing cat and mouse?
And what is she going to do now that she knows? Doc Strange said he could use sorcery to pull out my real name... she's from the other side, maybe that's how she got it
Damn, I'm tired.
Why can't things be simple anymore? Why does everything have to get harder? I was just minding my own business, I wasn't bothering anybody, just like --
--just like when I met you guys


Uncle Ben told me that with great power comes great responsibility.
But what comes with great responsibility?
Other than the need for the world's longest nap right about now.


She's the wasp to my spider. But am I really a spider? I know I've got the wardrobe, I've got the look, I've got the powers --
But am I *really* one of you?
And is that really such a swell thing, to be a spider? Because nobody even *likes* spiders.
Well, sure, there was Renfield, but he doesn't count.

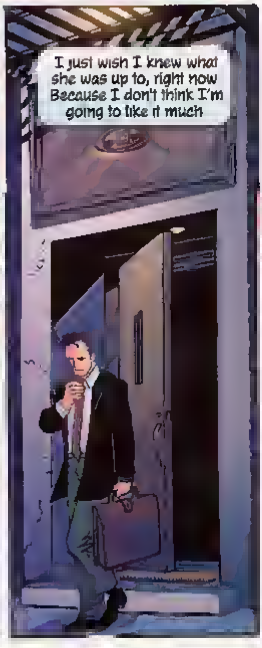

I always took that part of my life for granted, 'cause it was a cool style, a look guaranteed to strike terror into crooks, because they are a cowardly and --
--whatever --
Point is, I never went too deep into the whole spider thing.


Never went much further than the name. But lately the spider part of me seems to be drawing a lot of attention from outside forces. Ezekiel. Morlun. Now Shathra.
I think... that I need to do some more thinking.




So if you're listening, "Mom," you've got some serious explaining to do here!

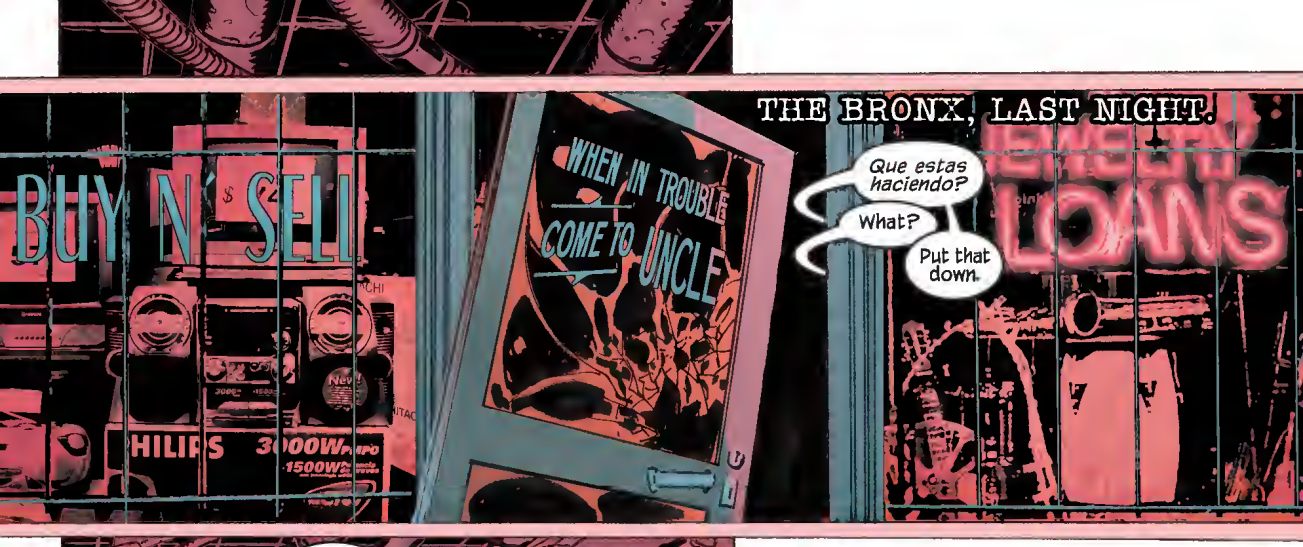

SLAMM


I just wish I knew what she was up to, right now. Because I don't think I'm going to like it much


New kind of play now... new kind of play...
I'm sorry, what did you say your name was again?
Sha— that is, Sharon.
And you say you know Spider-Man?
Yes.
We were lovers
He has many strange sexual habits
Would you like me to tell you all about it for your newspaper?
TO BE CONTINUED



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Put the TV down and put your hands on your head!!




Drop it!
Dispatch -- this is car 55. I have a 444 in progress. Calling for backup. Over.
Backup is on the way. Over.


Hey!
You hear me, Julio?


Drop the TV or I will blow your damn head off!


WHUCK
HURRAAGH!


ARRGGH!! AGGHH!!
Callate! Grab his gun!!
What did you do?
AGGH!! Don't --
BAM
KID GHOST
PUNISHER TWENTY


What did you *do?*
I --
Let's get out of here!
But the stuff...
WHEN IN TROUBLE


Screw it! We have to get out of --


SMACK




Drop your weapon, cop killer!
WHEN IN TR
WEEEOOOWEEEOOOWEEEOOOOM



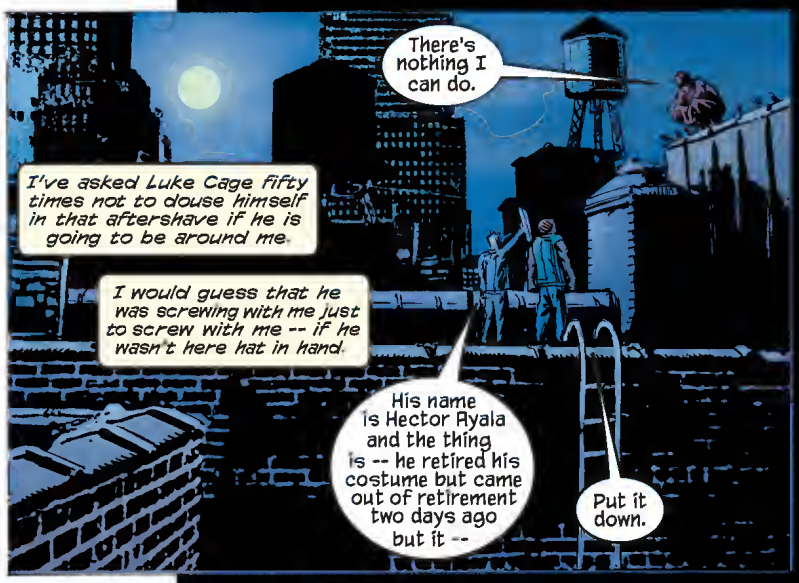

Oh, no... oh, no... AGGHH!
OOOF!
NEEEOOONEEEOOONNEEEOOONEEEOOO
AGHHU! Get away!
RURRRRRRR
NEEEOOONEEEOOONNEEEOOONEEEOOO
Go go go!!!
UNCLE
Freeze!!!

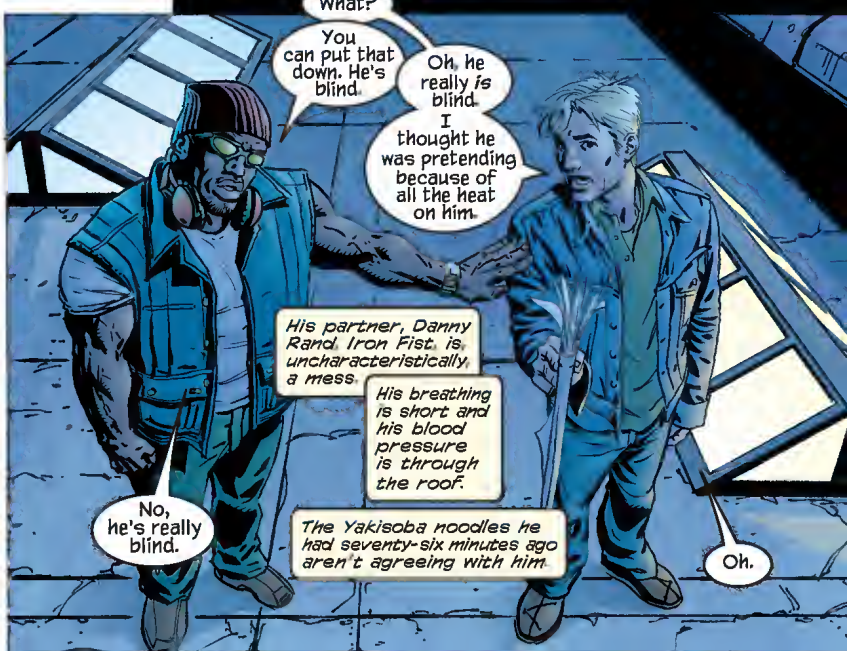


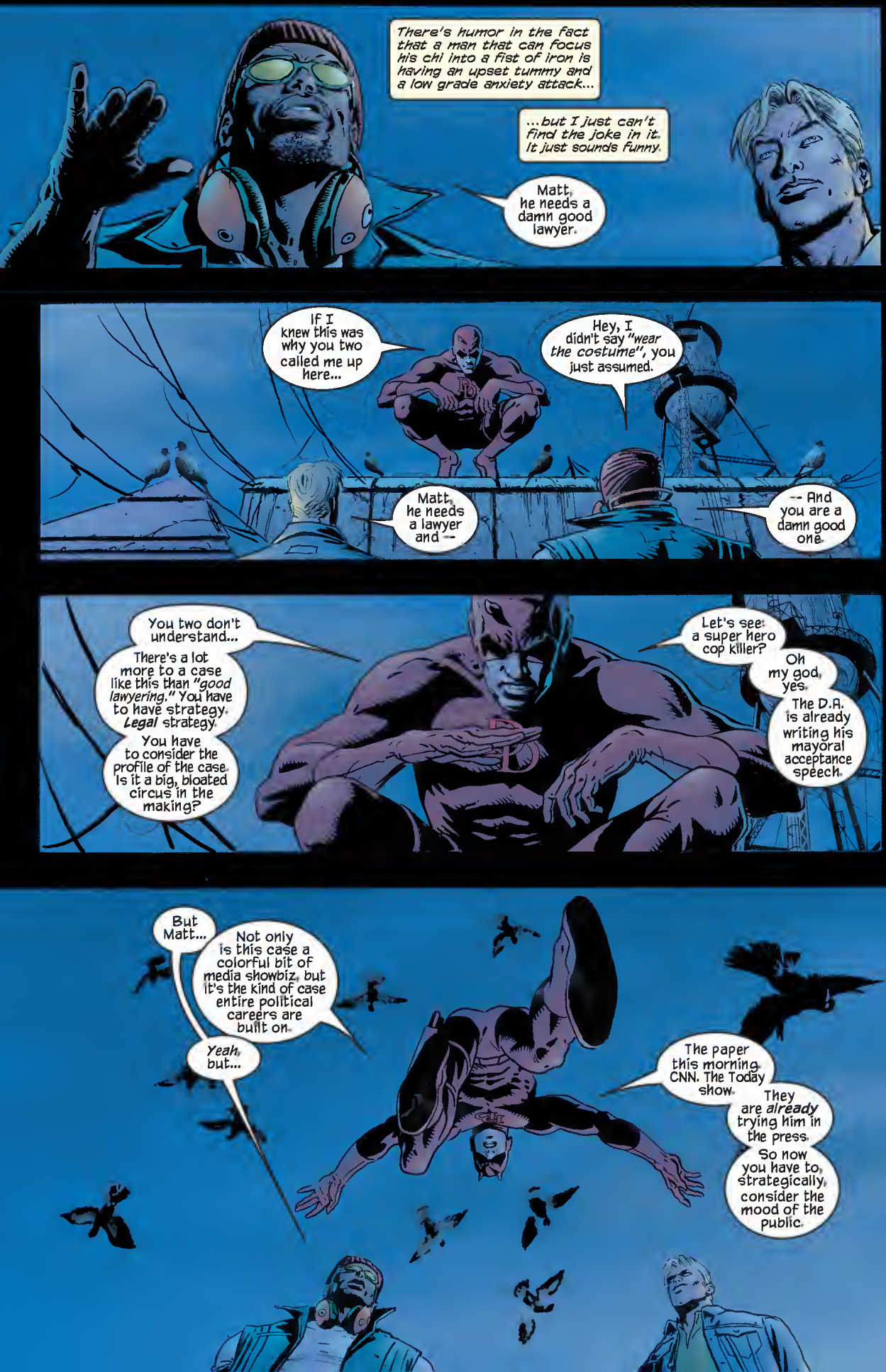


HELL'S KITCHEN, TODAY.

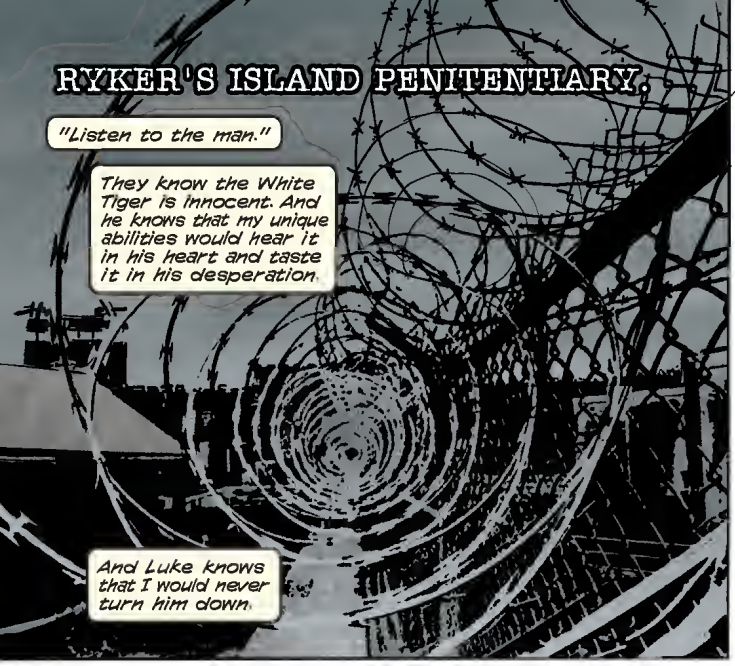




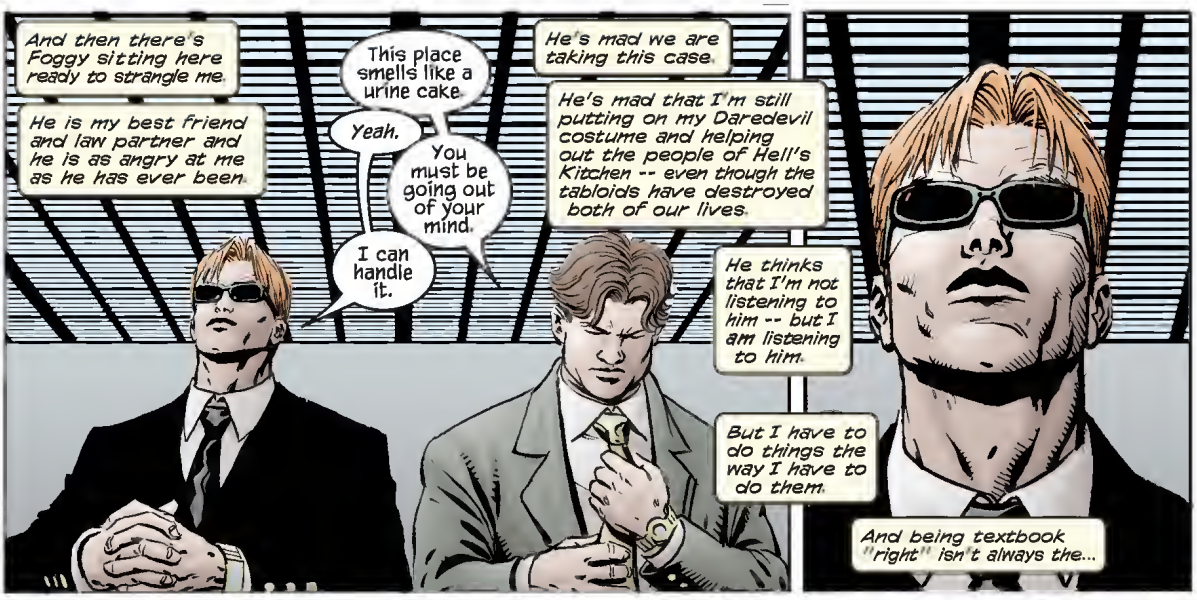



There's humor in the fact that a man that can focus his chi into a fist of iron is having an upset tummy and a low grade anxiety attack...
...but I just can't find the joke in it. It just sounds funny.
Matt, he needs a damn good lawyer.
If I knew this was why you two called me up here...
Hey, I didn't say "wear the costume", you just assumed.
Matt, he needs a lawyer and --
-- And you are a damn good one.
You two don't understand...
There's a lot more to a case like this than "good lawyering." You have to have strategy. Legal strategy.
You have to consider the profile of the case. Is it a big, bloated circus in the making?
Let's see: a super hero cop killer?
Oh my god, yes.
The D.A. is already writing his mayoral acceptance speech.
But Matt...
Not only is this case a colorful bit of media showbiz, but it's the kind of case entire political careers are built on.
Yeah, but...
The paper this morning. CNN. The Today show.
They are already trying him in the press.
So now you have to strategically consider the mood of the public.


That makes *me* the *worst* choice to represent him.
I'm in the middle of the legal fight of *my* life with the tabloids that went public with my secret identity.
Half the world thinks I really *am* Daredevil and my involvement in a case like this taints the jury...
...This taints my ability to handle this case.
What you need is a lawyer that has no connection to anything that even remotely *resembles* a costume or --
He *needs* you.
He is *innocent* and he needs you.
I will refer you to someone who...
You aren't listening.
He *needs* you.
For the exact reasons you just said -- he needs *you*.
Luke...
I understand your reluctance -- (and by reluctance I mean this wienie behavior you're displaying) -- but what you need to do is keep your eye on the prize.
You're a lawyer -- be a lawyer.
Luke...
Thing is, Matt -- he's a good man.
He's an innocent man.
Go talk to him. Listen to what he says.
You come back to us after that and tell me to shove it up my whatever -- we'll shove it up our whatever.
Go listen to the man...


RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY.
"Listen to the man."
They know the White Tiger is innocent. And he knows that my unique abilities would hear it in his heart and taste it in his desperation.
And Luke knows that I would never turn him down.

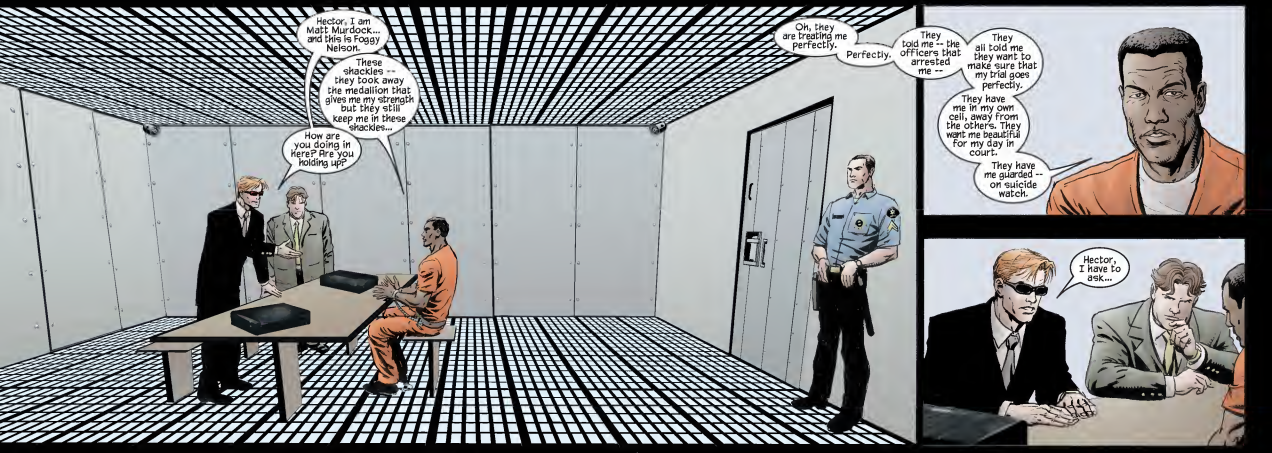

I would never let an innocent man rot in this nightmare prison --
-- waiting on a trial for a murder he didn't commit...
...Damn it.


And then there's Foggy sitting here ready to strangle me.
He is my best friend and law partner and he is as angry at me as he has ever been.
This place smells like a urine cake.
Yeah.
You must be going out of your mind.
I can handle it.
He's mad we are taking this case.
He's mad that I'm still putting on my Daredevil costume and helping out the people of Hell's Kitchen -- even though the tabloids have destroyed both of our lives.
He thinks that I'm not listening to him -- but I am listening to him.
But I have to do things the way I have to do them.
And being textbook "right" isn't always the...


THANK THUNK






Hector, I am Matt Murdock... and this is Foggy Nelson.
These shackles -- they took away the medallion that gives me my strength but they still keep me in these shackles...
How are you doing in here? Are you holding up?
Oh, they are treating me perfectly.
Perfectly.
They told me -- the officers that arrested me --
They all told me they want to make sure that my trial goes perfectly.
They have me in my own cell, away from the others. They want me beautiful for my day in court.
They have me guarded -- on suicide watch.
Hector, I have to ask...

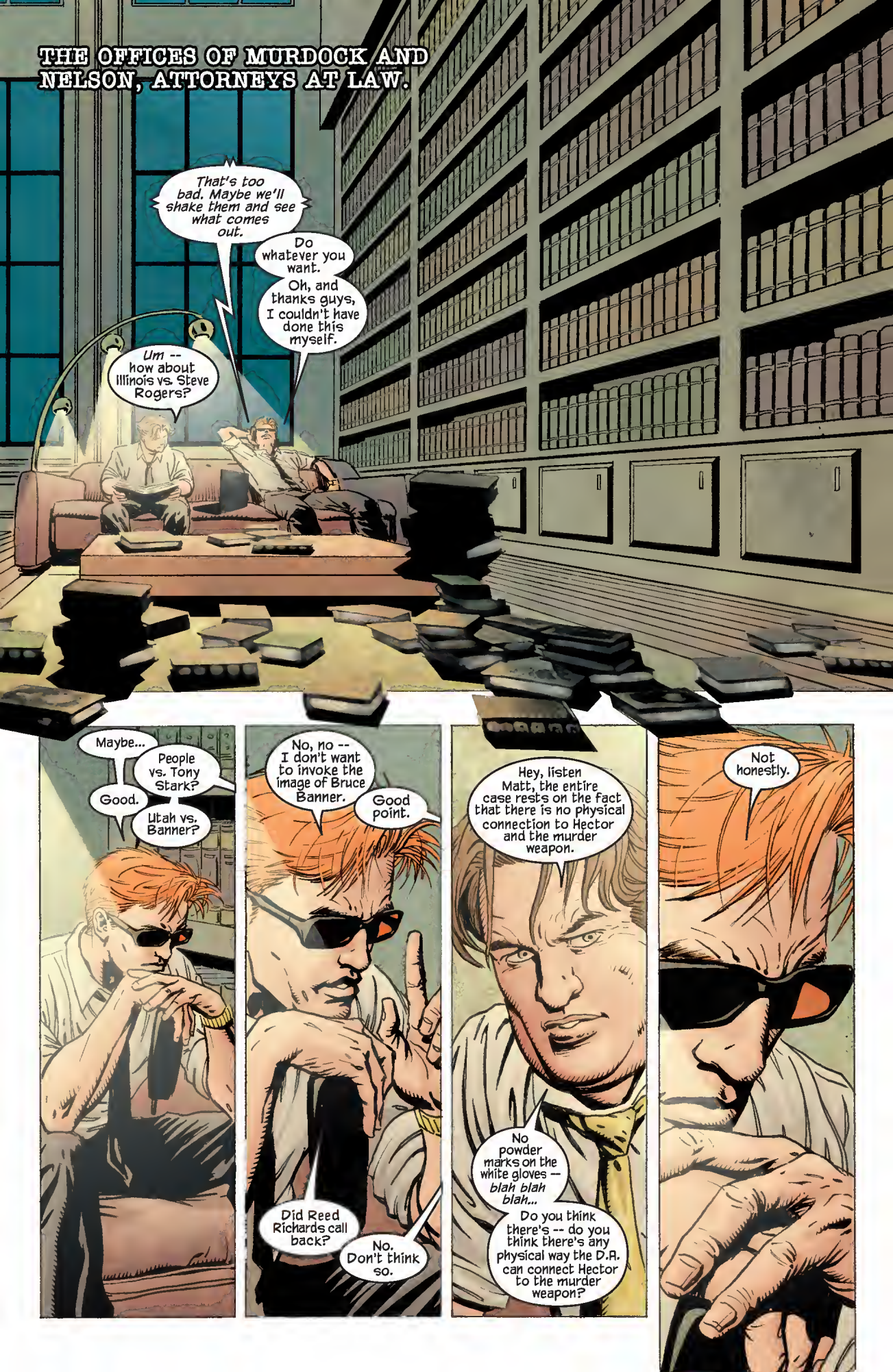

Mr. Murdock, please. Of course I did not murder.
I hate myself for begging for his heart to skip.
Or jump.
Or flutter.
I damn myself for hoping his body temperature would rise.
But nothing. This is an innocent man.
You retired the White Tiger costume once, yes?
Yes, a couple years ago. I gave it all up.
I have not worn the costume, or the medallion, in a couple of years.
Why did -- why were you out that night?
Why did you come out of retirement all of a sudden?
I do not know. I just -- I just did.
It's all right, Hector. It's okay...
What can you tell us about these gangbangers at the pawn shop...

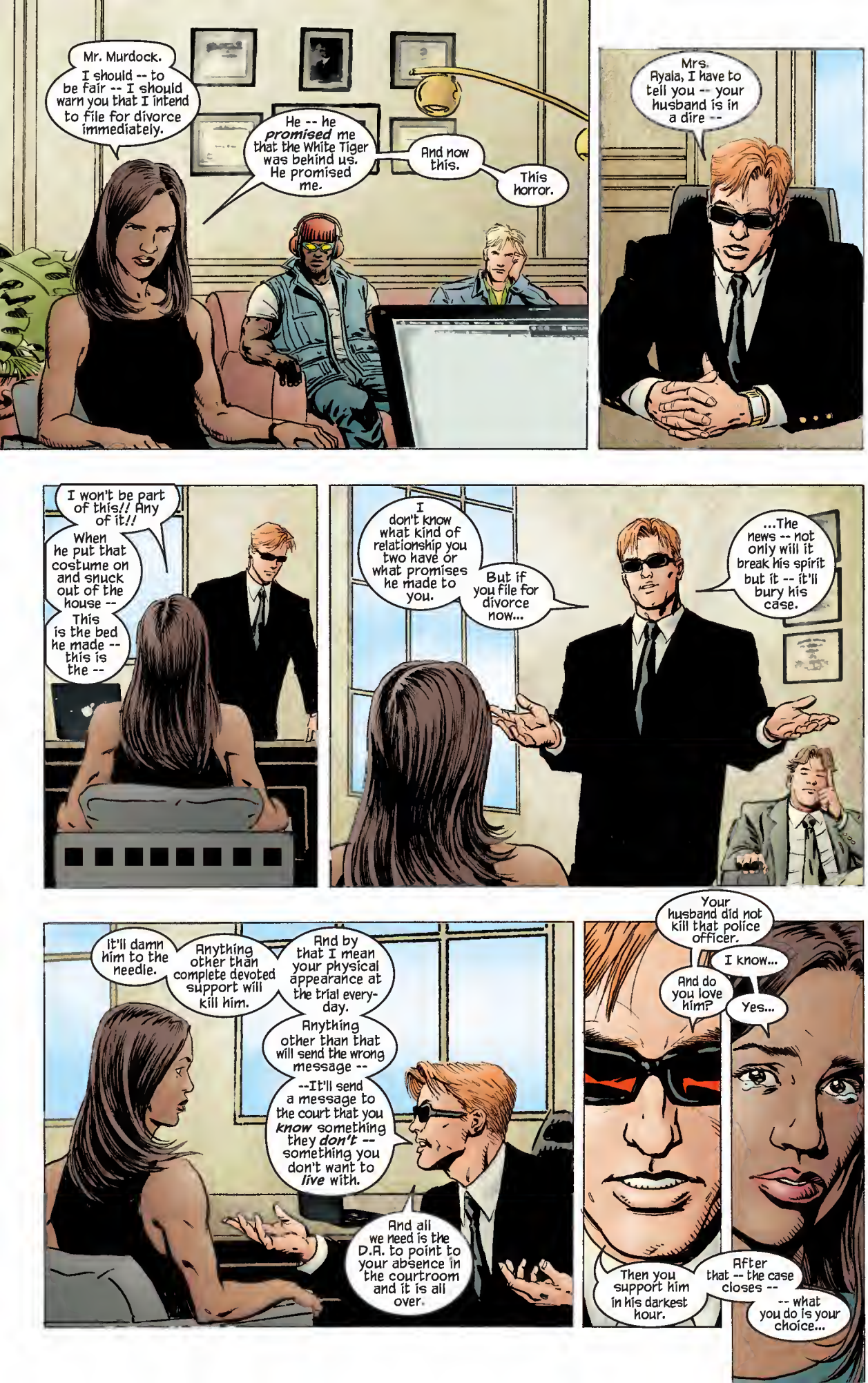

Hit the circle button six times and then the left and then the down button and a tank appears and --
Yo, I ain't cheatin'.
It ain't cheatin', it's the --
This is #$@!! This is my game. It's my turn. You been hoggin' this deal the whole time and it ain't --
BAM
CRACK
AAAGH!
Tell me you didn't just bust in here like that!

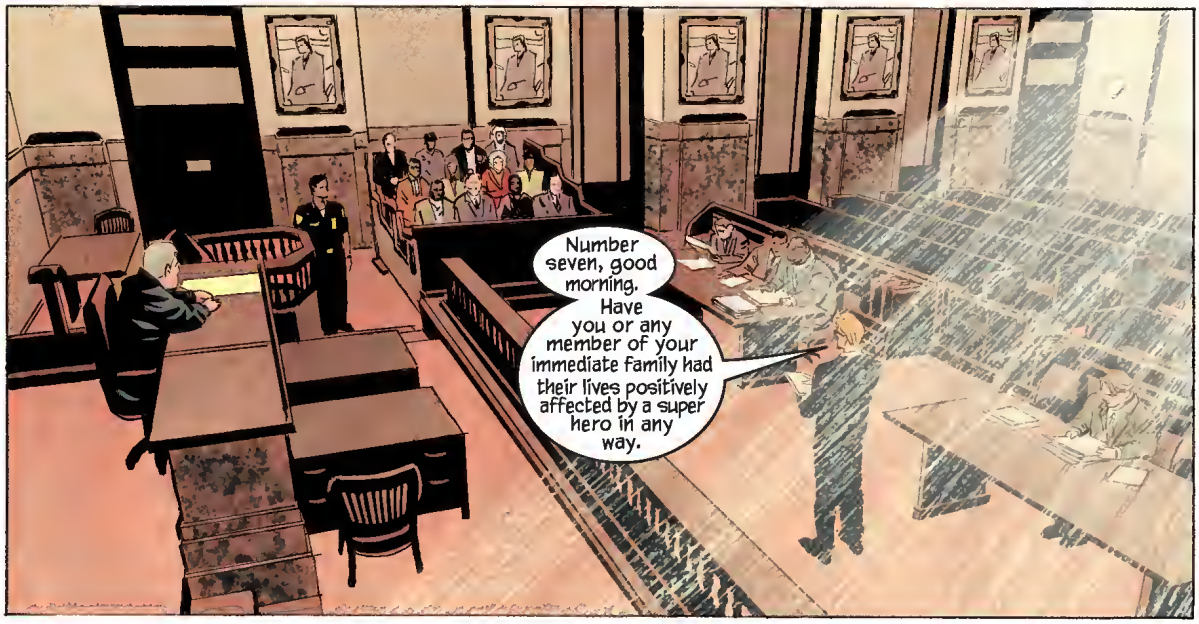

Don't know who the hell you think you
AAAGGHHH!!!
Yeah, I was going to tell you about my unbreakable skin --
AAAIIEEE!!
But you didn't let me get a word goin' in this.
Sit down.
Okay.
Sit.
Okay...

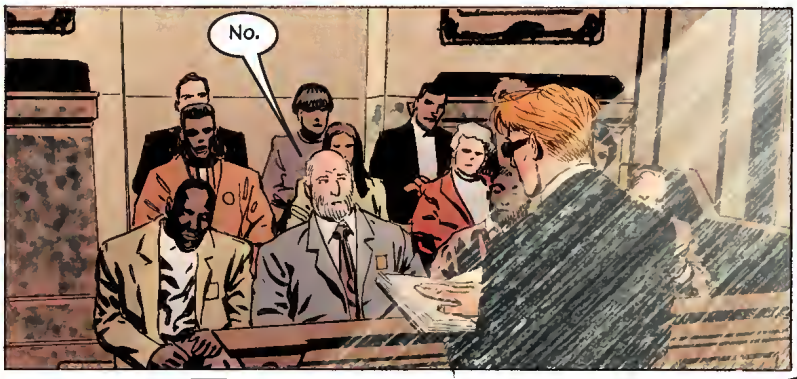

I think I need a doctor, man...
The question of the day is about a cop killing at a pawn shop.
Word on the street is that a couple of kids wearing your colors and -- oh, hold on a sec.
bloop bloop
Heroes for hire...
You!
The one on the right... his heart's about to explode.
No, your other right...
You!!


Aaw, no man, listen. I wasn't anywhere near that scene. That -- that was these two guys --
Shut up, man.
You shut up -- this yo's about to eat my face.
Yo, man, these two: Carlos and Mikey.
Yo man, they broke into that pawn shop and all that, but man, they are gone.
Carlos and Mikey who?
Yo man, Carlos Sanchez and -- and -- and what was Mikey's last name?
I dunno.
I thinks I got to go to the hospital.
Where'd they go?
Man, I dunno!!
I swear, they just gone.
They weren't from here anyhow. They was from Chicago.
Chicago!
They was from Philly.
They was just visitin' they cousin Ralphie!
They was checkin' out the action down on this -- now that the Kingpin is a footnote.
They got into trouble and they took off before the heat heated up.
Where's this Ralphie?
Yo, man, he wents with them, man? Whatchoo do? Pawn something or --
Dude, it's the White Tiger bizno -- they all checkin' each others' backs.
Where's Ralphie live?
This is his joint...
What do you say?
They're telling the truth.

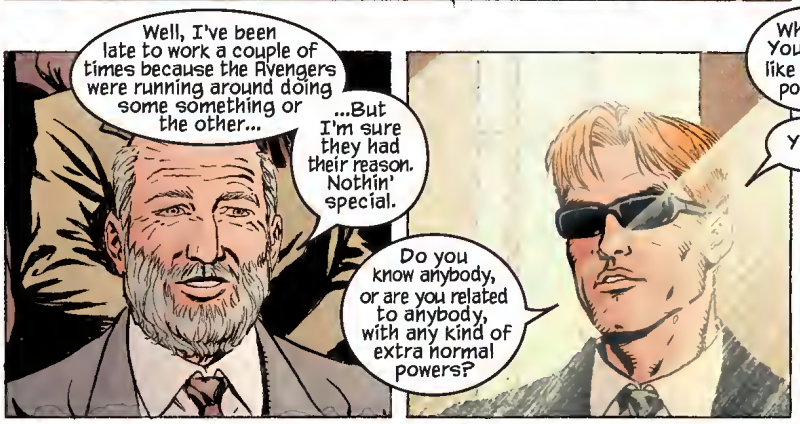

THE OFFICES OF MURDOCK AND NELSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
That's too bad. Maybe we'll shake them and see what comes out.
Do whatever you want.
Oh, and thanks guys, I couldn't have done this myself.
Um -- how about Illinois vs. Steve Rogers?
Maybe...
People vs. Tony Stark?
Good.
Utah vs. Banner?
No, no -- I don't want to invoke the image of Bruce Banner.
Good point.
Did Reed Richards call back?
No. Don't think so.
Hey, listen Matt, the entire case rests on the fact that there is no physical connection to Hector and the murder weapon.
No powder marks on the white gloves -- blah blah blah...
Do you think there's -- do you think there's any physical way the D.A. can connect Hector to the murder weapon?
Not honestly.

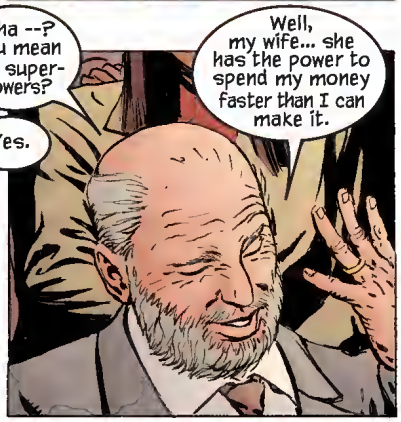

Mr. Murdock. I should -- to be fair -- I should warn you that I intend to file for divorce immediately.
He -- he *promised* me that the White Tiger was behind us. He promised me.
And now this.
This horror.
Mrs. Ayala, I have to tell you -- your husband is in a dire --
I won't be part of this!! Any of it!!
When he put that costume on and snuck out of the house --
This is the bed he made -- this is the --
I don't know what kind of relationship you two have or what promises he made to you.
But if you file for divorce now...
...The news -- not only will it break his spirit but it -- it'll bury his case.
It'll damn him to the needle.
Anything other than complete devoted support will kill him.
And by that I mean your physical appearance at the trial every-day.
Anything other than that will send the wrong message --
--It'll send a message to the court that you *know* something they *don't* -- something you don't want to *live* with.
And all we need is the D.A. to point to your absence in the courtroom and it is all over.
Your husband did not kill that police officer.
I know...
And do you love him?
Yes...
Then you support him in his darkest hour.
After that -- the case closes --
-- what you do is your choice...

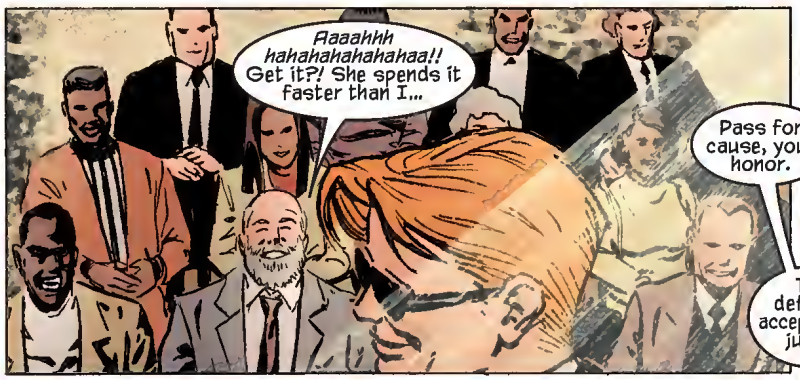

Number seven, good morning.
Have you or any member of your immediate family had their lives positively affected by a super hero in any way.

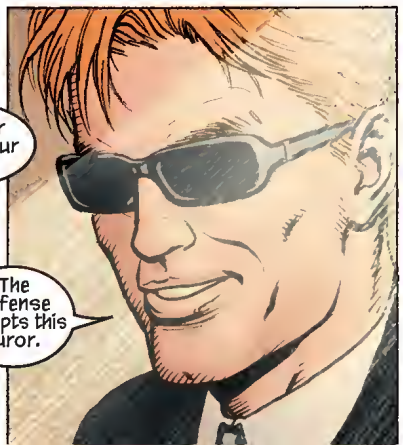

No.


In a negative way?

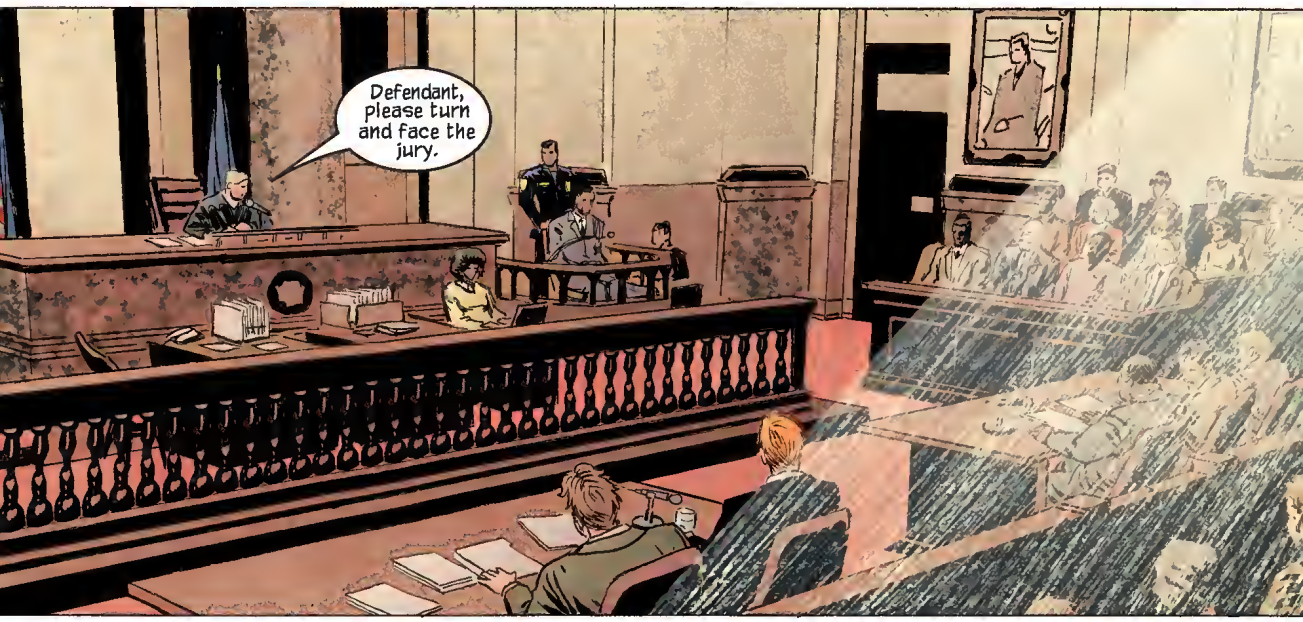

Well, I've been late to work a couple of times because the Avengers were running around doing some something or the other...
...But I'm sure they had their reason. Nothin' special.
Do you know anybody, or are you related to anybody, with any kind of extra normal powers?


Wha --? You mean like super-powers?
Yes.
Well, my wife... she has the power to spend my money faster than I can make it.

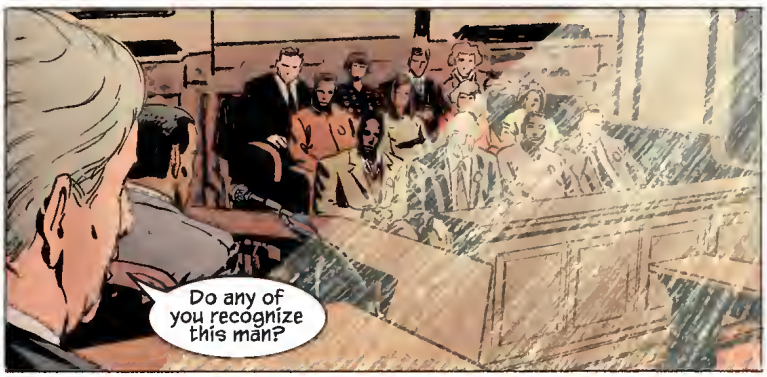

Aaaahhh hahahahahahahaa!! Get it?! She spends it faster than I...

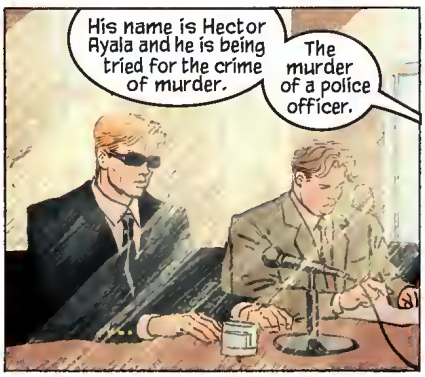

Pass for cause, your honor.
The defense accepts this juror.


Ladies and gentlemen of the jury --
-- the trial you have been asked to sit in judgment over --
-- is the most serious of crimes.
This is a murder trial.


Defendant, please turn and face the jury.

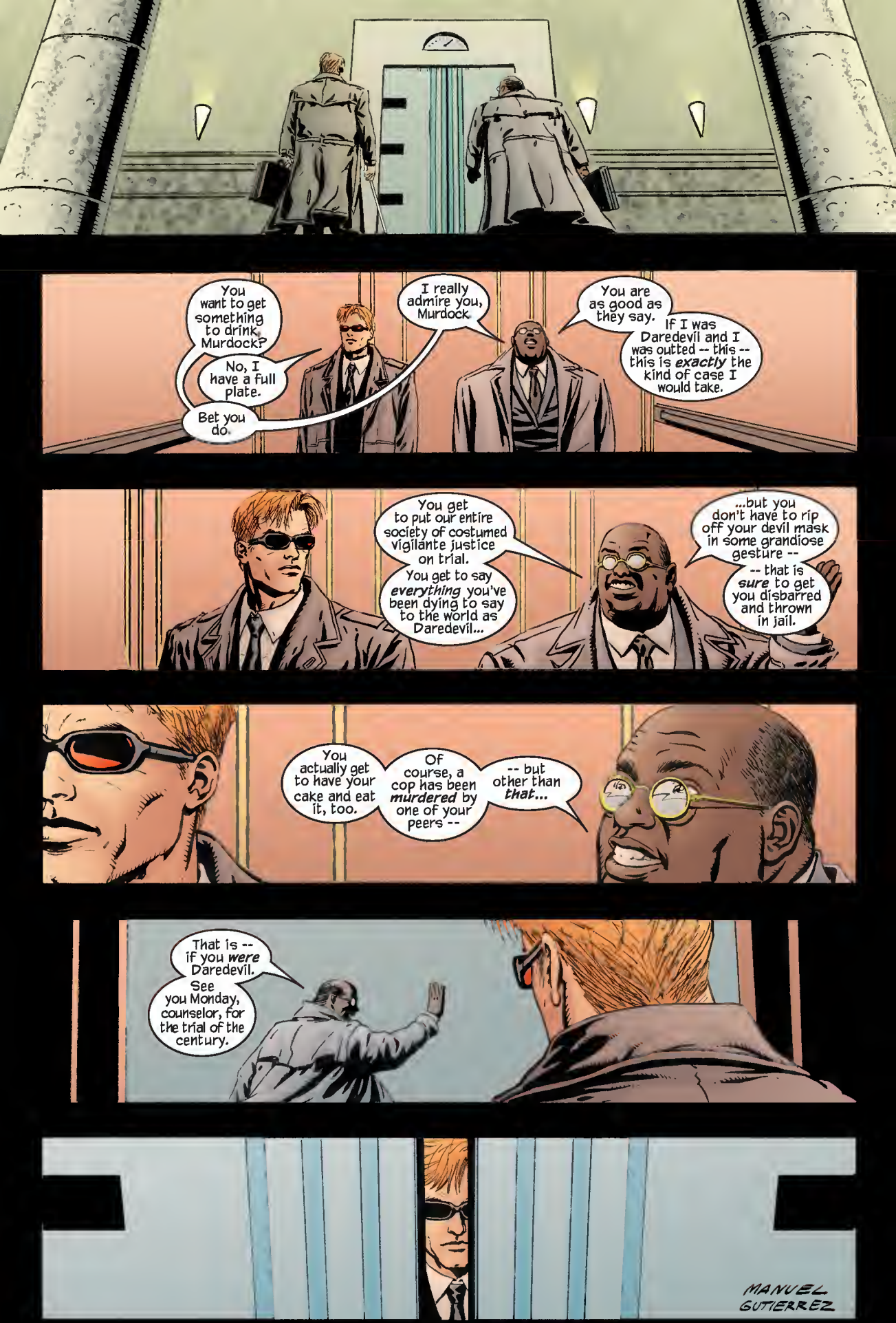



Do any of you recognize this man?


His name is Hector Ayala and he is being tried for the crime of murder.
The murder of a police officer.


If you have any previous knowledge of this man, please step forward now so you may be excused.


I want to make myself perfectly clear.
I called you both in here to tell you emphatically that I will not allow *either* one of you to make a mockery of my court.
Mr. Delacourt, this goes double for you and your motley staff in the D.A.'s office.
If I hear one more comment in the press.
If I see one more person from your office on the Today show --
If I even *smell* a leak --
-- this trial is over.
Do you two understand me?
Murdock. I am quite aware of the shenanigans you pulled in Judge Nicholson's court last year -- if I see any costumed critters crashing through my skylight...
This is a court of *law!*
You understand me?
A man -- a man is on trial for his life...
A police officer's family is looking for their chance at justice...
And if I find out through *all* of this that you really *are* this Daredevil person...
...and you have the skeeyoons and tenacity to come into *my* court and lie to my *face* and to the face of *God* --
If I find this out...
...I will make *sure* that you are *arrested* on the spot and that you never see the God's blue light of day again.
Is *that* understood??!!


You want to get something to drink, Murdock?
No, I have a full plate.
Bet you do.
I really admire you, Murdock.
You are as good as they say.
If I was Daredevil and I was outted -- this -- this is *exactly* the kind of case I would take.
You get to put our entire society of costumed vigilante justice on trial.
You get to say *everything* you've been dying to say to the world as Daredevil...
...but you don't have to rip off your devil mask in some grandiose gesture --
-- that is *sure* to get you disbarred and thrown in jail.
You actually get to have your cake and eat it, too.
Of course, a cop has been *murdered* by one of your peers --
-- but other than *that*...
That is -- if you *were* Daredevil.
See you Monday, counselor, for the trial of the century.
MANUEL GUTIERREZ

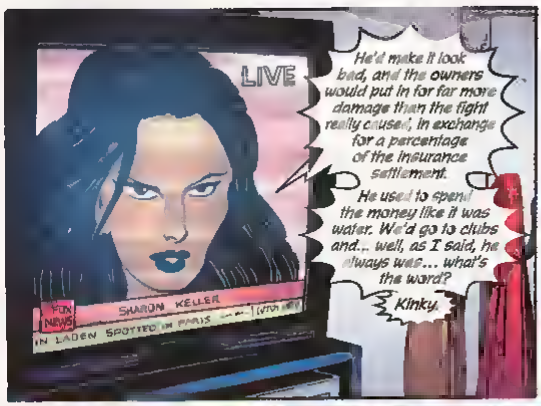

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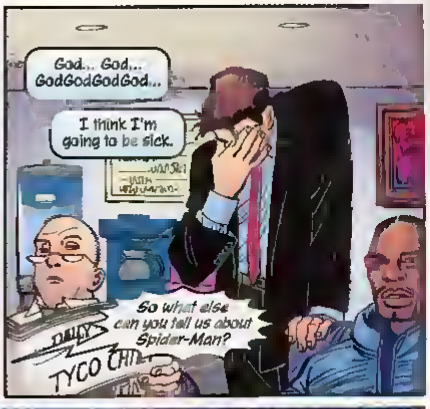


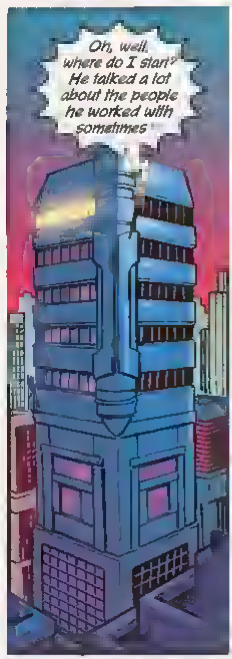
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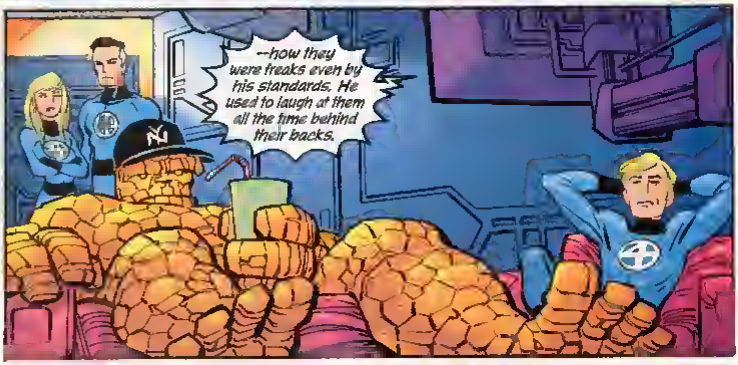

She followed me all the way from the Astral Plane where she picked up my scent and came after me, the wasp to my spider, natural enemies I can't believe she'd stop now, not after we went toe-to-toe across town.
I've met some bad-news guys in my time, but everything in me, every spider-sense I've got, was screaming that this one's bad straight through.
Malicious. Mean. Spiteful. Twisted. I think she enjoys doing this, enjoys tearing her prey apart.
One way or another...
Had to come to class, because I can't turn my back on the kids like Joey, so much like me at that age. But I've been looking over my shoulder every two minutes.
Waiting. Because no way is this over yet.
So?
It's amber now.
Then the solution is officially a stable medium. Congratulations.
Yaaaayyyy! I got a stable medium!
Which, let me tell you, in an age of psychic hotlines, isn't easy.
So you're sure you turned off the Bunsen burners?
Totally.
Because if the school burns down, they're almost certainly going to take it out of my paycheck.
You can handle it.
Okay. I'm going back—
No, really, it's off.
Anyway, I gotta go or my mom'll have a cat. Thanks again, Mr. Parker.
It's okay, Joey. You have a lot of potential. I want to make sure that potential has the chance to be realized.
...you in class Monday.

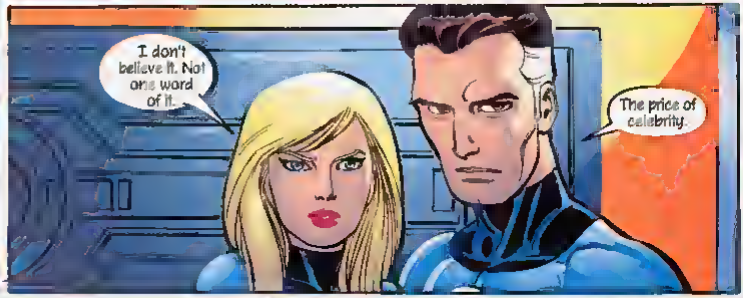

When I was in high school, I was just like him, the odd man out. If my teachers hadn't taken the time to see something of value in me, and encourage me in science and photography, who knows where I would've ended up. It's such a pivotal time.
I just hope I can do the same.
Hey, Parker, you still here?
Yeah, Kyle, just helping one of my students with a chemistry experiment.
Well, it must've gone okay since the school didn't blow up.
FACULTY LOUNGE
Some of us are putting together a field trip to the Museum of Natural History next month, you want in, Peter?
Sure.
--so when did the two of you first get together?
It was two, almost three years ago that I became Spider-Man's lover.
What?!
Didn't you hear? She's been on the TV all day, talking about how she and Spider-Man have been an item. The story just got picked up by CNN.
LIVE
He has... well, I suppose the term would be an insatiable appetite for sex.
But that's often the case with men who are trying to compensate for something.
it's her. I can feel it. I can hear it in her voice.
Not Sharon. Shathra.
Where I became disillusioned, and when I decided to go public, was when I realized that so many of his so-called battles were staged for publicity, and that he was receiving kickbacks from some of the companies whose buildings were damaged during his fights.
LIVE
Sharon Keller Caught in A Web Of Lies
PARKER: SPIDERMAN IS WANTED BY NYPD


LIVE
He'd make it look bad, and the owners would put in far far more damage than the fight really caused, in exchange for a percentage of the insurance settlement.
He used to spend the money like it was water. We'd go to clubs and... well, as I said, he always was... what's the word?
Kinky.
SHARON KELLER


God... God... GodGodGodGod...
I think I'm going to be sick.
So what else can you tell us about Spider-Man?
DAILY
TYCO CHI


Oh, well, where do I start? He talked a lot about the people he worked with sometimes


--how they were freaks even by his standards. He used to laugh at them all the time behind their backs.


I don't believe it. Not one word of it.
The price of celebrity.


It's a very different sort of world, I can tell you that much. I don't know how his wife puts up with it.
He has a wife?
HT IN A WEB OF LOVE


Well, sure, of course he has a wife.
BRRRRPPP BRRRRPPP


Don't they all?
Pick up the phone, MJ... pick up the phone...
I guess right now the question on everyone's mind is, why are you coming forward now? And why should anyone believe your claims?
Well, on the first question, I guess the most honest answer is.. I just got tired of the hypocrisy.
I got tired of someone pretending to be something he's not: a decent, honorable guy. The people who think he's some kind of hero need to hear the other side.
And isn't there always another side? Isn't that what the news has taught us about everyone... politicians, clergy, teachers... everyone?
See? It's what I've been telling you for years. Someone find this woman fast, I don't want us to drag our feet on this one.
As for why you should believe me, well, if anything I'm saying is a lie, let him just come out and say so. He can say what he has to say...
LIVE
FOX NEWS
FACT
... and I'll say what I have to say about him. Who he is, the kind of person he is. But he won't. And you want to know why he won't?
LIVE


Because I'm telling the truth.
CLICK
MJ?
--hkkhhh--
MJ? MJ, it's me --
God, Peter...
Listen to me --
I just want to know one thing, Peter. Is it true?
Is it?
No... no, it's not, MJ. I swear.
Then why aren't you out there? Why are you letting her say these terrible things? Why don't you stop her?
I can't, MJ, I --
She knows who I am.
Peter... how does this woman know who you are?
I... it's a long story. Look, I can't talk right now --
Then why did you --
Because you have to know --
--that it's not true. And I'm going to take care of it. One way or another. But it's not true, MJ
I swear it I swear it I --
CLICK!
You know, they just don't make things to last anymore.


So we'll definitely be following this story as it develops.
LIVE
That we will, Susi. Looks like another role model, for some at least, bites the dust.
In other news --
NEWS
WEB OF LOVE
NEW- 2801 DEAD OR MISSING AT WTC
--a couple in Vancouver, British Columbia claim to have bred the world's first singing cat
Our correspondent reports --
SHRKTT
I've been away too long.
It's started.


I'm so angry I can't even see. I web my way across the city on instinct and rage...
I know where the studio is. I know where she is.
I try to form a coherent thought. I can't.
So I say the hell with it and give it over to the rage.
Let it burn.
Let it burn.
She's going down.


So what can you tell us about Spider-Man that the general public doesn't know?
You mean like who he is?
That would be a start.
Well, I suppose I could, but it's a little early in the game for that, don't you think?
Do you consider this a game?
Isn't everything? Not that it really means anything to me one way or another.
So you're prepared to tell us the name of the man behind the mask?
Prepared? Oh, I'm prepared for anything and everything. You have to be. Though I don't know about the "man behind the mask." I mean, he's really more insect than man.
He just doesn't realize it yet.
But he's about to
I don't under--
CRASH
That's enough!
Aaaaahhh!


My reputation is one of the only things in the world that *means* anything to me. You can't beat me so you try to hurt me another way
Security!
I won't have it. Tell them it's a lie. Tell them you're a sick, twisted, perverse —
Back away!
Ooff!
Tell them...
Tell them!
Damn you, *tell them the truth!*
10
FOX
BREAKING NEWS
Tell them the truth? Sure. I'd be happy to. Pet —
Stop it!
...ohmygod


10:55
To our viewers. you have just seen a man out of control. a super-powered man, a so-called hero, striking an unarmed, defenseless woman, a --
BREAKING NEWS
--a.. er... ummm.. Oh my..
Little man
Little spider.
Not ready to play before Not fun to fight before.
Little man. Little spider.
Now he is ready to play.

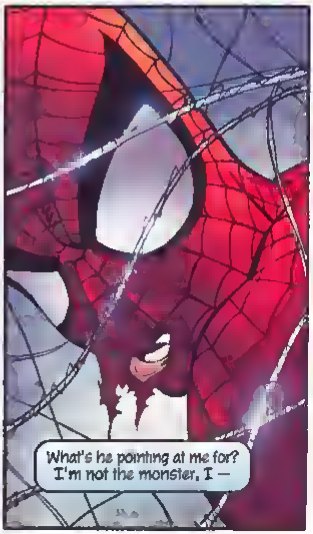

She hits me Hard
All I want is to rip her limbs off and beat her with them
I don't even feel it.
Ummm... we'll be right back... after these words from our sponsor


I hit her with everything I've got. I'm not holding back anymore.
She did worse than hit me. She hurt me in the deepest part of myself. My self-respect. My heart.
Listening to her, I wanted to be sick. Or take a bath.
Now as the rage fills me so that I'm half blind with fury, I want only one thing.
I want to kill her. For the first time in my life, I want to kill something. Because that's what she is. A thing. Inhuman. Monstrous.


I want to grind her bones to powder with my bare hands. Fighting on sheer instinct. Not thinking, just fighting


And it feels good. It feels —
Aaaaghhh!


Shush — don't let him hear you!
Aaaaahhhh! Monster! Monster, Mommy, monster!


What's he pointing at me for? I'm not the monster. I —

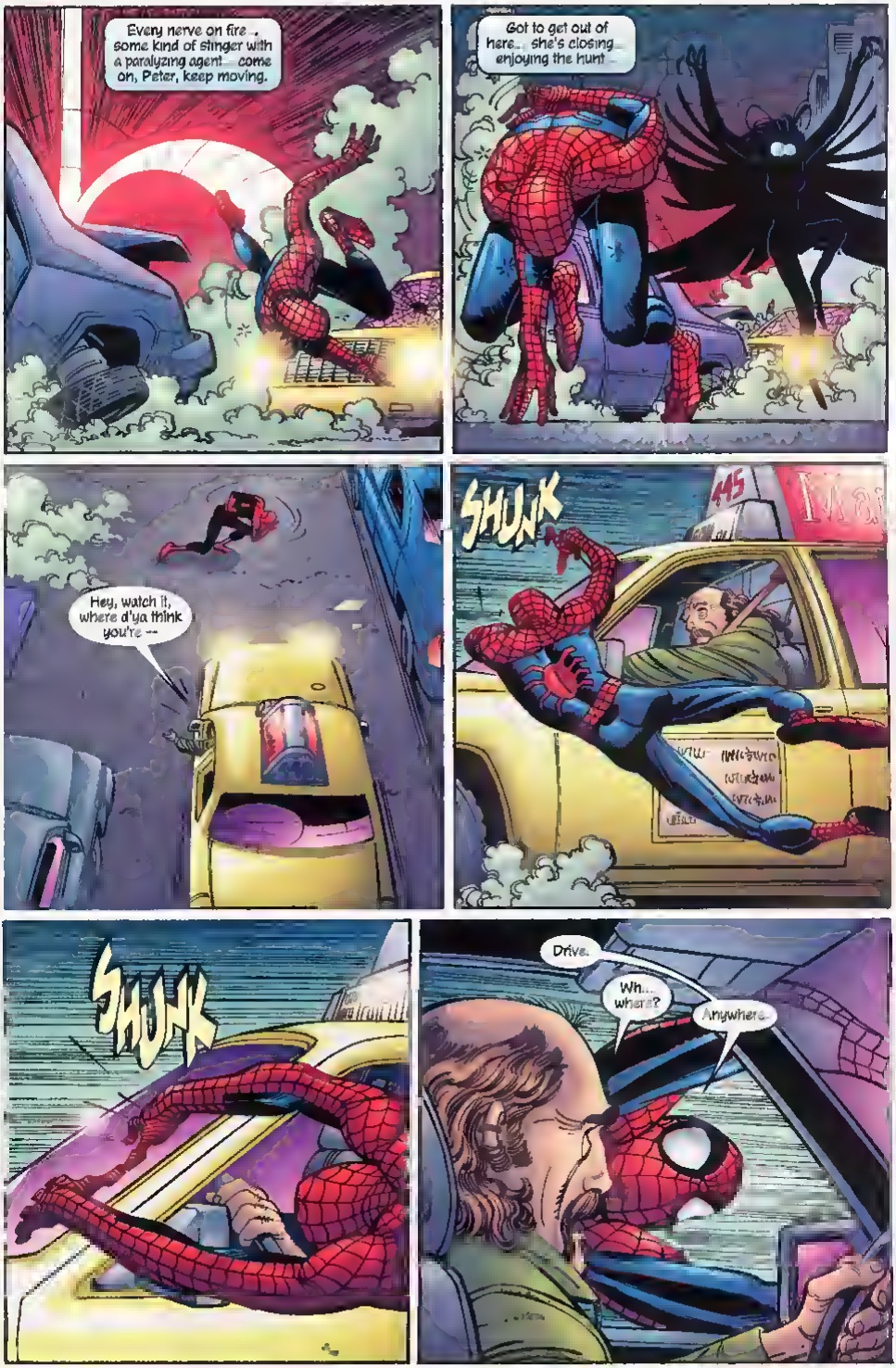

...ohmygod... what have I done? What was I thinking?
I wasn't thinking. I was acting on instinct. It's as if I --
Little man gone.
Only spider now.


She wanted me angry. She wanted me to lose control. Wanted me to be like her.
Spider to her wasp.


Natural enemies.
Pure and unambiguous.

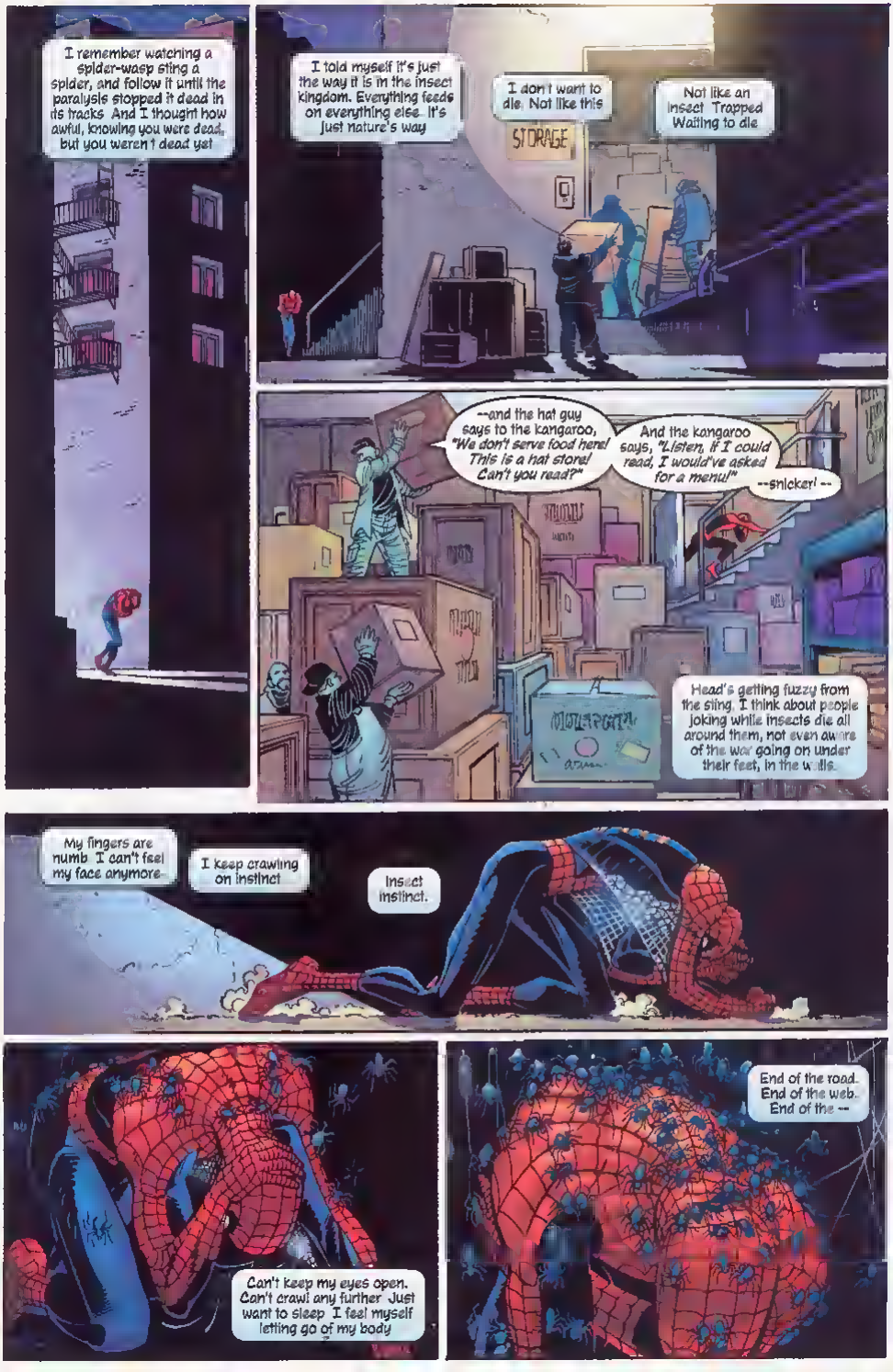

Shathra sent the man away.
Now Shathra and little spider are just what they are, and nothing they are not.
Now little spider is ripe.
Because what mother feeds impure food to her children?
I m still running on instinct; have to get out of here, clear my head

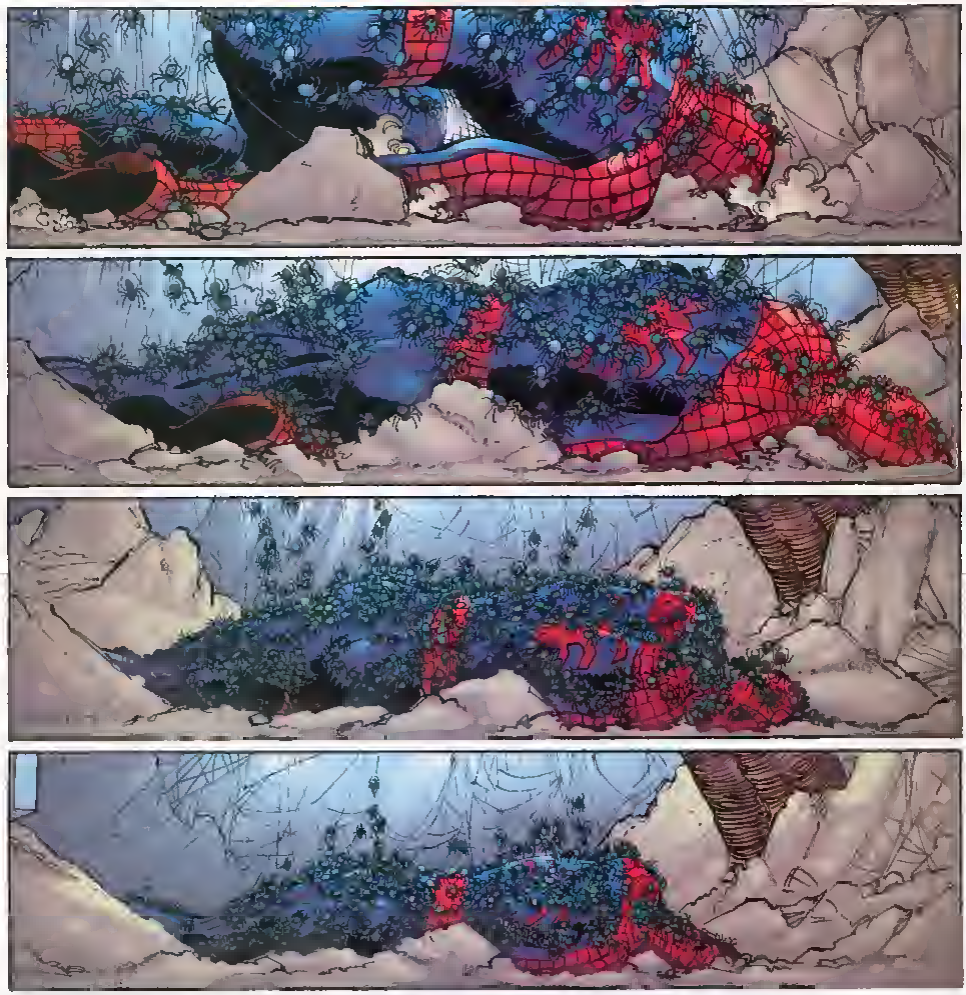

Worry about cleaning up the mess later, when I —
Hssssss--
AAaaahhhh!
Damn it... feeling when I should have been thinking... back's on fire, spreading —


Every nerve on fire... some kind of stinger with a paralyzing agent... come on, Peter, keep moving.
Got to get out of here... she's closing... enjoying the hunt...
Hey, watch it, where d'ya think you're ---
SHUNK
445
SHUNK
Drive.
Wh... where?
Anywhere...

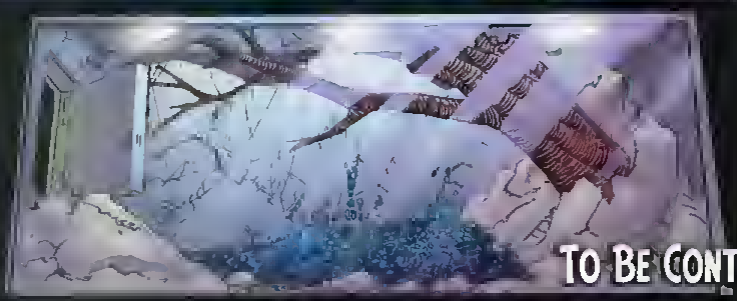

Okay, uptown it is
445
Spider running. Come play, little spider. Come and --
NYC 317
--play.
Hey, you know, I had that other guy in my cab the other day, whathisname, Ben something-or-other, you know --
The Thing
Feeling sick. Don't throw up, don't throw up --
Most heroes, I gotta tell you, they're lousy tippers, you know? Think they're doing you a favor, saving you from that Magnet-guy, or that real nutcase, Galactaid, whatever the hell his name is --
--can't control my hands, can't get my mask off... If I throw up in my mask I drown --


I mean, sure, it's great for them, it's a job, right? But for a working stiff just pulling down a few bucks hacking a cab, it don't mean much if you're a crummy tipper, am I right?
Reed Richards, nice guy, good tipper, twenty percent, every time. All the guys love him.
We call him Stretch. Funny, right? *Stretch*, get it?
Worst tipper ever, this guy got into my cab years ago, all covered in water, wings on his feet if you can believe that. Tried to pay me in seashells. A real nut, y'know?
I think he was maybe a foreigner, not from around here, so maybe that's it, people got funny ways, y'know?
Let me out... have to get out --
Here? Sure thing, chief. Just let me pull over. Cops in this part of town'll give you a ticket for blinking funny --
No... have to get out... *now!*
Hey! That's five-fifty! *Hey!*
Muscles are freezing up... from the paralyzing sting... if I don't keep moving they'll lock up.
Hey, you see that!? Spider-guy over there stiffed me on a fare!
You're freakin' kidding!
Do I freakin' look like I'm freakin' kidding?
Okay, Okay --
"--I believe you. Fits though, y'know? I was watching TV and they were saying he's kinda weird--"
As I try to keep moving, I remember a documentary I once saw in high school on insects. How every insect feeds on every other insect


I remember watching a spider-wasp sting a spider, and follow it until the paralysis stopped it dead in its tracks. And I thought how awful, knowing you were dead, but you weren't dead yet.
I told myself it's just the way it is in the insect kingdom. Everything feeds on everything else. It's just nature's way.
I don't want to die. Not like this.
Not like an insect. Trapped. Waiting to die.
STORAGE
--and the hat guy says to the kangaroo, "We don't serve food here! This is a hat store! Can't you read?"
And the kangaroo says, "Listen, if I could read, I would've asked for a menu!"
--snicker! --
Head's getting fuzzy from the sting. I think about people joking while insects die all around them, not even aware of the war going on under their feet, in the walls.
My fingers are numb. I can't feel my face anymore.
I keep crawling on instinct.
Insect instinct.
Can't keep my eyes open. Can't crawl any further. Just want to sleep. I feel myself letting go of my body.
End of the road. End of the web. End of the --



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THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY PRESENTS
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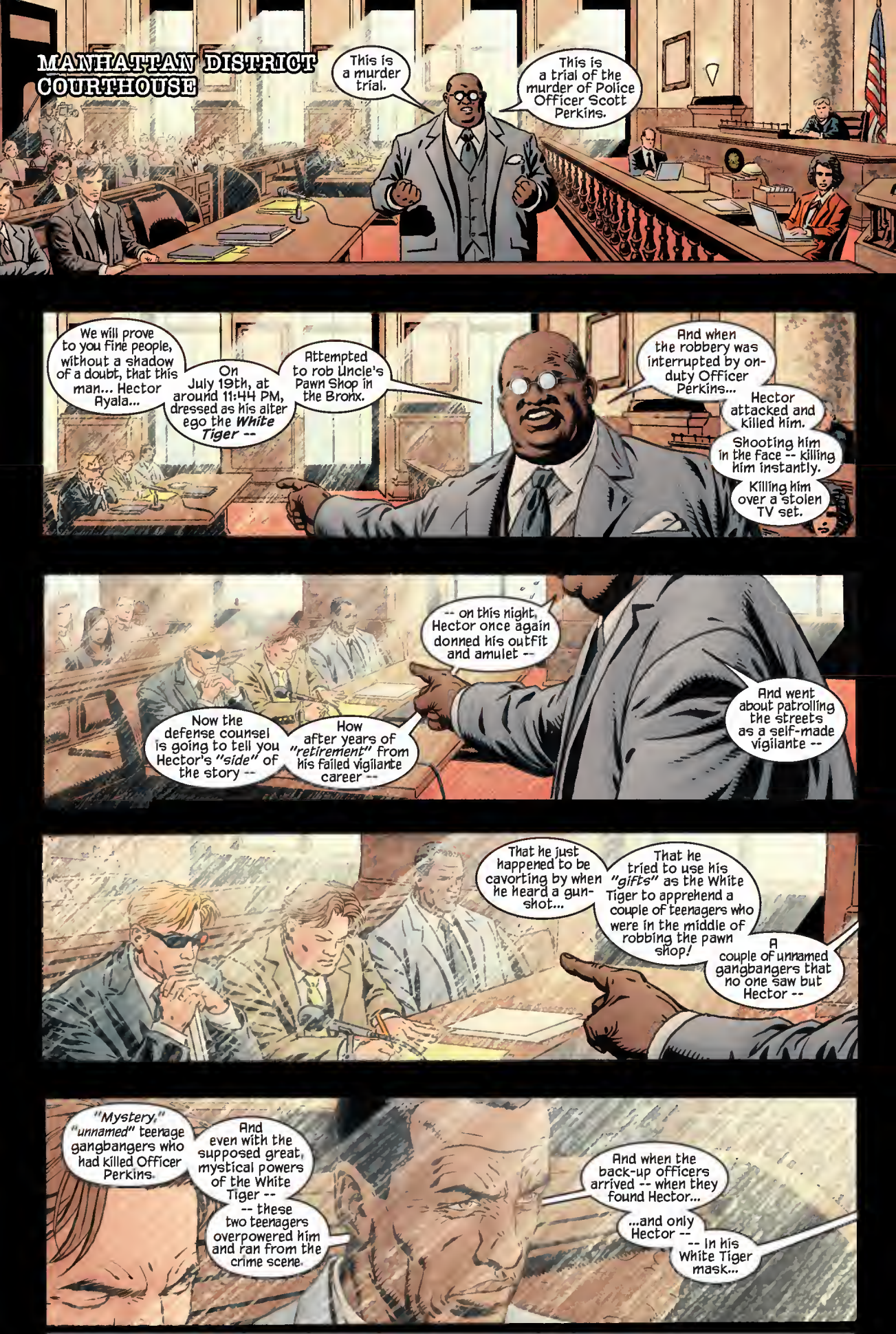
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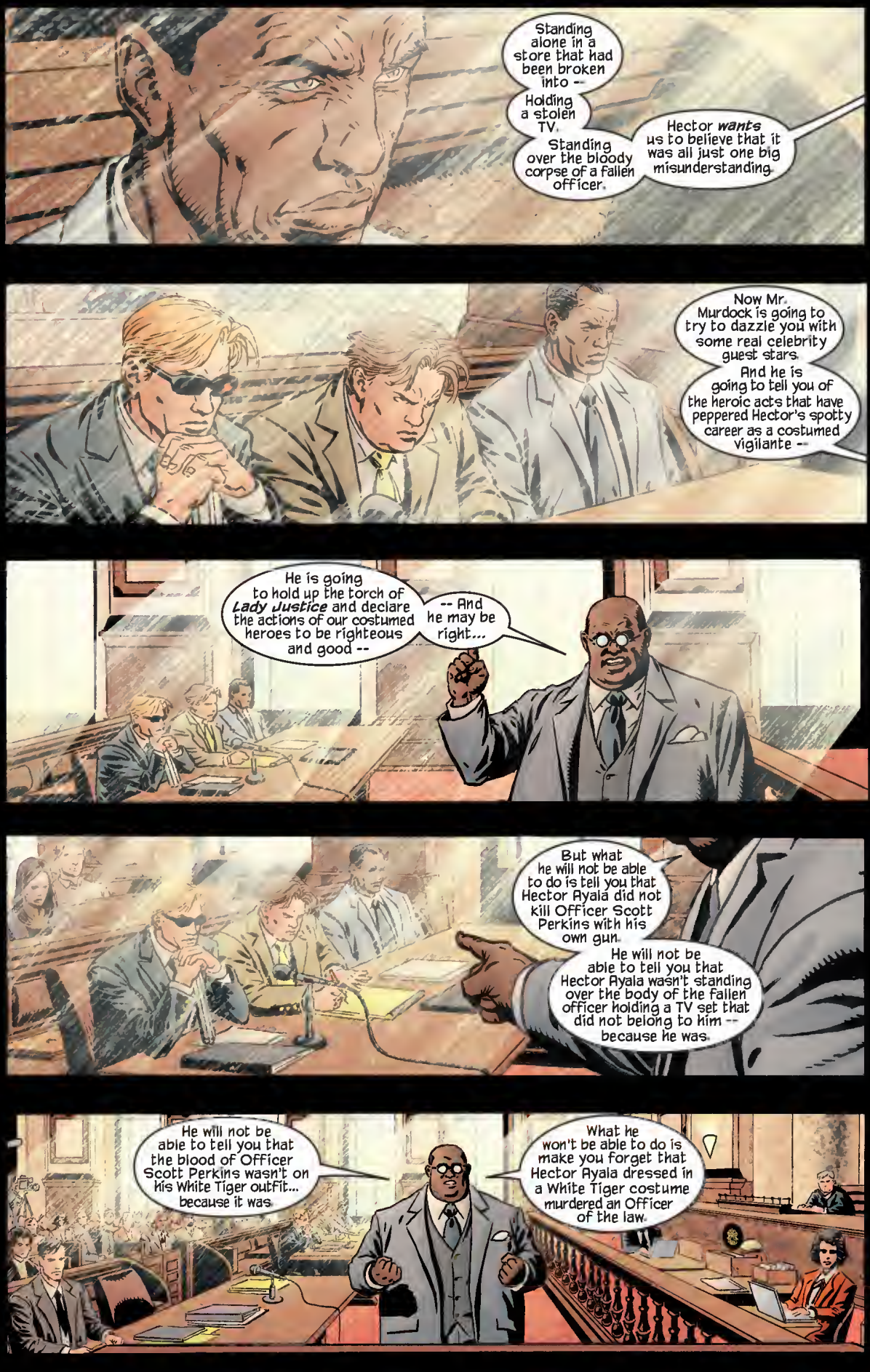
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



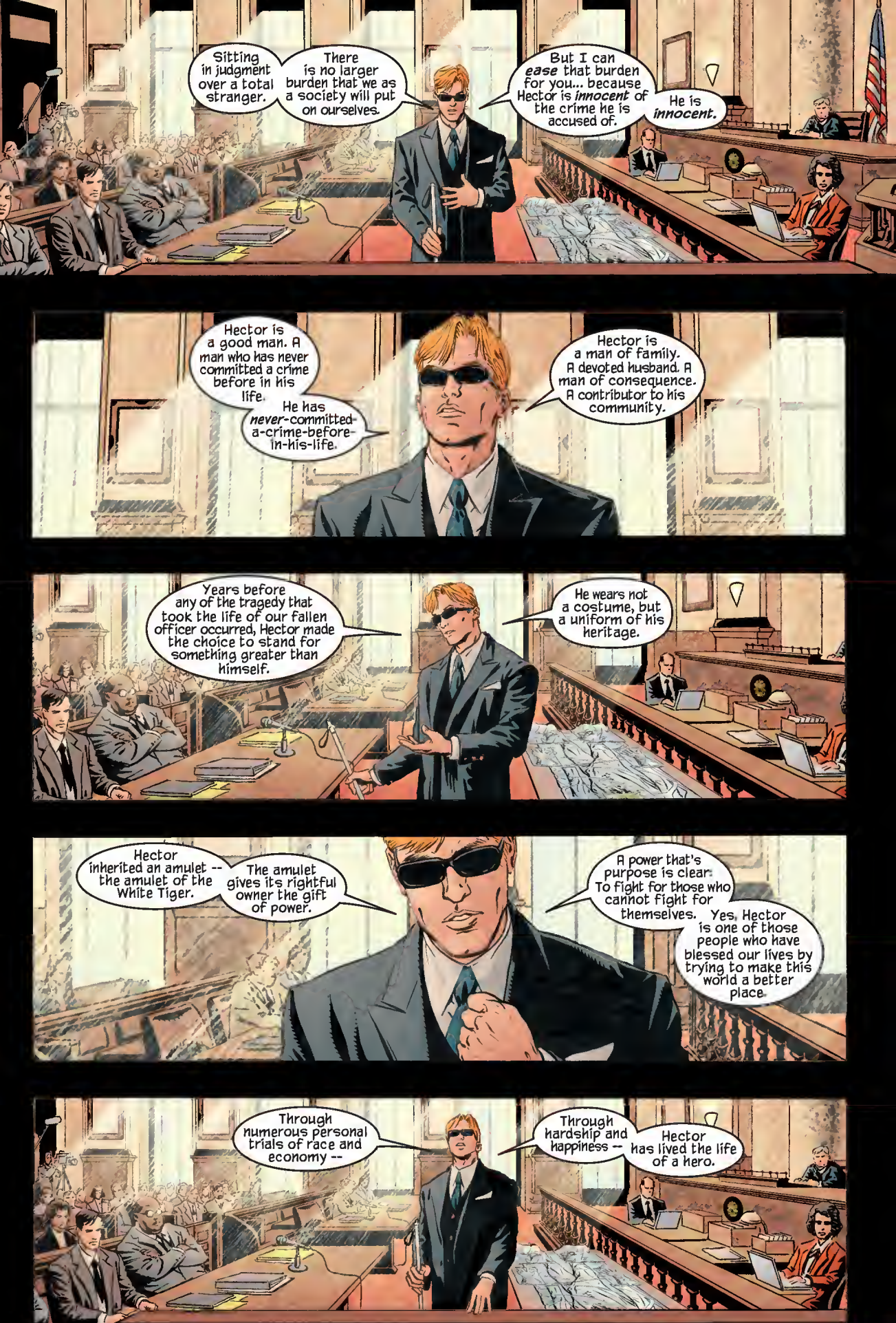
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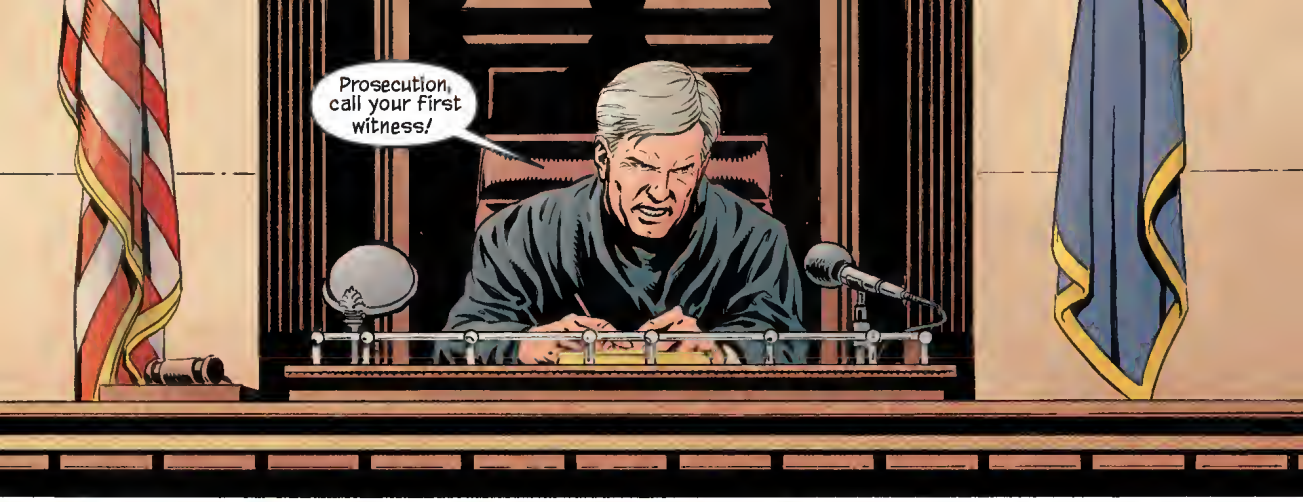
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Standing alone in a store that had been broken into --
Holding a stolen TV.
Standing over the bloody corpse of a fallen officer.
Hector *wants* us to believe that it was all just one big misunderstanding.
Now Mr. Murdock is going to try to dazzle you with some real celebrity guest stars.
And he is going to tell you of the heroic acts that have peppered Hector's spotty career as a costumed vigilante --
He is going to hold up the torch of *Lady Justice* and declare the actions of our costumed heroes to be righteous and good --
-- And he may be right...
But what he will not be able to do is tell you that Hector Ayala did not kill Officer Scott Perkins with his own gun.
He will not be able to tell you that Hector Ayala wasn't standing over the body of the fallen officer holding a TV set that did not belong to him -- because he was.
He will not be able to tell you that the blood of Officer Scott Perkins wasn't on his White Tiger outfit... because it was.
What he won't be able to do is make you forget that Hector Ayala dressed in a White Tiger costume murdered an Officer of the law.

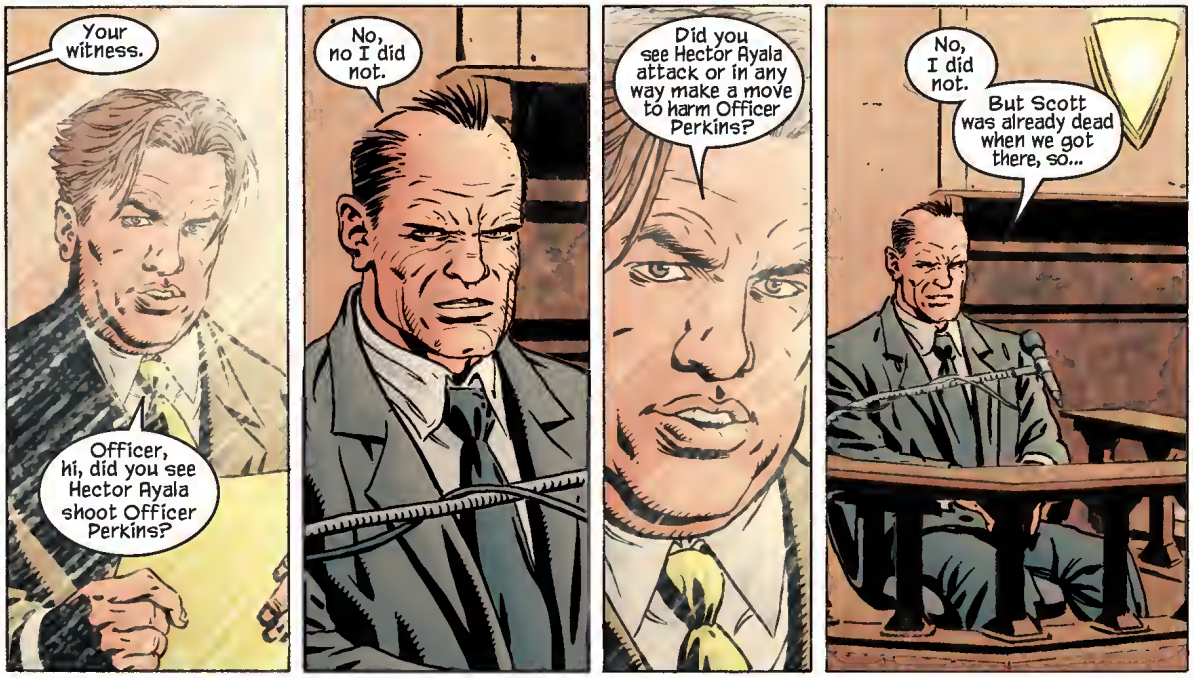

WHITE TIGER COSTUME
Exhibit A-G
Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury... I envy you not.

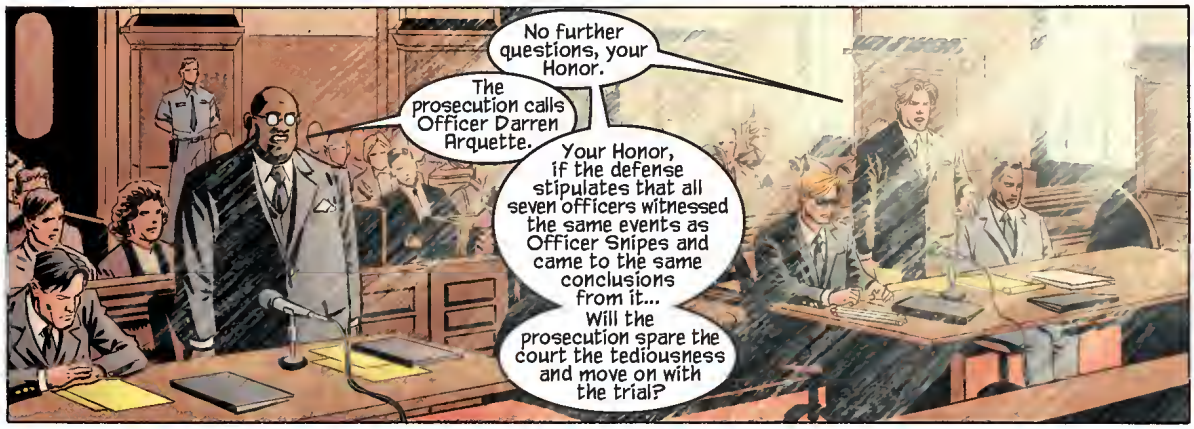

Sitting in judgment over a total stranger.
There is no larger burden that we as a society will put on ourselves.
But I can *ease* that burden for you... because Hector is *innocent* of the crime he is accused of.
He is *innocent*.
Hector is a good man. A man who has never committed a crime before in his life.
He has *never*-committed-a-crime-before-in-his-life.
Hector is a man of family. A devoted husband. A man of consequence. A contributor to his community.
Years before any of the tragedy that took the life of our fallen officer occurred, Hector made the choice to stand for something greater than himself.
He wears not a costume, but a uniform of his heritage.
Hector inherited an amulet -- the amulet of the White Tiger.
The amulet gives its rightful owner the gift of power.
A power that's purpose is clear: To fight for those who cannot fight for themselves.
Yes, Hector is one of those people who have blessed our lives by trying to make this world a better place.
Through numerous personal trials of race and economy --
Through hardship and happiness --
Hector has lived the life of a hero.


And after *all* these years of selflessness, the prosecutor would have you believe that Hector would, all of a sudden, out of the blue, decide to rob and steal --
That he would choose to use his gifted powers to steal a *used* TV set --
And then to *murder* --
To murder a man who, like him, had sworn to uphold the law...
It's ridiculous.
It's fantastical.
It's fantasy.
The truth is -- Hector, as the White Tiger, tried to stop a robbery.
He tried to keep his neighborhood *safe* from those who would prey on it.
A robbery he soon discovered had already turned into murder.
The gunshot he heard that brought him down to the pawn shop was the one that killed Officer Perkins.
It happened before Hector got there.
The conflict between Hector and these young criminals did not go the way he had hoped. He was momentarily *overpowered* and the cowards escaped the crime scene.
And when the police arrived, all they saw was the aftermath.
He was arrested on conjecture.
Not on fact. Not on forensic evidence. But on coincidence and guesswork.
There is no evidence that Hector fired the murder weapon.
Because he did not.
In fact there is no evidence that Hector has ever fired or owned a gun.
Hector drew the short straw of fate that night.
Both he and Officer Perkins caught the winds of violence that roll through this city.
Though we all grieve for the loss of our fallen officer --
Hector is *innocent* of the crimes he stands accused of.

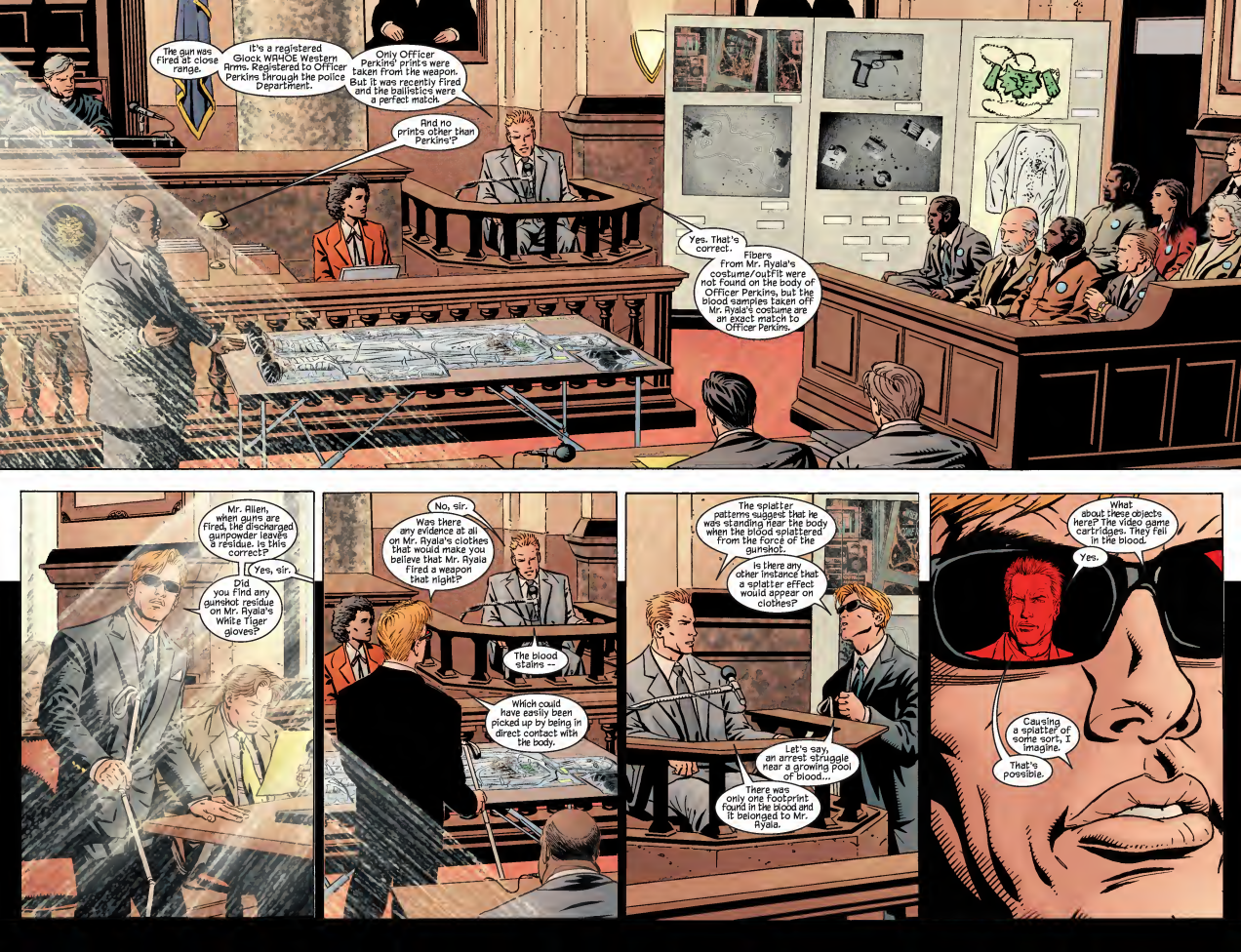

Prosecution, call your first witness!


The prosecution calls Officer Robert Snipes.
Please state your name for the court.
Robert Snipes.
And you were an officer on call the evening of July 19th.
Yes, sir. We responded to a 444 at Uncle's Pawn Shop.
A 444?
Armed robbery in progress requesting back-up support.
And you were first on the scene?
Yes, sir.
And what did you see when you first arrived?


Your witness.
Officer, hi, did you see Hector Ayala shoot Officer Perkins?
No, no I did not.
Did you see Hector Ayala attack or in any way make a move to harm Officer Perkins?
No, I did not.
But Scott was already dead when we got there, so...


No further questions, your Honor.
The prosecution calls Officer Darren Arquette.
Your Honor, if the defense stipulates that all seven officers witnessed the same events as Officer Snipes and came to the same conclusions from it... Will the prosecution spare the court the tediousness and move on with the trial?


Mr. Delacourt?
We'll pass on the offer.
Call your next witness...


The gun was fired at close range.
It's a registered Glock WAHOE Western Arms. Registered to Officer Perkins through the police Department.
Only Officer Perkins' prints were taken from the weapon. But it was recently fired and the ballistics were a perfect match.
And no prints other than Perkins'?
Yes. That's correct.
Fibers from Mr. Ayala's costume/outfit were not found on the body of Officer Perkins, but the blood samples taken off Mr. Ayala's costume are an exact match to Officer Perkins.
Mr. Allen, when guns are fired, the discharged gunpowder leaves a residue. Is this correct?
Yes, sir.
Did you find any gunshot residue on Mr. Ayala's White Tiger gloves?
No, sir.
Was there any evidence at all on Mr. Ayala's clothes that would make you believe that Mr. Ayala fired a weapon that night?
The blood stains --
Which could have easily been picked up by being in direct contact with the body.
The splatter patterns suggest that he was standing near the body when the blood splattered from the force of the gunshot.
Is there any other instance that a splatter effect would appear on clothes?
Let's say, an arrest struggle near a growing pool of blood...
There was only one footprint found in the blood and it belonged to Mr. Ayala.
What about these objects here? The video game cartridges. They fell in the blood.
Yes.
Causing a splatter of some sort, I imagine.
That's possible.


So, in fact it is possible that the blood found on Mr. Ayala's clothes came from some sort of struggle around the body...
...and there's no forensic evidence at all that concludes that Mr. Ayala fired a gun that night or any other night before that.
There are many ways --
I mean he wears all white.
White gloves, yes?
Are you telling me that with all the leaps in modern science that you can't tell with certainty whether or not he fired a weapon?
But you have no moral problem telling the people of this court that you believe he did fire the weapon.
Objection, your Honor.
I have no further questions.
Detective Davis, are you familiar with the White Tiger amulet?
In what sense?
Are you familiar with what powers it supposedly bestows on the rightful owner?
Objection to the word "supposedly."
Sustained.
Are you aware of what it does or how it works?
No, sir. I never even heard of it until we examined it.
And what did you find when you examined it?
Nothing. It's a piece of jade jewelry -- as far as we can tell.
It didn't give you any special powers when you touched it?
Because the accused claims that it gives him special powers.
Well, no, I have no special powers.
Do you believe it gave the accused special powers?
Objection.
Sustained.
It is a possibility.
We *have* had cases where objects either ancient or otherwise have clearly affected a crime scene where the usual tactics of research have been ineffective.
And is that what your partner meant when you said that you weren't able to say with certainty if Hector Ayala fired the weapon?
Yes, if he does have these special powers, we have to consider the fact that he could use them to fire a weapon like this without actually *touching* the gun.
What do you mean?
We have had cases where telekinetic powers, or a power over magnetic fields have made it very easy for someone to shoot a gun without *touching* a gun.
"For someone to shoot a gun without touching a gun."
The gun rises in the air and shoots.
All within the control of the person firing the weapon... but without it being physically touched.
Yes, sir.
No further questions.


Detective, did you consult an expert in the field of artifacts when putting together your case against Hector Ayala?
No, I did not.
You have in the past -- is that correct?
Well, Doctor Stephen Strange has always been available to us in certain situations.
But you did not call him at this time?
No. We felt the case was open and shut.
'Open and shut.'
Without researching the source of his powers, of which you have full access to, you come to this court and accuse a man of shooting a weapon using mental powers of which he has shown no evidence of and made no claim to?
Well, I --
Nothing further, your Honor.
Prosecution rests, your Honor.

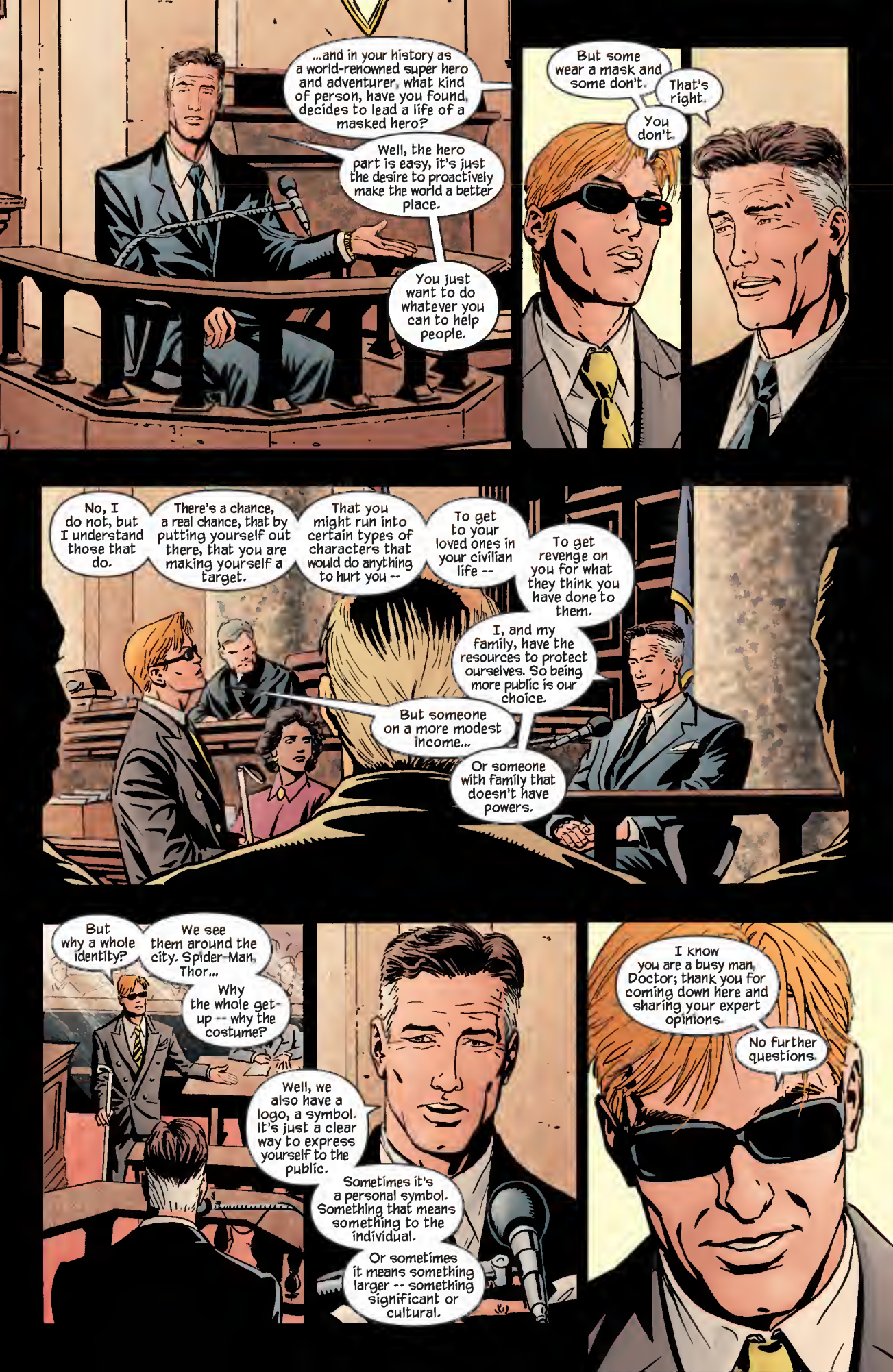

COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL
It went well.
It did?
It went well.
They didn't call your wife up. They were scared of the gamble.
That's good news for us.
And the forensics were sloppy. We effectively poked holes.
We mount our side tomorrow.
You ready? You remember everything I told you?
Yes.
You don't let any of this rattle you. You *know* you are innocent.
The jury wants you to be innocent.
My own wife hates me.
Hector, focus.
Let the prosecutor yell at you.
He'll come off like a bully and *you* will come off as the smart, level-headed, good person you are.
Right?


The defense calls as our first witness... Doctor Reed Richards.


Your Honor, we strongly object to the presence of this witness.
He has had no direct contact with the accused and his presence here does nothing but create a --

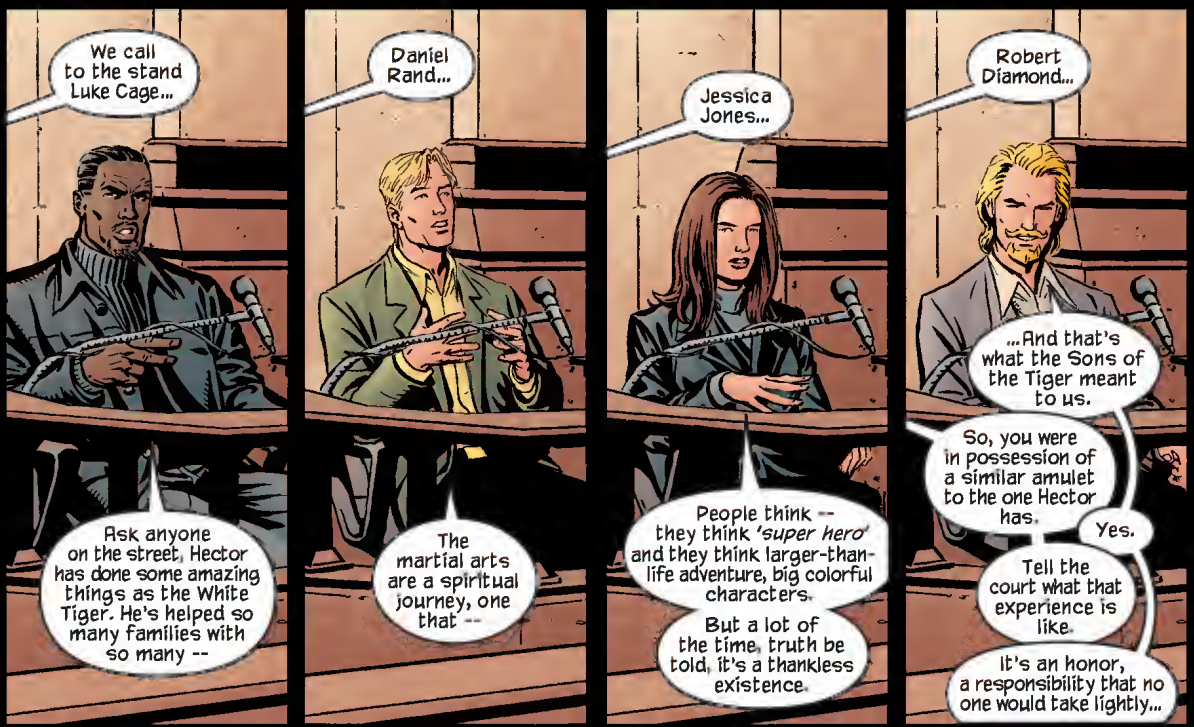

Doctor Richards is an expert witness.
He is an expert in many fields, one of which is the field of super hero.
If we were trying a medical case, we would have medical experts in here that had no contact with the case... solely for their expert opinion.


Your Honor, this is an embarrassment to the court.
This is a dog and pony show.
I'm going to allow it.
Your Honor?
I'm going to allow it!
Doctor Richards, I apologize.


...and in your history as a world-renowned super hero and adventurer, what kind of person, have you found, decides to lead a life of a masked hero?
Well, the hero part is easy, it's just the desire to proactively make the world a better place.
You just want to do whatever you can to help people.
But some wear a mask and some don't.
That's right.
You don't.
No, I do not, but I understand those that do.
There's a chance, a real chance, that by putting yourself out there, that you are making yourself a target.
That you might run into certain types of characters that would do anything to hurt you --
To get to your loved ones in your civilian life --
To get revenge on you for what they think you have done to them.
I, and my family, have the resources to protect ourselves. So being more public is our choice.
But someone on a more modest income...
Or someone with family that doesn't have powers.
But why a whole identity?
We see them around the city. Spider-Man, Thor...
Why the whole get-up -- why the costume?
Well, we also have a logo, a symbol. It's just a clear way to express yourself to the public.
Sometimes it's a personal symbol. Something that means something to the individual.
Or sometimes it means something larger -- something significant or cultural.
I know you are a busy man, Doctor; thank you for coming down here and sharing your expert opinions.
No further questions.


Doctor Richards, have you had any contact with Hector Ayala?
No, but I know people who have.
But you have not.
No, I haven't.
You haven't fought alongside him?
Teamed up with him?
Objection, the witness already answered the question.
Sustained.
Are you aware of his financial situation or his home life?
No.
And in your years in the field, have you ever, let's say, run across someone who started out on the right side of the law...
But due to whatever stresses in life, financial, etc., ended up being someone you had to consider an enemy?
No.
No?
No, we --
You never, in your entire life --
Do you mean Namor? Is that what you are --
So you *have*?
I wouldn't categorize Namor as someone --
You do know of people in your line of work who have turned from hero to a criminal?
Yes. But I'd be more than happy to answer your questions, if you'd let me --
Nothing further.


We call Doctor Stephen Strange.
The jade pendants were given to the Sons of the Tiger by Master Kee.
They were originally part of a jade tiger figurine carved in the ancient city K'un Lun.
When worn by the Sons of the Tiger and activated by a personal incantation... they provided the wearers with the combined strength of the others.
A single user, like Mr. Ayala, would gain increased personal abilities.
Any psychic or telekinetic abilities?
No.
Just increased strength and fighting abilities?
The purpose of the amulet is to enhance whatever abilities the wearer already has.
And you would have explained this to the police had they or the crime scene investigators bothered to consult you?
Yes, of course.
Nothing further.

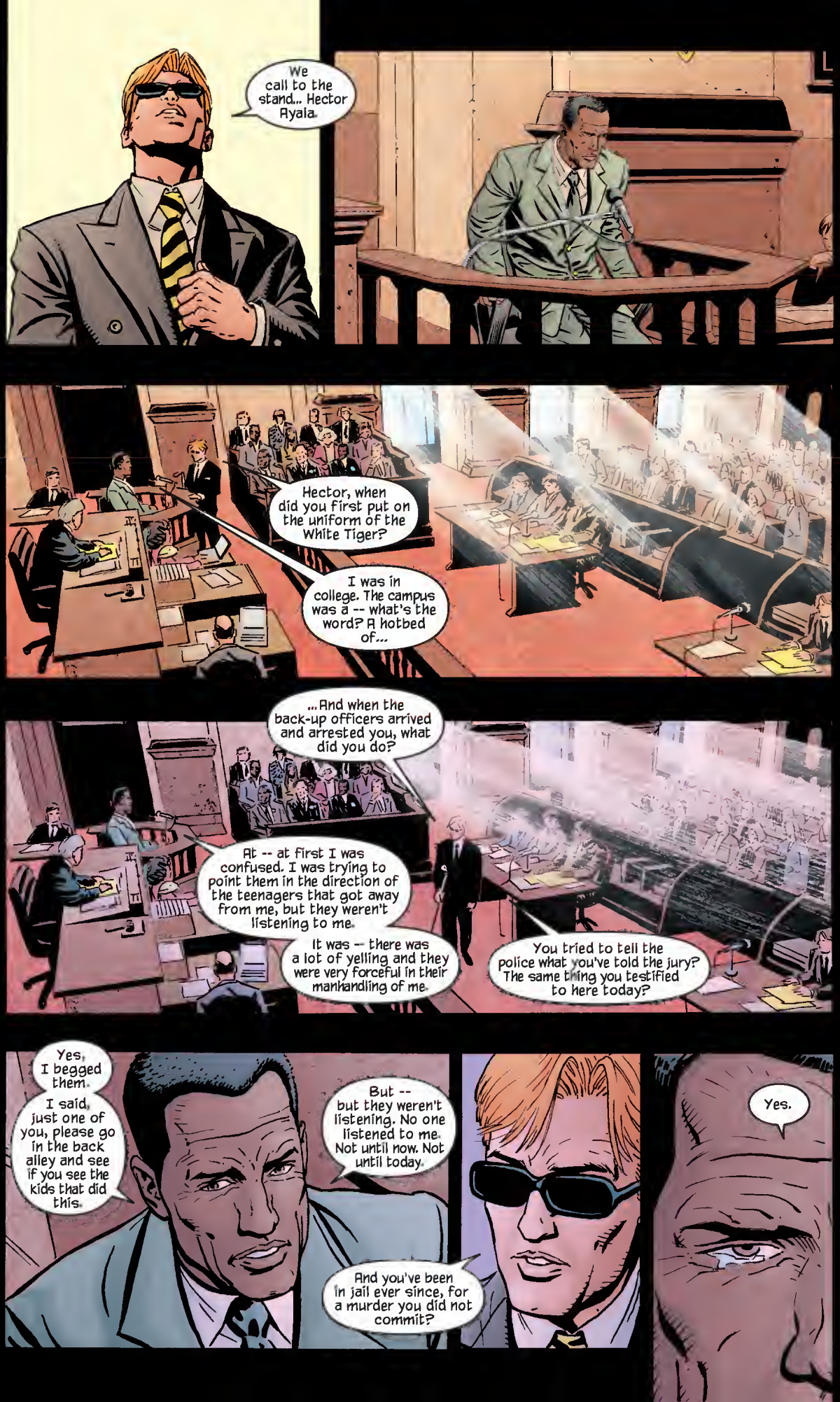

We call to the stand Luke Cage...
Ask anyone on the street, Hector has done some amazing things as the White Tiger. He's helped so many families with so many --
Daniel Rand...
The martial arts are a spiritual journey, one that --
Jessica Jones...
People think -- they think 'super hero' and they think larger-than-life adventure, big colorful characters.
But a lot of the time, truth be told, it's a thankless existence.
Robert Diamond...
...And that's what the Sons of the Tiger meant to us.
So, you were in possession of a similar amulet to the one Hector has.
Yes.
Tell the court what that experience is like.
It's an honor, a responsibility that no one would take lightly...


We'd like to call to the stand...
Your Honor, I was wondering if we would be getting an appearance by Daredevil?





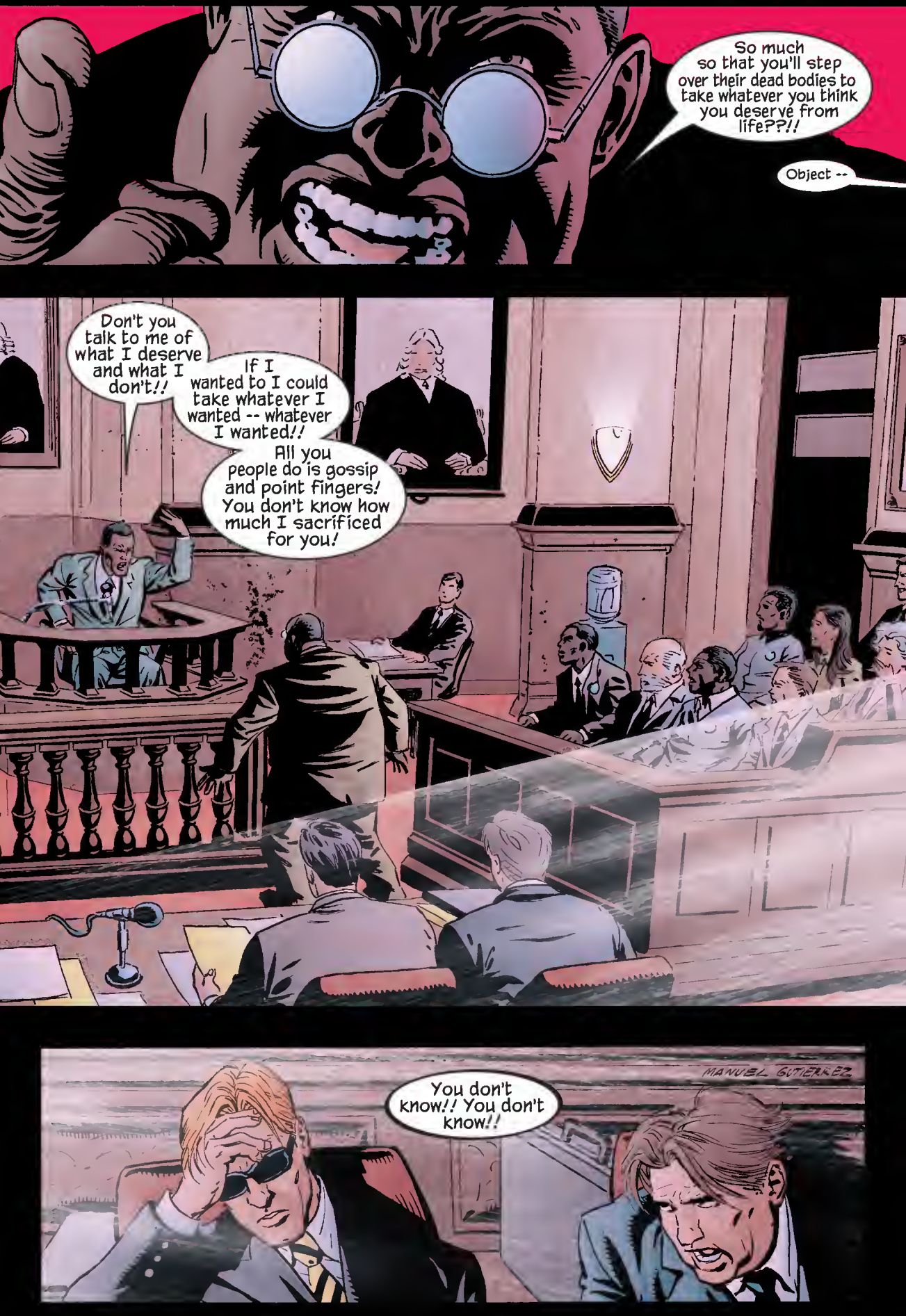

Make a comment like that again, Prosecutor, and you're looking at a contempt of court charge.
You understand me?
The jury will disregard the last comment by the prosecution as it is stricken from the record.
Call your next witness, Mr. Murdock...

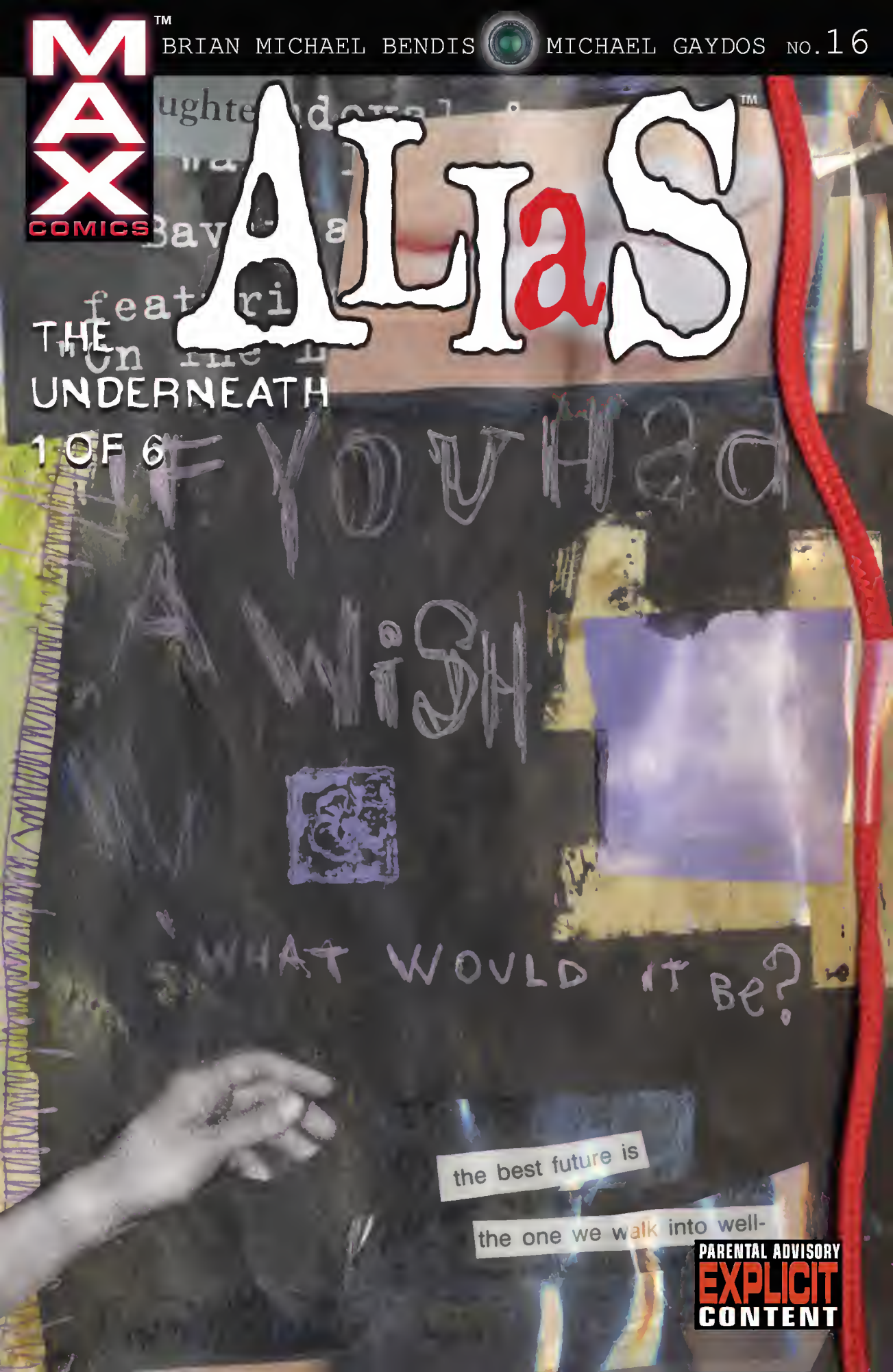

We call to the stand... Hector Ayala.
Hector, when did you first put on the uniform of the White Tiger?
I was in college. The campus was a -- what's the word? A hotbed of...
...And when the back-up officers arrived and arrested you, what did you do?
At -- at first I was confused. I was trying to point them in the direction of the teenagers that got away from me, but they weren't listening to me.
It was -- there was a lot of yelling and they were very forceful in their manhandling of me.
You tried to tell the police what you've told the jury? The same thing you testified to here today?
Yes, I begged them.
I said, just one of you, please go in the back alley and see if you see the kids that did this.
But -- but they weren't listening. No one listened to me. Not until now. Not until today.
And you've been in jail ever since, for a murder you did not commit?
Yes.


Mr. Ayala, you said that the night in question...
The night that you decided, out of the clear blue sky to come out of years of retirement...
...to put on your costume and run around your neighborhood...
...You said that that night, you had a fight with your wife.
A small one.
What was the fight about?
Marriage things, nothing incredibly important.
Isn't it true that your wife was the one that convinced you to retire your alter ego in the first place?
It -- it was a mutual decision.
As I said, the experience of being the White Tiger was not as fulfilling as I hoped. We made the decision together.
Together?
Yes, any married couple will tell you that it's a partnership and --
Uh-huh. And did you make the decision to come *out* of retirement together? Or did you do that on your own?
Hector?


I made that decision myself.
So much for the partnership of marriage.
Objection your Honor, his marriage is not on trial.
I'm just trying to paint a picture of Hector's mental state that night.
Sustained. Bottle it up, prosecutor.
Hector, was this fight with your wife about money?
Partly.
So you had a frustrating fight about money with your wife, huffed out of the apartment, and put on your costume?
Well, I would --
How could putting on your costume help your financial situation, I wonder?
It wouldn't, I --
I mean, you just sneak out on your wife -- you sneak out of your house in the middle of the night wearing a mask.
Financial troubles... puts on a mask... breaks into a store... robs the place.
But that's --
I mean, all of a sudden you decide to come out of retirement? Is that what we're supposed to believe? All of a sudden? No planning, no fanfare, no nothing?
It's not about fanfare. It's --
It's about money!
No! No, it's about making your neighborhood safer --
Safer from who? Guys in masks with crappy marriages in financial troubles?
Excuse me...
N-no one, I --
Objection!


The police are sworn to protect and serve us!!
Objection!
Why on earth does someone like you think that the police can't handle a simple burglary?!!
Well, if -- if -- if the police were doing their job, then they wouldn't need someone like me to do their job for them!!!!
Are you saying you're somehow above them?
No, no I --
Where do you get off? Is that why you're a third rate super hero wannabe? Because you think you're better than them?
Melissa...
How far does this superiority complex of yours go?
What?
Objection, your Honor!


So much so that you'll step over their dead bodies to take whatever you think you deserve from life??!!
Object --
Don't you talk to me of what I deserve and what I don't!!
If I wanted to I could take whatever I wanted -- whatever I wanted!!
All you people do is gossip and point fingers! You don't know how much I sacrificed for you!
You don't know!! You don't know!!
MANUEL GUTIERREZ


MAX COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO. 16
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
1 OF 6
IF YOU HAD A WISH
WHAT WOULD IT BE?
the best future is
the one we walk into well-
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

RICHARD STARKINGS AND
RS & COMICCRAFT'S JASON LEVINE
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NANCI DAKESIAN
managing editor

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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"Thin is in."
Fuck you.
"How to keep your man's eyes from wandering..."
Damn! Fuck you!!!!
"Dressing for success -- more cleavage and leg."
Fuckers.
BUD 12 Packs 7.75
BUD 19 Packs 10.99
MICH 12 Packs 7.75
12 Packs 12.99 CORONA
Fucking dammit -- no wonder I feel like shit about myself all the time.
This is -- this is the worst thing I have ever.
Hmmm... maybe I should take this quiz though...
You! You!! Open the register!!
Open the register and stand over there!
Do it now!!


Oh shit!!
Shit shit shit!
Do what I say!! Open the register and give me the money!!
Oh man! This is just like that movie with Harrison Ford. Fuck -- what do I do? What did Harrison Ford do?
Oh yeah -- he got shot in the head and turned into a retard.
Damn it!
Should I be a super hero for two seconds? Should I?
Do what I say!! You do what I say!!
God that was such a bad movie. How do good people make bad movies like that? What the fuck happens?
Fuck me -- fuck! I promised myself I wouldn't do shit like this anymore.
I'll just clock him on the head and that will be that.
(If I was Spider-Man, at least I would make a joke here... FUCK!)


I hate those shit jokes anyhow.
SMASH
GAAGGH!
Wow, I suck.
He's ten feet away.
BAM BAMBAM
BAMBAMBAM
GAAGGHH!!
WHUMP


Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey, cool it! Hey!!
GYYIIAAAHHH!!
Hey you! Take the gun -- pick it up and call the cops!!
Hey, do you speak English?
Take the gun and hold it on him and call the cops.
Can you do that? El speako Englisho?
Can you? I really don't want to be here when the cops come.
Yeah, yes, that's it.
Okay, you got him? You got him. I don't want to be here for the cops. I just want to go, okay? You cool?
You bastard! You pig!! You dog!!
I will kill you and then I will find your family -- and kill them...
Whoah! WHOAH!! It's over, dude, simmer down!


You bastard!
What do you want from me? It's over! Shut up!
No, no... Just call the police, the police, yes? The police.
The police...
The police...
The police, yes, okey dokey...
Me go.
Yes, you go.
I -- uh -- I don't suppose I can get some cigarettes...
Cigarettes: eight dollars.


And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why I am never leaving the house again.
Maybe, it's good that things like that happen.
Every once in a while I get a little tingle to be a super hero again...
And then something like that happens and reminds me why I damn well shouldn't.
It's the same thing with dancing.
Once a year I end up at a dance club -- and all it does is remind me why I never go dancing.
Charged me for the cigarettes -- what a dick.
Agh -- fuck the whole thing.
Forget about it. Just settle down and...


Oh my fucking -- there's -- there's someone in my bathroom!!




Jessica?
Is that you?
Who the *fuck* are you?
You're not Jessica...
The fuck is this?!
They -- they lied to me! Those fuckers lied to me! *Sniff!*
What the fuck is going on?

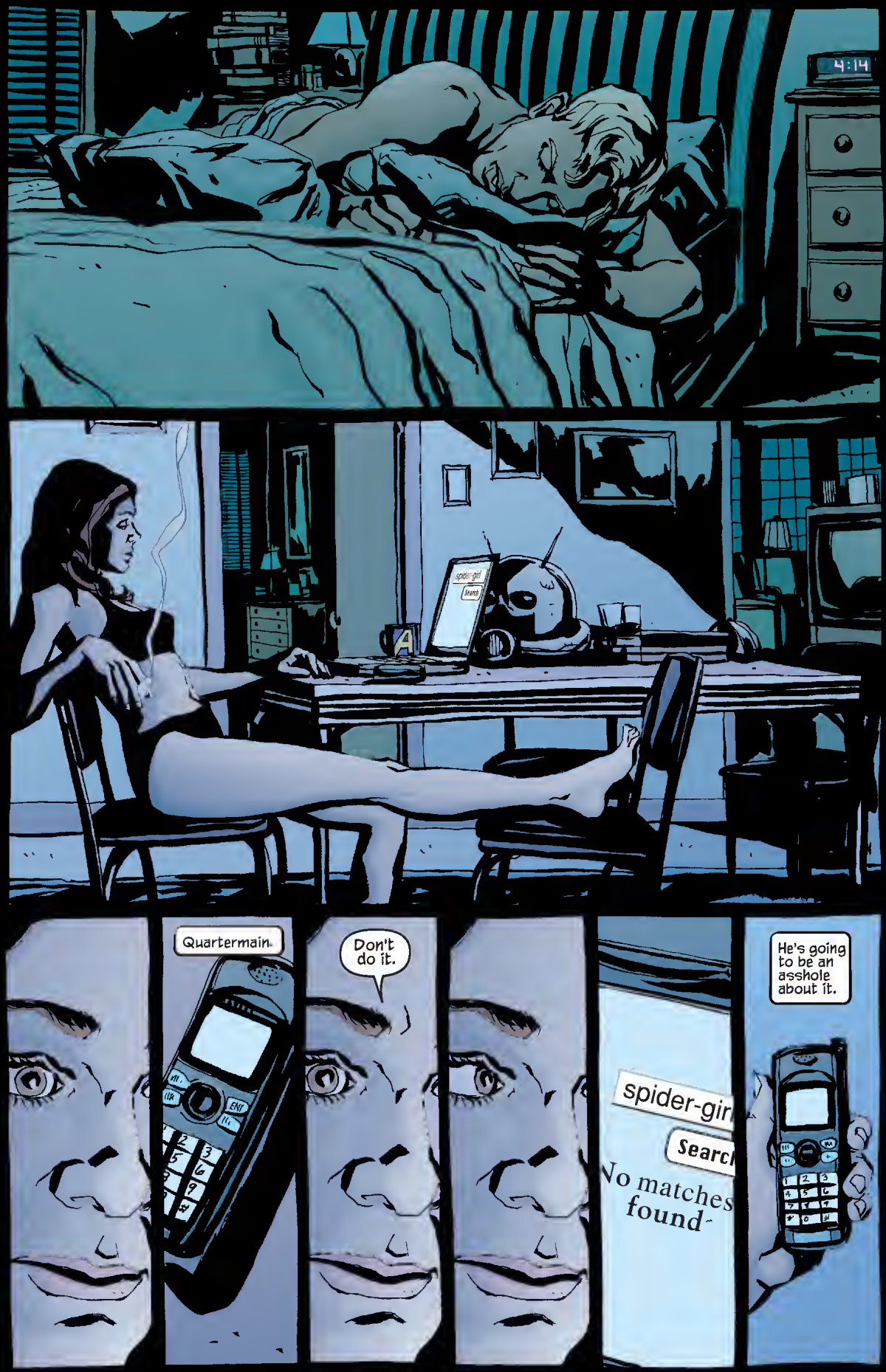

AAGGUGH!
Hey!! Hey!!
Hey, stop!! What's going on here?
Stop it!! Stop it!! Let me go!!
Just let me go!!!


ARGGH -- UGH!
SMASH


Just flew right out the window?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Huh.
And what did she look like?
Like Spider-Man with little tits.
It was creepy, Scott.
I hate those female versions of already established male --
Ugh -- I know. Like She-Hulk.
Jennifer's cool.
Whatever.
And why didn't you call the police?
Nnnn...
What?


What'll they do?
I --
They won't do *anything*.
But you *should* call them...
All that will *happen* is they will take my information and then tomorrow morning there will be a blurb in page six about what a *lunatic* I am.
I guess.
Or they'll take me in for questioning.
Sweat me out under the lights.
I've been through that -- not a fan.
So, what do you *want* to do?
You didn't have to come over, Scott.
No, no -- it's okay...
I'm such a bitch.
I called you in the middle of the night and we've only gone out a couple times and I put you in this shit position that if you *didn't* come over...
I came over because I wanted to and I was actually thrilled that you thought to call me.
Really?
Really.
You were right to call and I was incredibly cool to come over.


...And I get major potential boyfriend brownie points.
You got something we can board up this window with?
I dunno.
You feel safe sleeping here tonight?
Not really.
You want to sleep over?
Kinda.
Grab your stuff. I'll see what I can do about the window.
I'd pack up your laptop, or whatever, just in case.


4:14
spider-girl
found
Quartermain.
Don't do it.
He's going to be an asshole about it.
spider-gir
Search
No matches found-


RINGRING
BOOP
CLICK CLICK CLICK
Jackpot Records?
Jackpot wh --?
Uh -- Is Agent Quartermain there?
Our hours are noon till ten every day but Tuesday. Please leave a message after the beep.
I dialed right, right?
CLICK CLICK CLICK
BEEP
Damn it...
BEEDOOBEE
BEDOOBEDOO
Shit, hello?
Jessica?
Clay? What the fuck?
What?
A record store?
We do things the way we do things.
Are you at Scott Lang's house?
How do you --
We do things the way we do things.
Off my cell phone you can tell that?
You'd be amazed what we could do off your cell phone now.
Are you shtupping Ant-Man?


Shut up!
Did you call me at four in the morning to tell me you're shtupping --
No, God! What's wrong with you? Why're you being such a prick?
Well, you only call me when you need something, but, usually, at least you wait till midday to --
God, sorry I called.
What do you need?
For you not to be an asshole! I called because something really fucking weird happened.
What?
I came home from shopping and there was this teenager in my house -- this girl in a Spider-Man costume.
I'll call you back.
I --
BEEDOOBEE BEDOOBEDOO
Hello?
Her name's Mattie Franklin.
Why the fuck did you hang up on me?
That was a secure line.
Jesus.
Mattie Franklin -- she did a short run as Spider-Woman.
Spider-Woman... oh. I -- I ran Spider-Girl.
Spider-Woman. The third one -- for those counting at home.
Why the fuck was she in my house?
How should I know? Check your e-mail. I am sending you the two files I have on her. Nothing much.
Check now because the e-mail won't be there in forty four minutes.


Where will it be?
Sorry I gave you crap before. I just --
It's okay.
I mean, Ant-Man?
He's -- for your information -- he's a nice guy.
He's been in prison.
I know all about it.
If I promise to call you when I don't need something will you stop giving me this shit?
Okay, but you won't.
Thanks for your help, Clay, seriously.
Okay.
CLICK
Fucking S.H.I.E.L.D./ Fucking secret agents/ Fucking Strategic Hazard Intervention Espionage Logistics Directorate/ Fuckers/
BEEDOOBEE BEDOOBEDOO
Hello?
Jessica, we can hear you. Don't do that.

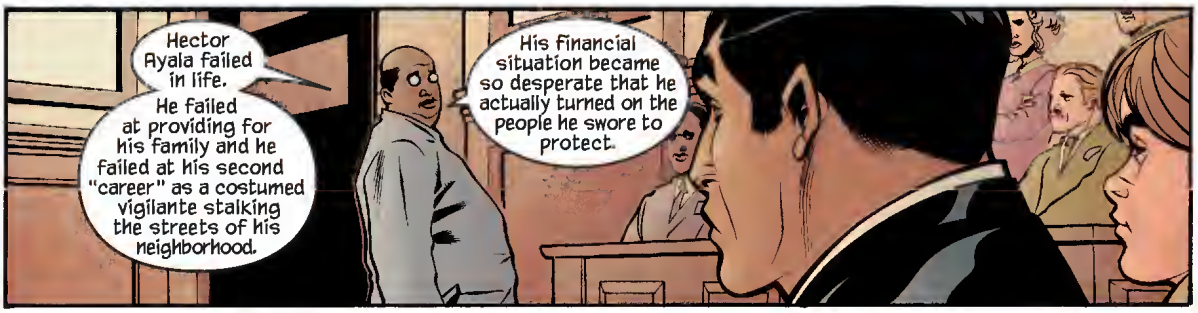

Your tickets are for seven. Mrs. Jameson will meet you there.
All I need is another night of musical theatre crap!
What's going on with the story on the White Tiger trial?
I -- I don't know, sir.
Find out and call my house with an update. I want it on the front page tomorrow morning. Not Sunday, not Friday, tomorrow.
DAILY BUGLE
B1
B1
Good evening, Mr. Jameson.
How's life in the real world, Ronnie?
Fucked.
Indeed.
Mr. Jameson...
I called you today -- you didn't return my calls.
I thought you'd take the hint.
We need to talk.


Can't imagine what about...
Mattie...
Get in the car.
To Be CoNTiNueD...

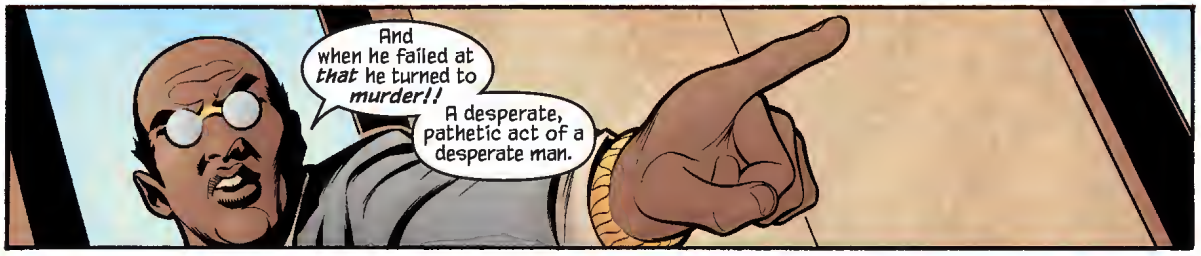

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THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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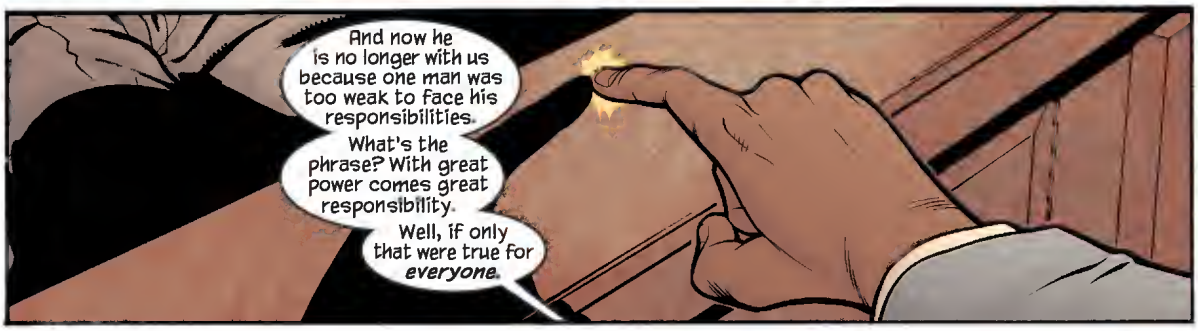


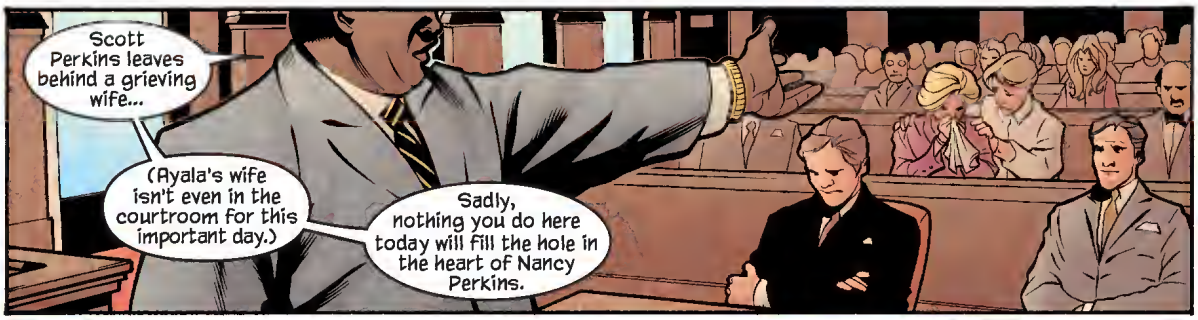




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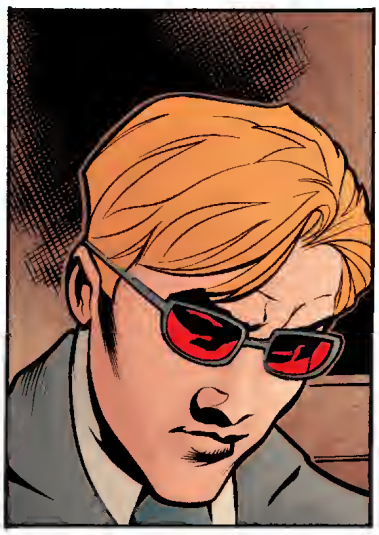

We knew it was going to happen one day, didn't we?
We let these morally ambiguous costume characters run around our city and we do not question.
We do not test them to make sure they have what it takes to serve us. To serve the greater good.
Scott Perkins did. Scott Perkins was an officer of the law tried and tested on the streets of New York City.


And now he is no longer with us because one man was too weak to face his responsibilities.
What's the phrase? With great power comes great responsibility.
Well, if only that were true for *everyone*.


Scott Perkins leaves behind a grieving wife...
(Ayala's wife isn't even in the courtroom for this important day.)
Sadly, nothing you do here today will fill the hole in the heart of Nancy Perkins.


But what it *will* do is send a message, loud and clear.
A message that we as a society believe in law and order.
We believe in justice above all else.
And when one man takes the life of another... he must pay for that crime.

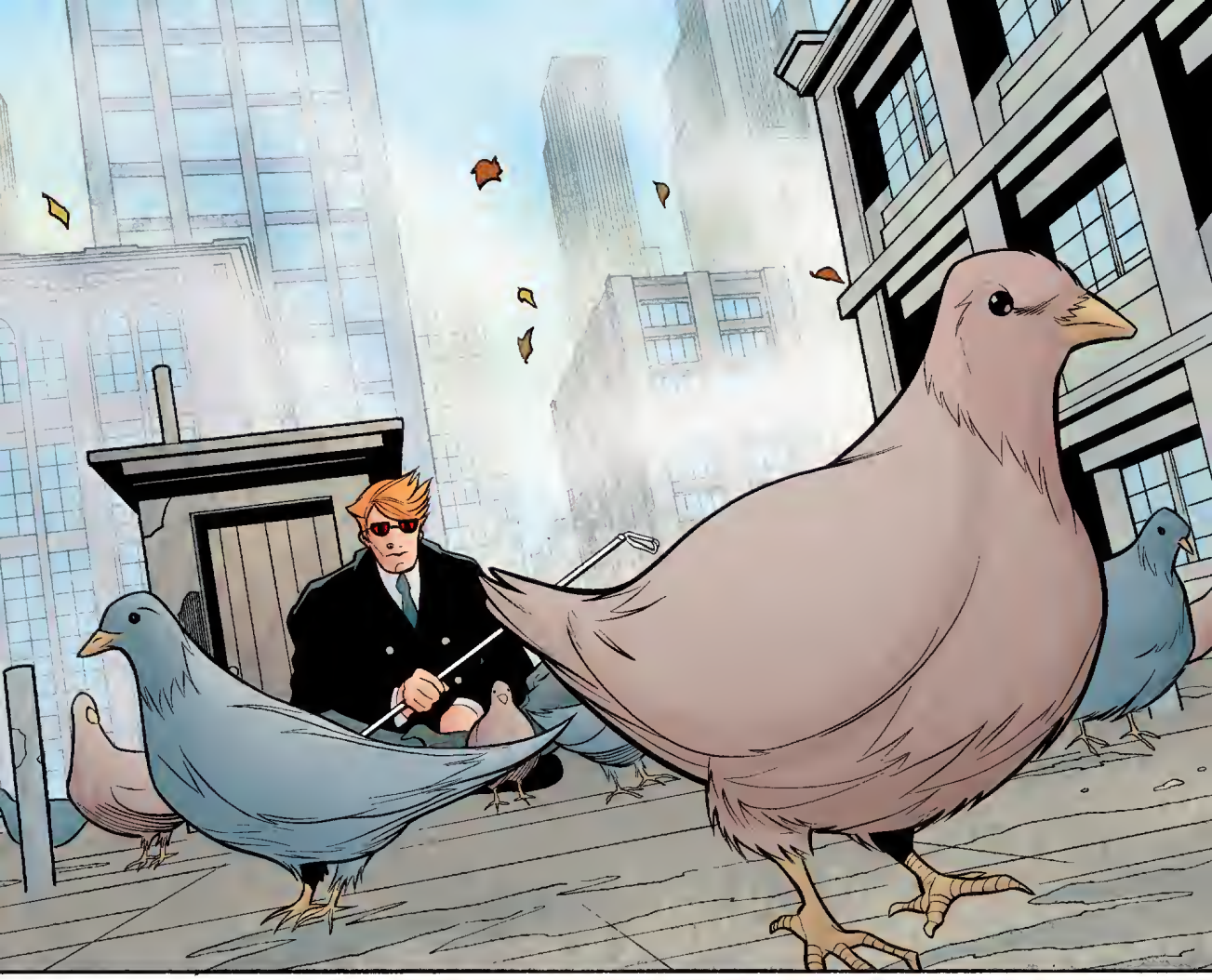

No one is above the law.





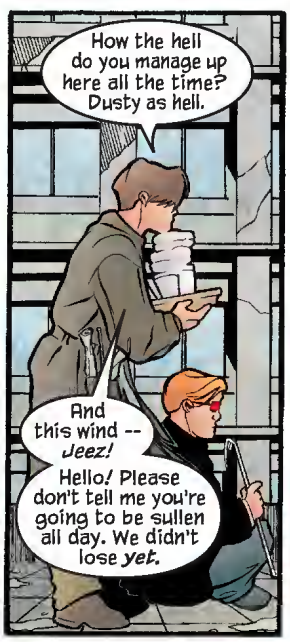

Mr. Murdock.
There's no message for you to send today.
This trial is not about "messages" or our "society" and the vigilante's place in it.
This trial is about one thing and one thing only --
One man's declaration of innocence against the heinous crimes he has been accused of.
Hector did *not* murder Officer Perkins.
Hector did not pick up a gun and shoot Officer Perkins in the face.
And for all the prosecution's song and dance... they never proved he did.
They *never* put the gun in his hand because it never happened.
Hector Ayala is on trial for being at the wrong place at the wrong time.
And for that, believe me, he apologizes.
I want you to do me a favor.
I want you to take a moment and close your eyes and imagine...
Imagine being arrested for a crime you did not commit.
Imagine a police officer putting handcuffs on you.
I want you to imagine yourself sitting in prison.
Sitting alone in a dank jail cell surrounded by the worst humanity has to offer.
It's the middle of the night and you can't sleep because you can't even understand how you got there -- how this could've happened to you --
And this goes on for months, day after day, night after night, as the wheels of justice turn so, so slowly.

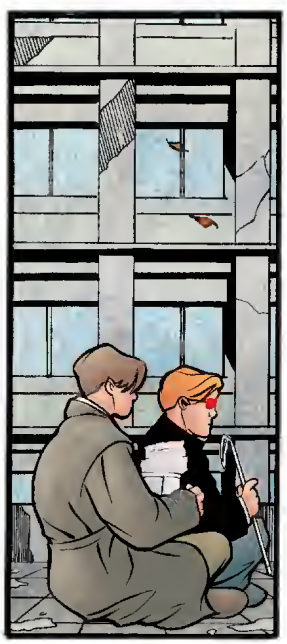

Imagine finding yourself on that witness stand defending your life against a crime of murder that you never committed.
And no one will listen to you, no one will really hear you.
All they end up hearing from you is your frustration and anger at your situation.
I want you to imagine a prosecutor *yelling* in your face.
Picking away at your homelife --
Trying desperately to paint a picture of you that fits his needs --
Not because he has evidence of your guilt -- no.
Just so he can *win*.
Hector has been punished these last few months -- punished. For nothing.
Let an innocent man back into his life.
Let him go back to the productive life he led. Let him rebuild what we have already taken away from him.
And let our heroes, as human and flawed as we all are, feel free to walk among us.
Thank you.

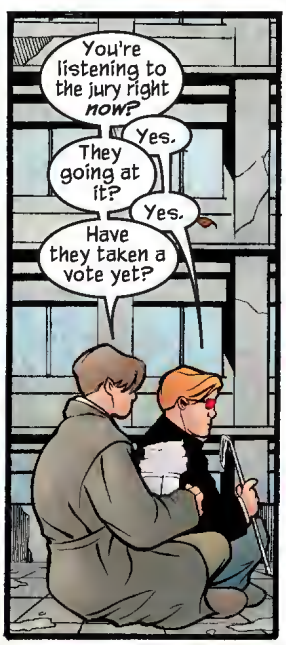




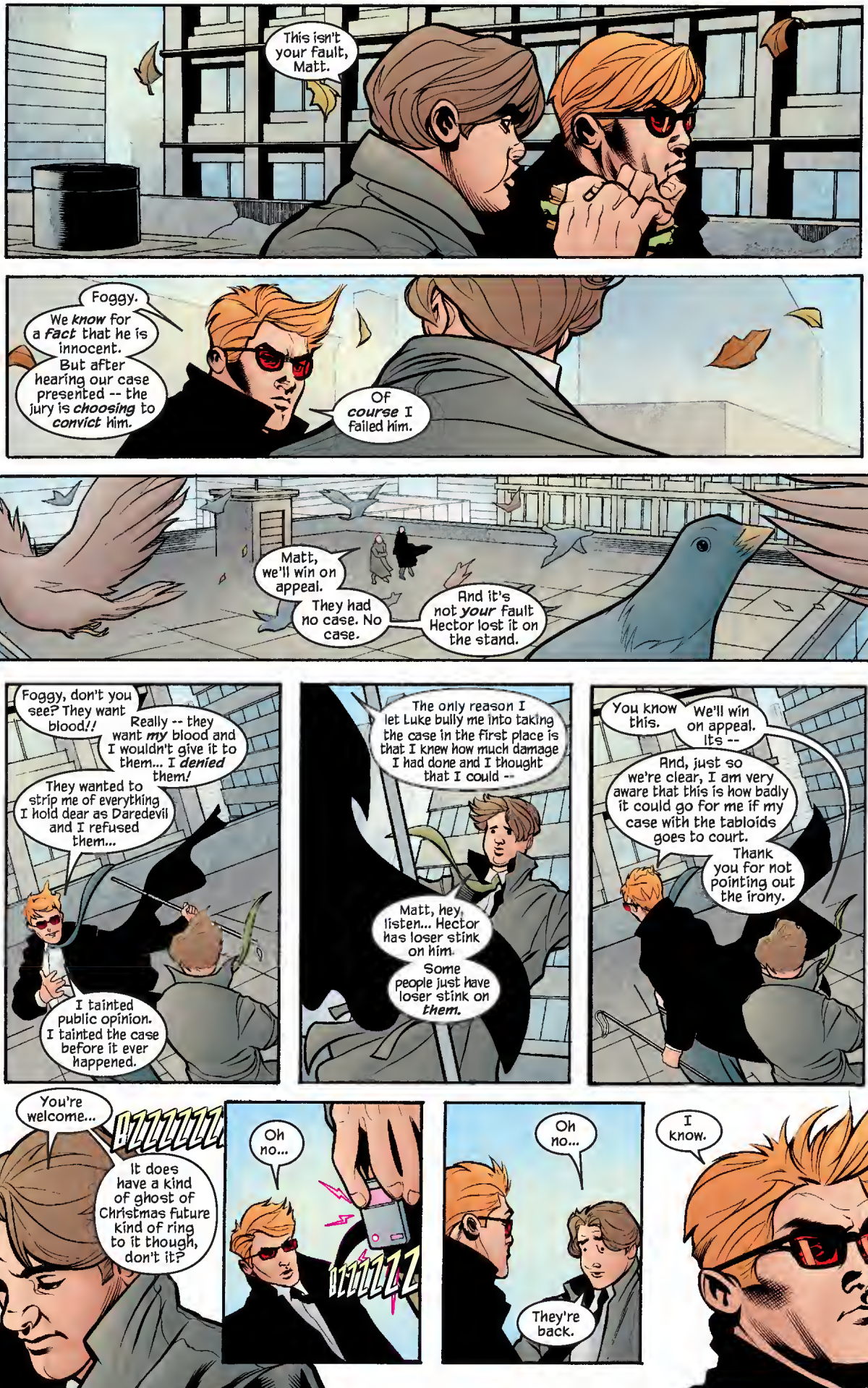

Lunch!
Aaggh -- I still think we could have gone back to the office, Matt. I know your spider-sense, or whatever, says otherwise --
-- but I never have had a jury come back that quick.
You want? I am starving and even you need to eat.

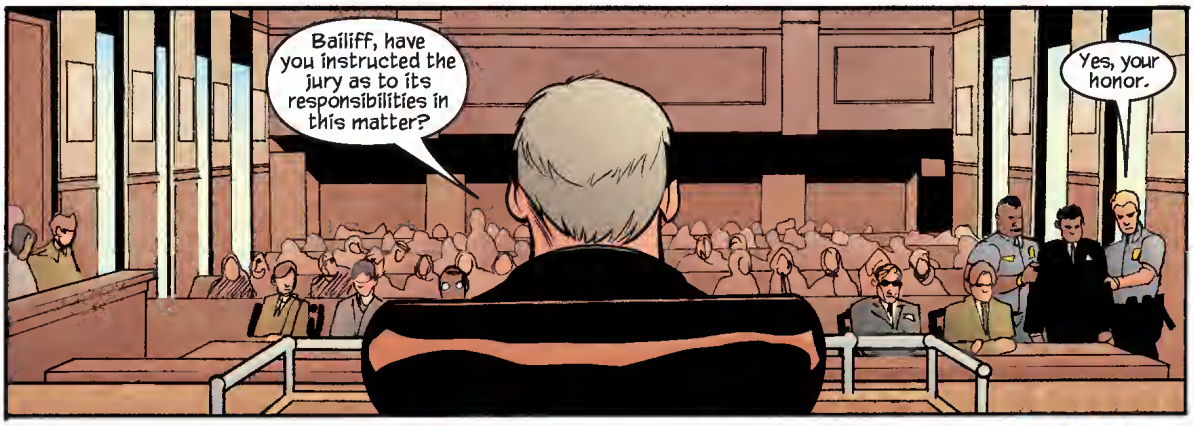

How the hell do you manage up here all the time? Dusty as hell.
And this wind -- Jeez!
Hello! Please don't tell me you're going to be sullen all day. We didn't lose yet.




You're listening to the jury right now?
Yes.
They going at it?
Yes.
Have they taken a vote yet?

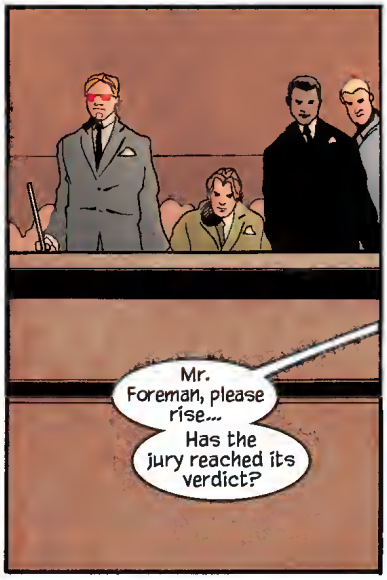

They hate him, Foggy. They want to string him up.
Oof -- is it really that bad?
Two of them, the young girl and the older black man --
The two of them are actually trying to take the responsibility of it very seriously -- trying to go over the evidence list...
...but the foreman is bullying them -- he wants them to "stop wasting time."
Aww... Damn!
That little old woman who would sit on the right -- juror number 6 -- she lied during jury selection.
Her son is in jail because Spider-Man caught him carjacking.
How did you not catch that in the --?
I don't know, Foggy.
And three floors below that -- Hector is sobbing in his holding cell.
Sitting in his suit and tie and just sobbing.
And those vultures on the courtroom steps -- all of them are sitting and waiting --
You should *hear* them.
I can't believe how *ready* for this they are.
They want blood. Everyone wants blood.
That girl from ABC with the hair -- she already wrote and taped her piece on how I rallied the super hero community to protect its own but it backfired in my face.
What super hero community?

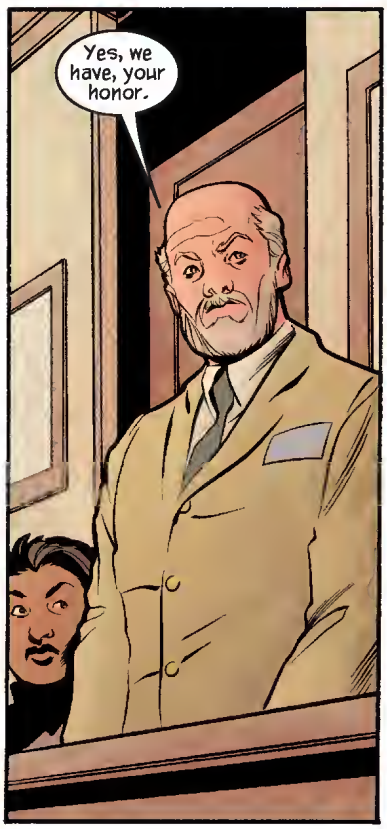

This isn't your fault, Matt.
Foggy.
We *know* for a *fact* that he is innocent.
But after hearing our case presented -- the jury is *choosing* to *convict* him.
Of *course* I failed him.
Matt, we'll win on appeal.
They had no case. No case.
And it's not *your* fault Hector lost it on the stand.
Foggy, don't you see? They want blood!/
Really -- they want *my* blood and I wouldn't give it to them... I *denied* them!
They wanted to strip me of everything I hold dear as Daredevil and I refused them...
I tainted public opinion. I tainted the case before it ever happened.
The only reason I let Luke bully me into taking the case in the first place is that I knew how much damage I had done and I thought that I could --
Matt, hey, listen... Hector has loser stink on him.
Some people just have loser stink on *them*.
You know this.
We'll win on appeal. Its --
And, just so we're clear, I am very aware that this is how badly it could go for me if my case with the tabloids goes to court.
Thank you for not pointing out the irony.
You're welcome...
It does have a kind of ghost of Christmas future kind of ring to it though, don't it?
Oh no...
Oh no...
They're back.
I know.


Bailiff, have you instructed the jury as to its responsibilities in this matter?
Yes, your honor.

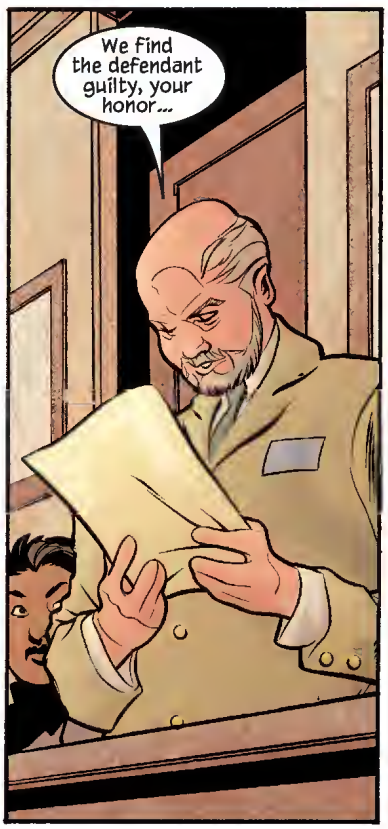

Hector, listen.
No matter what happens just -- just stay calm and let the process work, okay?


What does that mean?
Don't worry...
"No matter what happens."
What does that mean?
Will the defendant please rise.

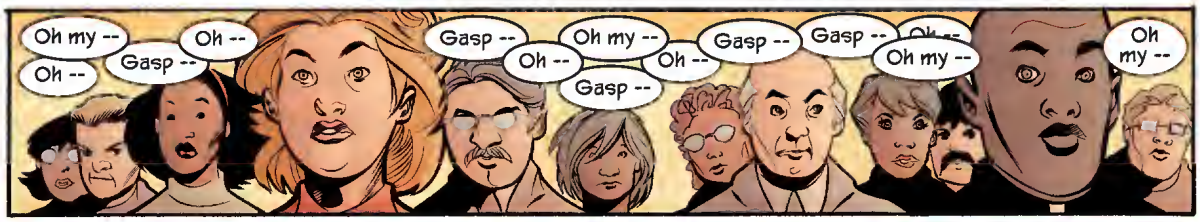

Mr. Foreman, please rise...
Has the jury reached its verdict?


Yes, we have, your honor.


For the people of New York versus Hector Ayala --
On the charge of manslaughter in the first degree, how finds the jury?

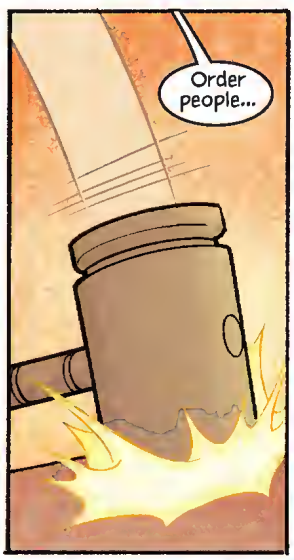

We find the defendant guilty, your honor...


Guilty as charged.

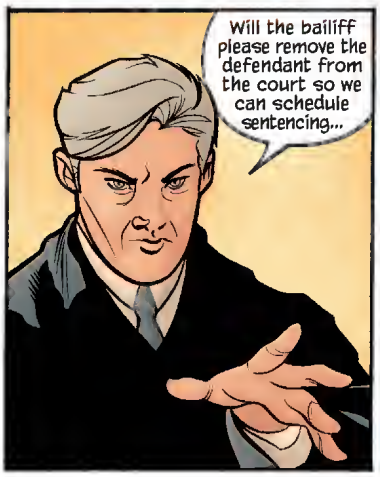

Oh my --
Oh --
Gasp --
Oh --
Gasp --
Oh --
Oh my --
Gasp --
Oh --
Gasp --
Gasp --
Oh my --
Oh my --


BAKBAKBAK
Order!!


BAK BAK BAK
Order!!


Order people...


No!!
Hector, we'll take care of this.

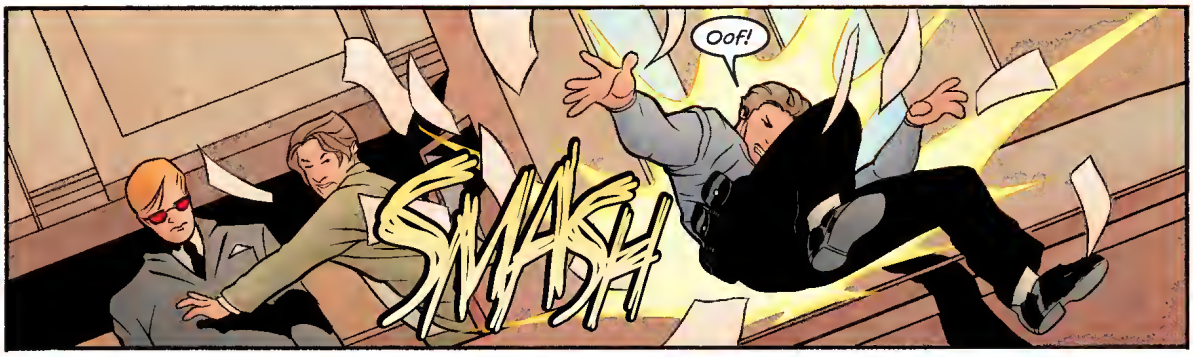

Will the bailiff please remove the defendant from the court so we can schedule sentencing...

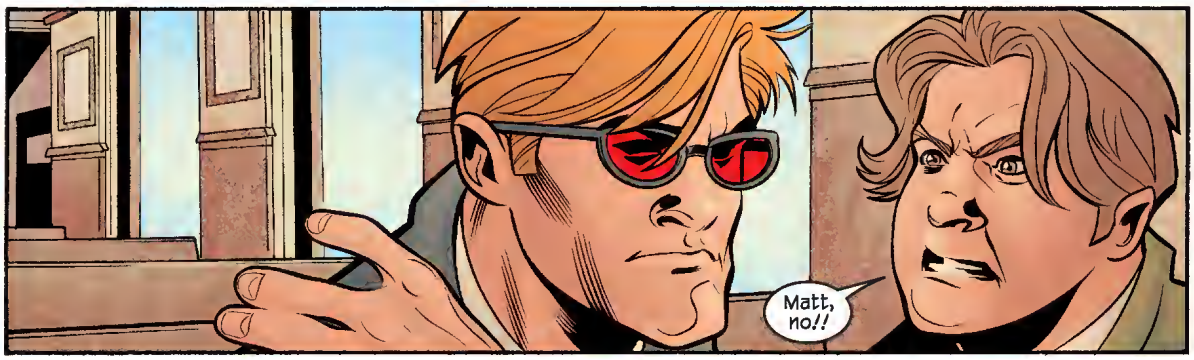

No!! You -- you promised me!!! I'm innocent!!
You know this!! Why is this happening??
Hector, we'll --
You promised me!!


Bailiff!!

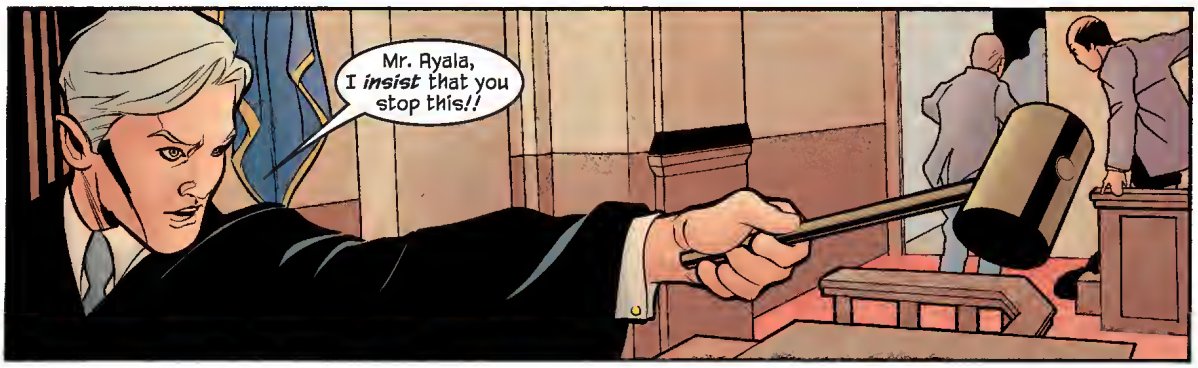

No!! I didn't *do* anything!! I didn't do anything wrong!!
Clear the court!! Bailiff!!
You people are insane!!
You -- you people --
--OFF me!!
Bailiff!! Would you please --?!?!
HYYAAGGHH!!!
FUMP
WAAHH!!


I did everything you told me --
YEAAAGGHAAAH!
SMACK


Oof!
SMASH

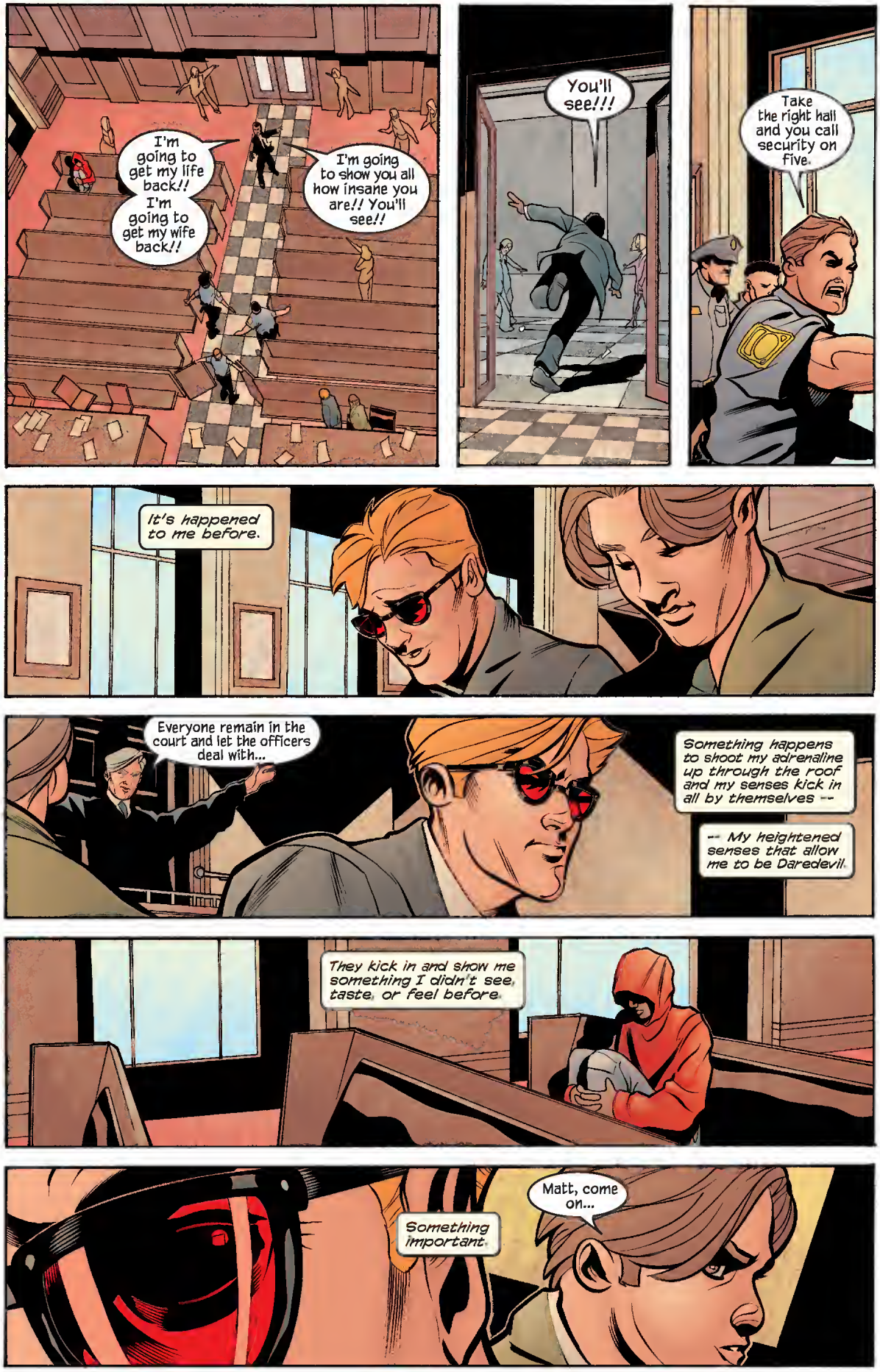

Matt, no!!


You can't...
Clear the court!! Clear the court!!


Mr. Ayala, I *insist* that you stop this!!


Everybody --
OOF!


You are making things worse for yourself, you know that!!
Hector, please...
You promised!!
Hector, what are you doing?
I did everything you said...
It's not too late, Hector.
Put the gun down...
...and we'll make sure you...


I'm going to get my life back!!
I'm going to get my wife back!!
I'm going to show you all how insane you are!! You'll see!!
You'll see!!!
Take the right hall and you call security on five.
It's happened to me before.
Everyone remain in the court and let the officers deal with...
Something happens to shoot my adrenaline up through the roof and my senses kick in all by themselves --
-- My heightened senses that allow me to be Daredevil.
They kick in and show me something I didn't see, taste, or feel before.
Matt, come on...
Something important.

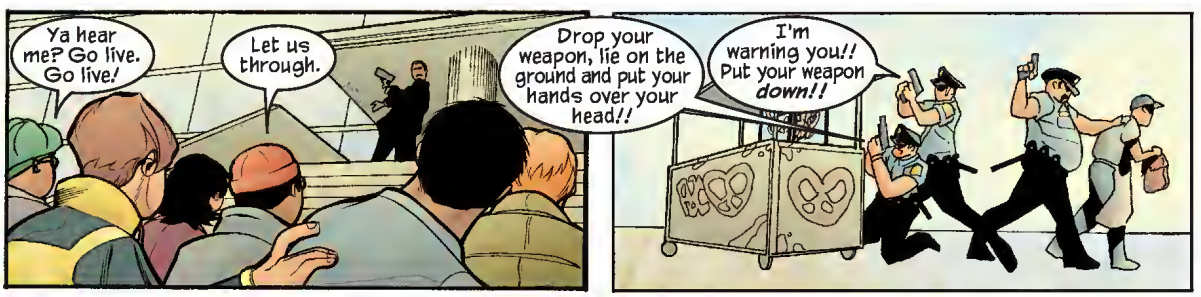

Huf huf huf!
Block the doors!! Hey!! Block the doors!!


NYPD
22


Out of my way -- yo, out of the way!!
Luke, oh my God...


Police, freeze!!


Drop your weapon or we open fire!!
Drop it!!
Drop your weapon, now!!

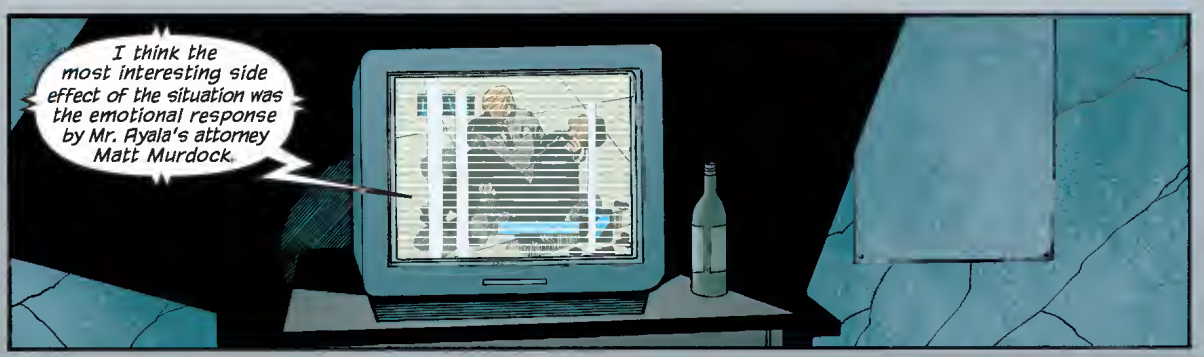

Ya hear me? Go live. Go live!
Let us through.
Drop your weapon, lie on the ground and put your hands over your head!!
I'm warning you!! Put your weapon down!!




BAM BAM BAM




...Nothing short of shocking as the White Tiger trial ends in tragedy on the courthouse steps.
We will be replaying the footage again in a minute, but first let's go to our legal analyst.


I think the most interesting side effect of the situation was the emotional response by Mr. Ayala's attorney Matt Murdock.


This is a man who has kept out of the public eye since his press conference, denying reports in the tabloids that he is, in fact, Daredevil.
And not only does he take this very high profile, super hero related case --
-- but he is left with the violent, public aftermath of this pitiful tragedy.
Sniff...


You have to wonder if there's any validity to the tabloid reports at all...
Face me.
Oh no!! Oh God!! No, no, no I -- I didn't do it!! I swear!! I was there but I didn't do it!!
I -- I -- I just wanted some video games!! I never would have done it if I known what was going to happen!! I never would have gone!!
Where's the other boy?
Where's the other boy that was with you that night?
He -- he took me to Chicago. He took me there and he said he'd kill me if I told anyone!! And then he ODed. He's dead!!
He ODed that same week and -- and I didn't know what to do. All this time I didn't know what to do!! I came back when I saw it on TV. But I didn't know what to do. I was going to stand up and --


I want to do the right thing!!
Please, please don't kill me!!
Please -- please tell me what to do...
Look at me...
Hhhggg...
Look at me!
You know what you have to do...


Hey, Nate...
Wet enough out there for ya?
Ya think?
I didn't do *nothin'*.
She didn't do nothin'!




Can I help you, kid?




Can I help you?


I wanna confess a crime...


MARVEL
PG 48 480
STRACZYNSKI
ROMITA JR
HANNA
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
DIRECT EDITION
11
HGwells

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PICTURES

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COMICRAFT LETTERS

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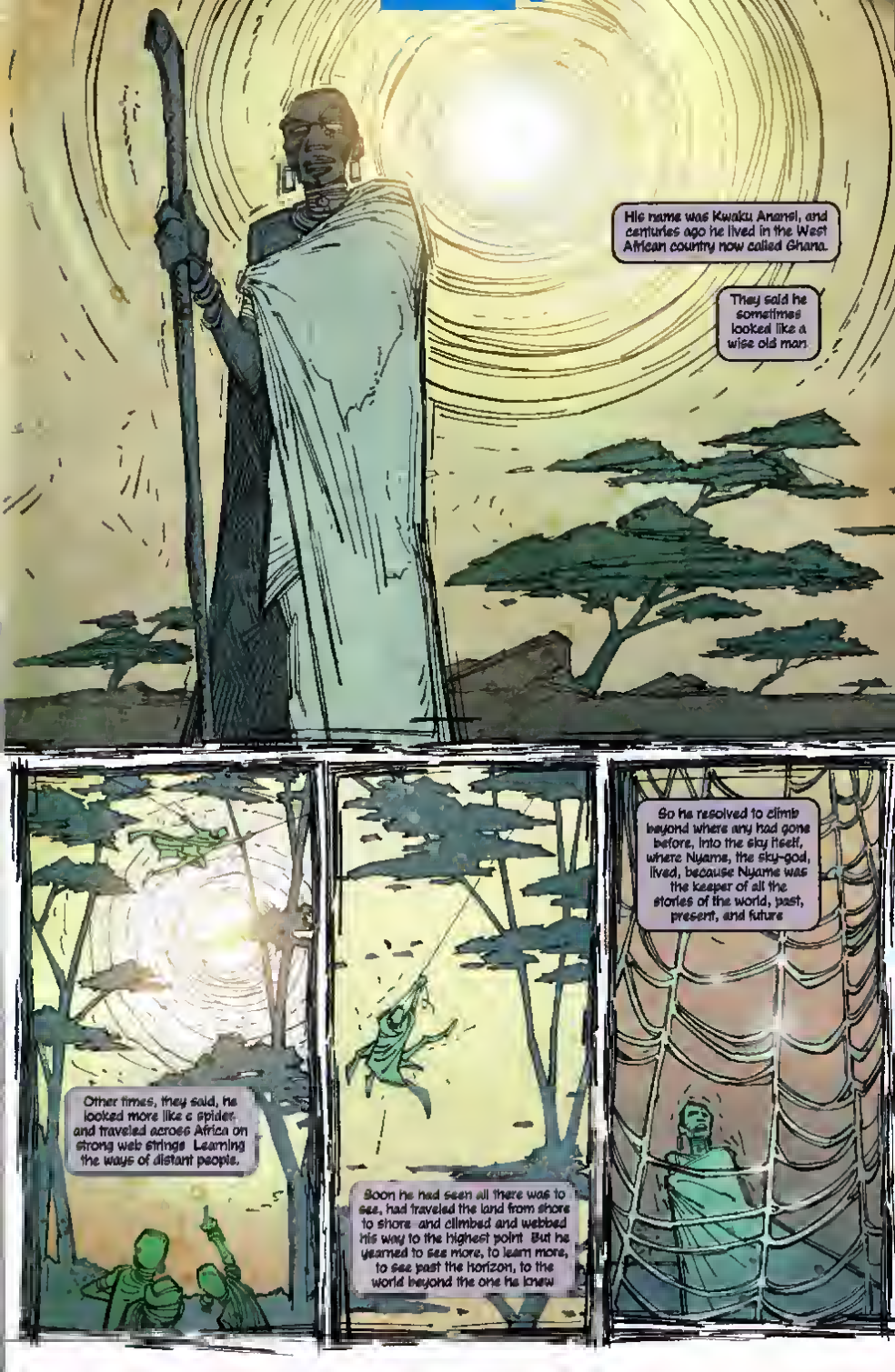
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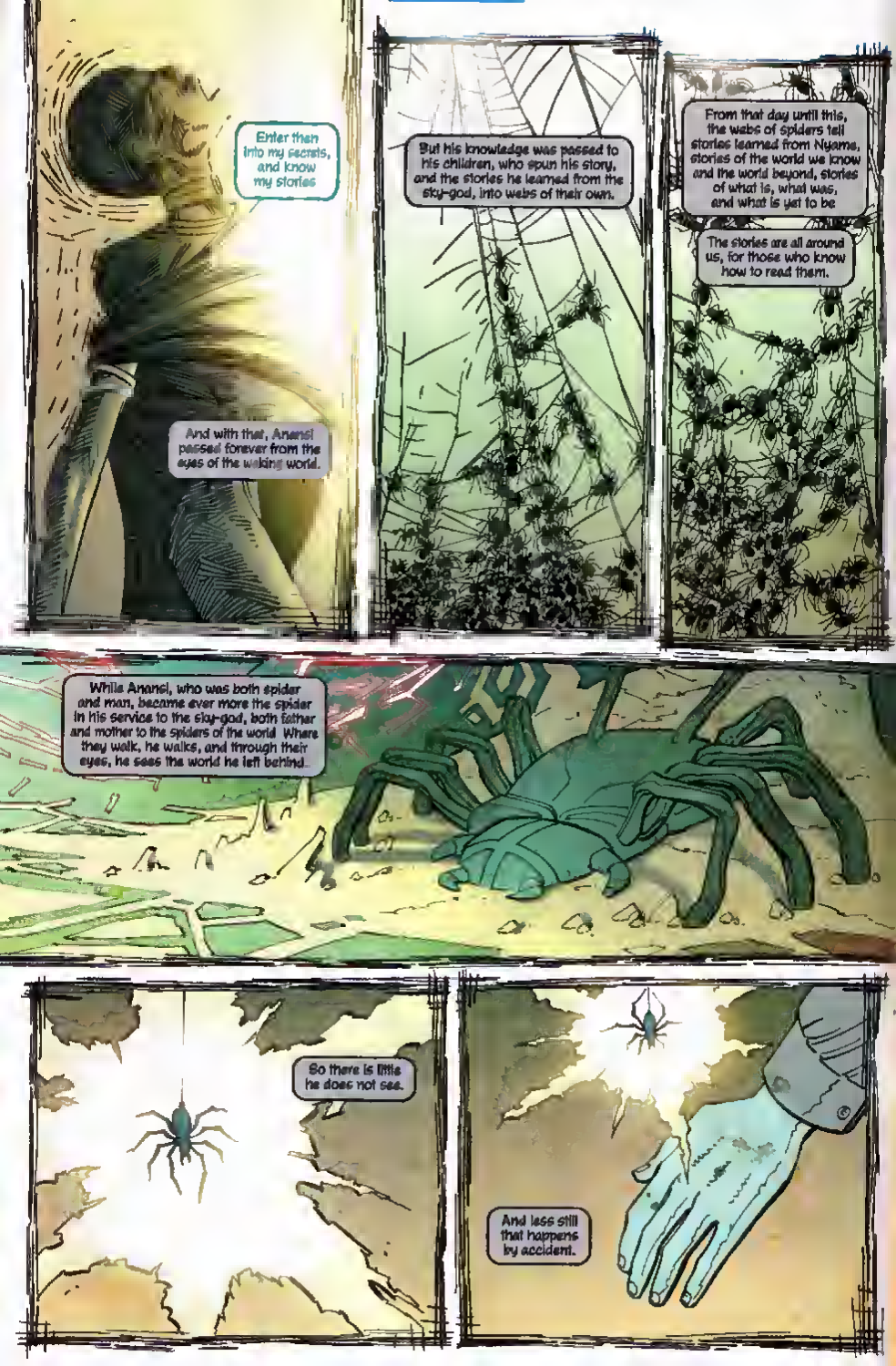
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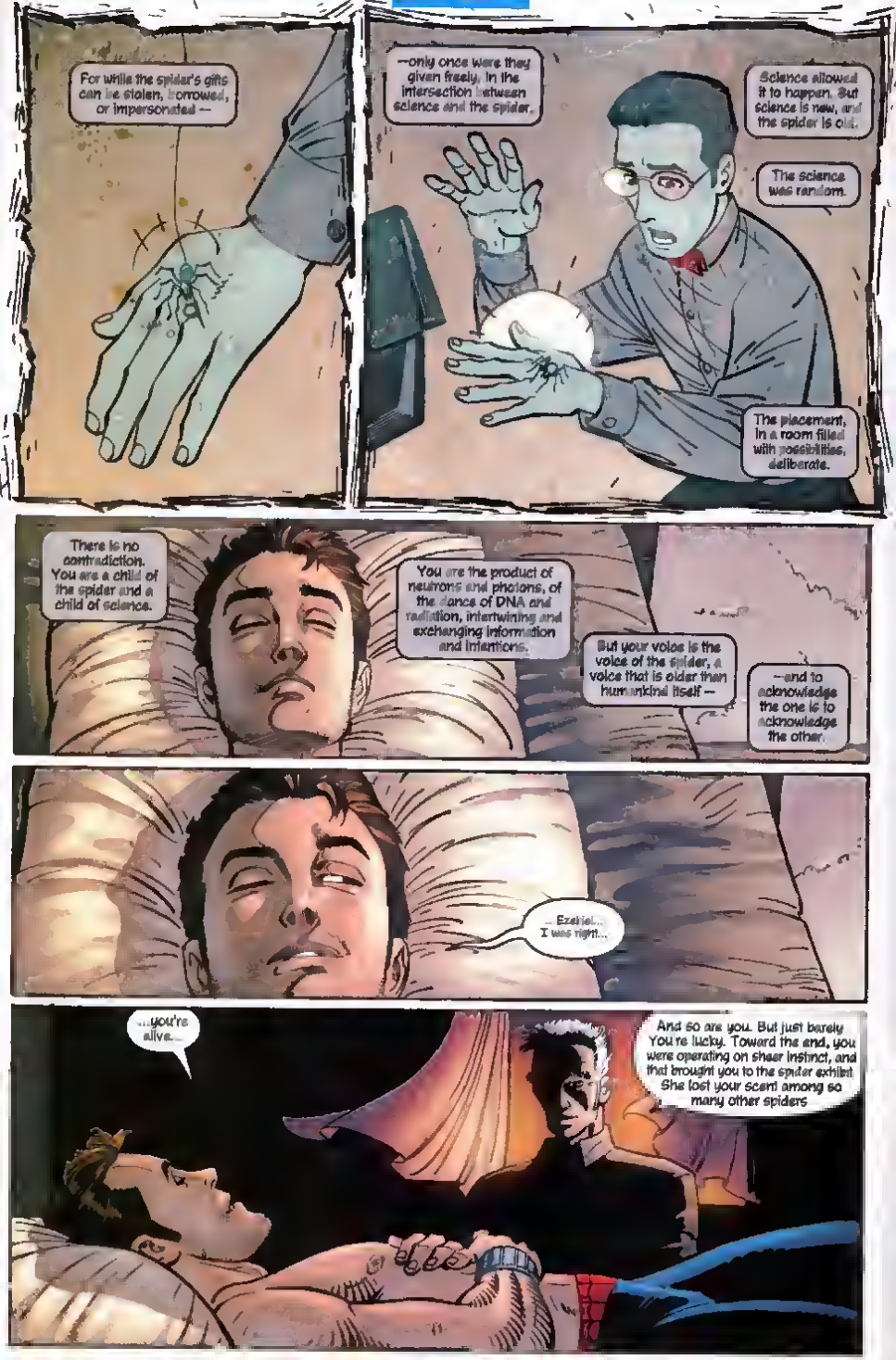
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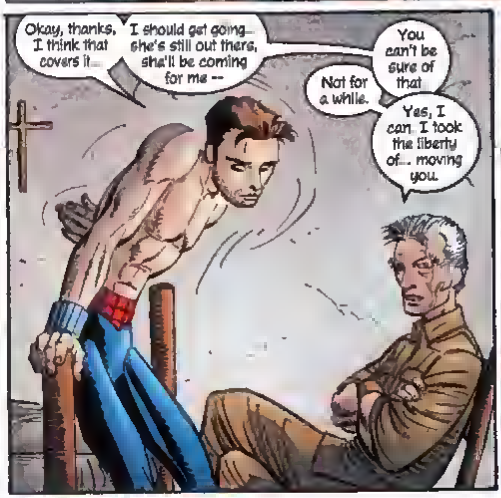

His name was Kwaku Ananse, and centuries ago he lived in the West African country now called Ghana.
They said he sometimes looked like a wise old man
Other times, they said, he looked more like a spider, and traveled across Africa on strong web strings. Learning the ways of distant people.
Soon he had seen all there was to see, had traveled the land from shore to shore, and climbed and webbed his way to the highest point. But he yearned to see more, to learn more, to see past the horizon, to the world beyond the one he knew
So he resolved to climb beyond where any had gone before, into the sky itself, where Nyame, the sky-god, lived, because Nyame was the keeper of all the stories of the world, past, present, and future


He climbed higher than any man had climbed before.
He climbed for longer than there are words to describe it
He climbed until he disappeared, passing beyond the edge of the mortal world
When he reached the end of his journey, Anansi asked the sky-god for his stories and his wisdom of the mortal world and the world beyond And Nyame said —
My stories and my wisdom come with a fearful cost, little spider What price are you prepared to pay?
And Anansi said —
There is no price too high, no price I will not pay
Will you serve my cause throughout time?
I will.
Will you capture with your web those I ask you to capture?
I will
Will you turn your face only toward me, forsaking all those you knew before?
And Anansi hesitated..
I cannot abandon those who turned to me in need, those I love, those I revere.
And Nyame said —
The price is sufficient


Enter then into my secrets, and know my stories
And with that, Anansi passed forever from the eyes of the waking world.
But his knowledge was passed to his children, who spun his story, and the stories he learned from the sky-god, into webs of their own.
From that day until this, the webs of spiders tell stories learned from Nyame, stories of the world we know and the world beyond, stories of what is, what was, and what is yet to be
The stories are all around us, for those who know how to read them.
While Anansi, who was both spider and man, became ever more the spider in his service to the sky-god, both father and mother to the spiders of the world. Where they walk, he walks, and through their eyes, he sees the world he left behind.
So there is little he does not see.
And less still that happens by accident.

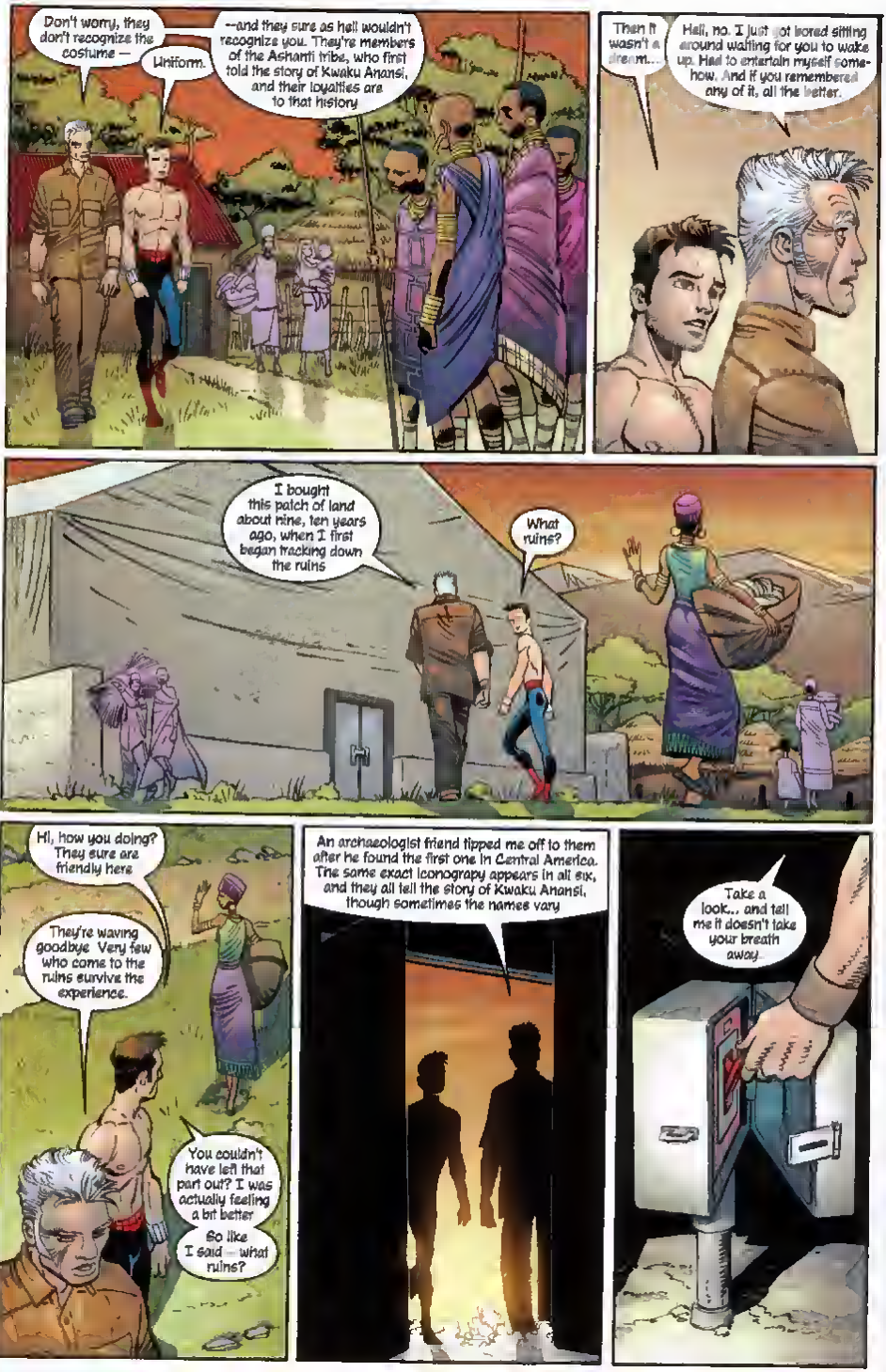

For while the spider's gifts can be stolen, borrowed, or impersonated --
--only once were they given freely. In the intersection between science and the spider.
Science allowed it to happen. But science is new, and the spider is old.
The science was random.
The placement, in a room filled with possibilities, deliberate.
There is no contradiction. You are a child of the spider and a child of science.
You are the product of neutrons and photons, of the dance of DNA and radiation, intertwining and exchanging information and intentions.
But your voice is the voice of the spider, a voice that is older than humankind itself --
--and to acknowledge the one is to acknowledge the other.
... Ezekiel... I was right...
...you're alive...
And so are you. But just barely. You're lucky. Toward the end, you were operating on sheer instinct, and that brought you to the spider exhibit. She lost your scent among so many other spiders.


What did she hit me with?
You were stung with a paralyzing agent. It was meant to immobilize you, not kill you. At least, not at first. A second sting, however, would have been enough to paralyze your lungs, leading to suffocation and --

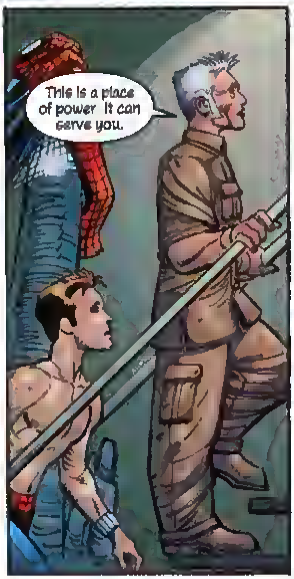

Okay, thanks, I think that covers it...
I should get going... she's still out there, she'll be coming for me --
You can't be sure of that.
Not for a while.
Yes, I can. I took the liberty of... moving you.

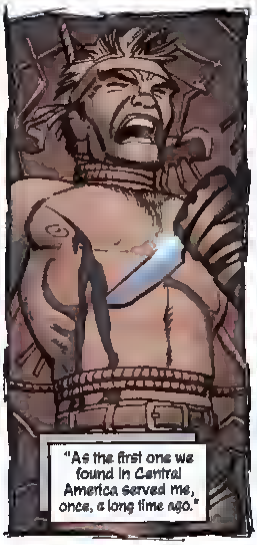

Moving me? Where did you --
No --
--freaking --
--way


Welcome to Ghana, Peter.
Amazing what a corporate jet, five lobbyists, and a couple of government contracts can do these days, isn't it?

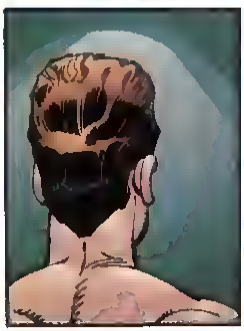

Don't worry, they don't recognize the costume —
Uniform.
—and they sure as hell wouldn't recognize you. They're members of the Ashanti tribe, who first told the story of Kwaku Anansi, and their loyalties are to that history
Then it wasn't a dream...
Hell, no. I just got bored sitting around waiting for you to wake up. Had to entertain myself somehow. And if you remembered any of it, all the better.
I bought this patch of land about nine, ten years ago, when I first began tracking down the ruins
What ruins?
Hi, how you doing? They sure are friendly here
They're waving goodbye. Very few who come to the ruins survive the experience.
You couldn't have left that part out? I was actually feeling a bit better
So like I said — what ruins?
An archaeologist friend tipped me off to them after he found the first one in Central America. The same exact iconograpy appears in all six, and they all tell the story of Kwaku Anansi, though sometimes the names vary
Take a look... and tell me it doesn't take your breath away.

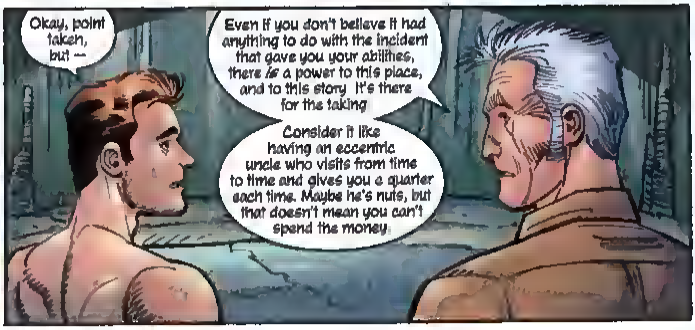

...whoa.
Thank you, Keanu Reeves.
What was that?
Skip it.


This is a place of power. It can serve you.


"As the first one we found in Central America served me, once, a long time ago."

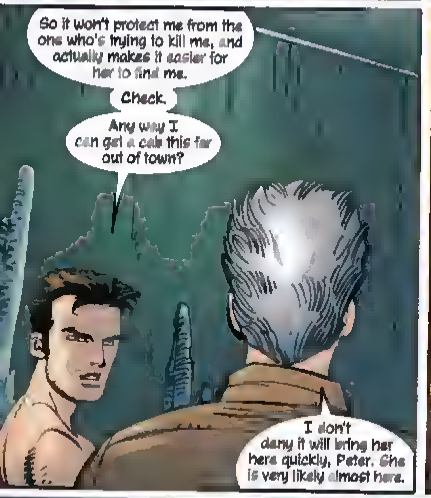

Look, this is great and all, and I'm glad you saved my life, don't misunderstand me...
But I still don't entirely buy the idea that there's some kind of connection between what happened to me and... all this.
Let me get this straight. You run around with Thunder Gods, Sorcerers Supreme, aliens, ghosts, demons, guys who turned to sand and immortals with cosmic powers and you don't believe in *this*?



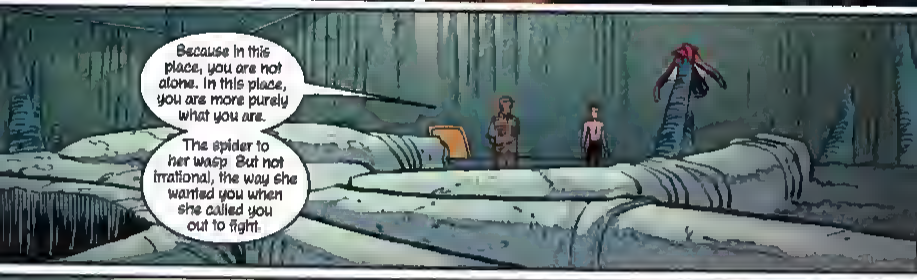

Okay, point taken, but —
Even if you don't believe it had anything to do with the incident that gave you your abilities, there *is* a power to this place, and to this story. It's there for the taking.
Consider it like having an eccentric uncle who visits from time to time and gives you a quarter each time. Maybe he's nuts, but that doesn't mean you can't spend the money.


Okay, so this place can protect me from Shatima?
Will it make it harder for her to find me?
Not exactly.


"Not exactly. If anything your presence here is bringing her to you faster than she could find you on her own."


So it won't protect me from the one who's trying to kill me, and actually makes it easier for her to find me.
Check.
Any way I can get a cab this far out of town?
I don't deny it will bring her here quickly, Peter. She is very likely almost here.


"The difference is, she will arrive... worried."


Because in this place, you are not alone. In this place, you are more purely what you are.
The spider to her wasp. But not irrational, the way she wanted you when she called you out to fight.


Focused. Primal. Deadly.
Be the spider. But be smart about it.

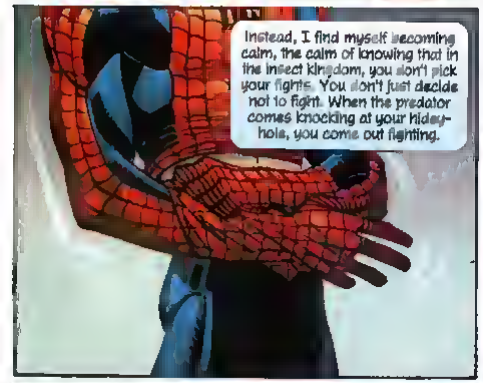

She's coming.
Swell.
Stand your ground. Feel the strength of this place. Feel the age of it. You are part of something greater than yourself.
Let the part of you that is greater and stronger and wiser than her defeat the part of her that is like every other creature in the world.
The part that is afraid of spiders.
Yeah? And where are you going to be during all this?
In a place where you cannot go.
Good luck.
Thanks bunches.
Never a Schwarzenegger around when you need one...


She's coming.


She's coming


I can feel her.


Stand your ground, he said.
I fight the urge to run


Instead, I find myself becoming calm, the calm of knowing that in the insect kingdom, you don't pick your fights. You don't just decide not to fight. When the predator comes knocking at your hiding-hole, you come out fighting.

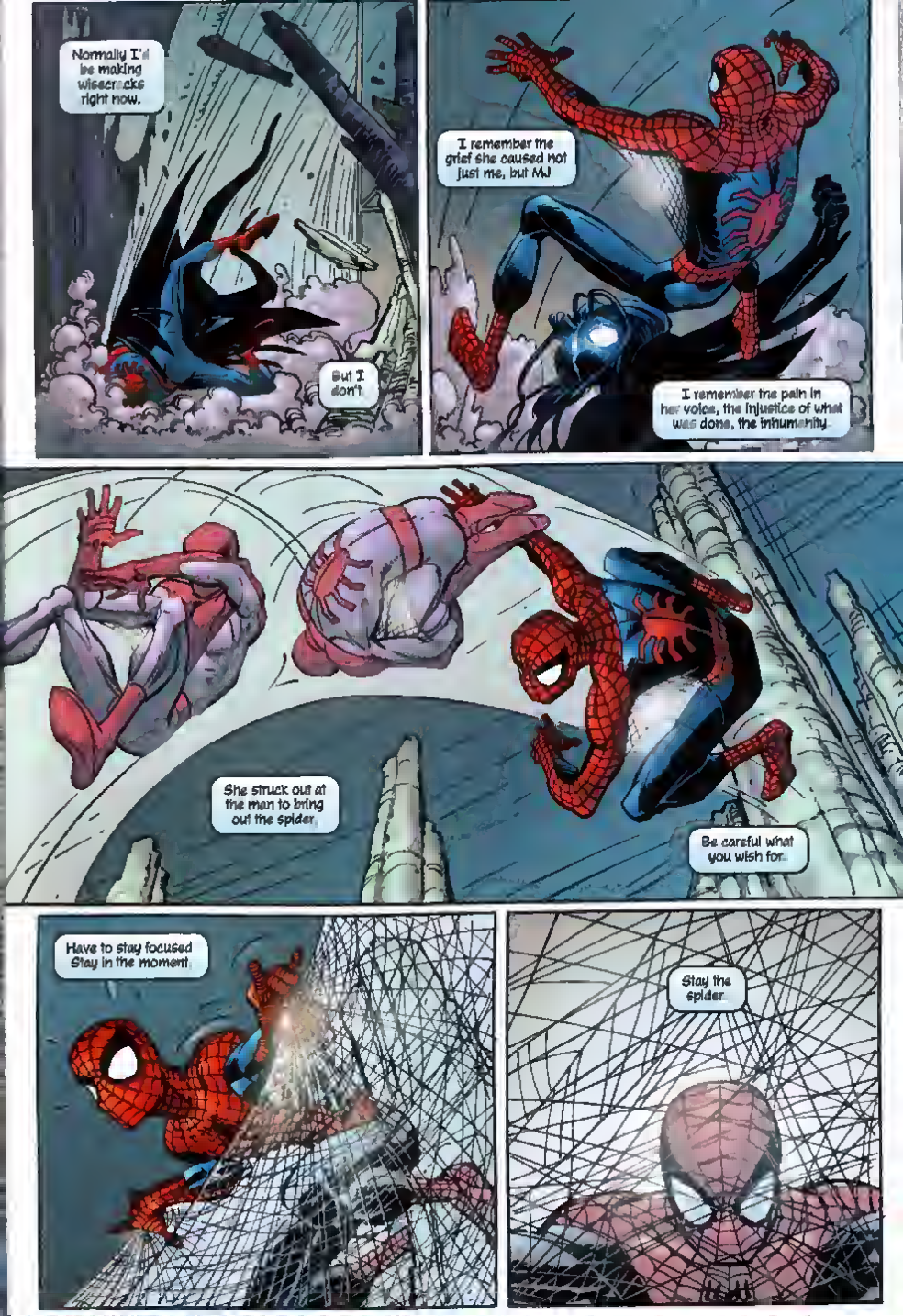

Little spider...


Or you die.


Time to die now.


And I decide that if I have to live like a spider or die like a man --
Then I'll be the spider I always knew was there
Once and for all.


Come what may.


Normally I'd be making wisecracks right now.
But I don't.
I remember the grief she caused not just me, but MJ.
I remember the pain in her voice, the injustice of what was done, the inhumanity.
She struck out at the man to bring out the spider.
Be careful what you wish for.
Have to stay focused. Stay in the moment.
Stay the spider.


Zzshhhaaa!
No words
No hesitation.
Just the knowledge that one of us isn't walking away from this


Little spider... little man... does not understand...
Shathra does not tire, does not stop. Shathra can play with the spider forever.
But sooner or later, the man in the spider has to sleep
Then Shathra will take the spider. Take the man. Take everyone and everything he has ever loved.
We are natural enemies.
I will never go away.
Will the spider play... until death?
Yes.
You said one of us would not walk out of here. Did you mean it, Peter?
To protect MJ and May are you ready to go all the way? No matter what? Even if it means killing it?
Her?
God help me, but I am. I am.


God help me... god help me...
...Irrrr?
Na... na...
Aaaahh...
!!!!AAAHHH!

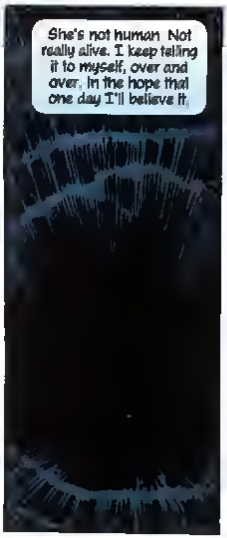

!!!!AAAHHH!
Yaaaaa... stop... stopppp!
I was ready to —
I know
I didn't finish it.
Yes, you did. You did what had to be done. Your blood called to her, brought her here. You built the trap. Spun the web. Stunned and weakened her. The rest —
—belongs to the spider.
No... no... please, mercy —
And spiders don't understand mercy


AAAAYYYYYIIIIIII!


What's down there, Ezekiel?
You don't want to --
I need to know if she's going to come after me again. What's down there?


The food chain goes both ways, you know.
You got a problem with that?


No.

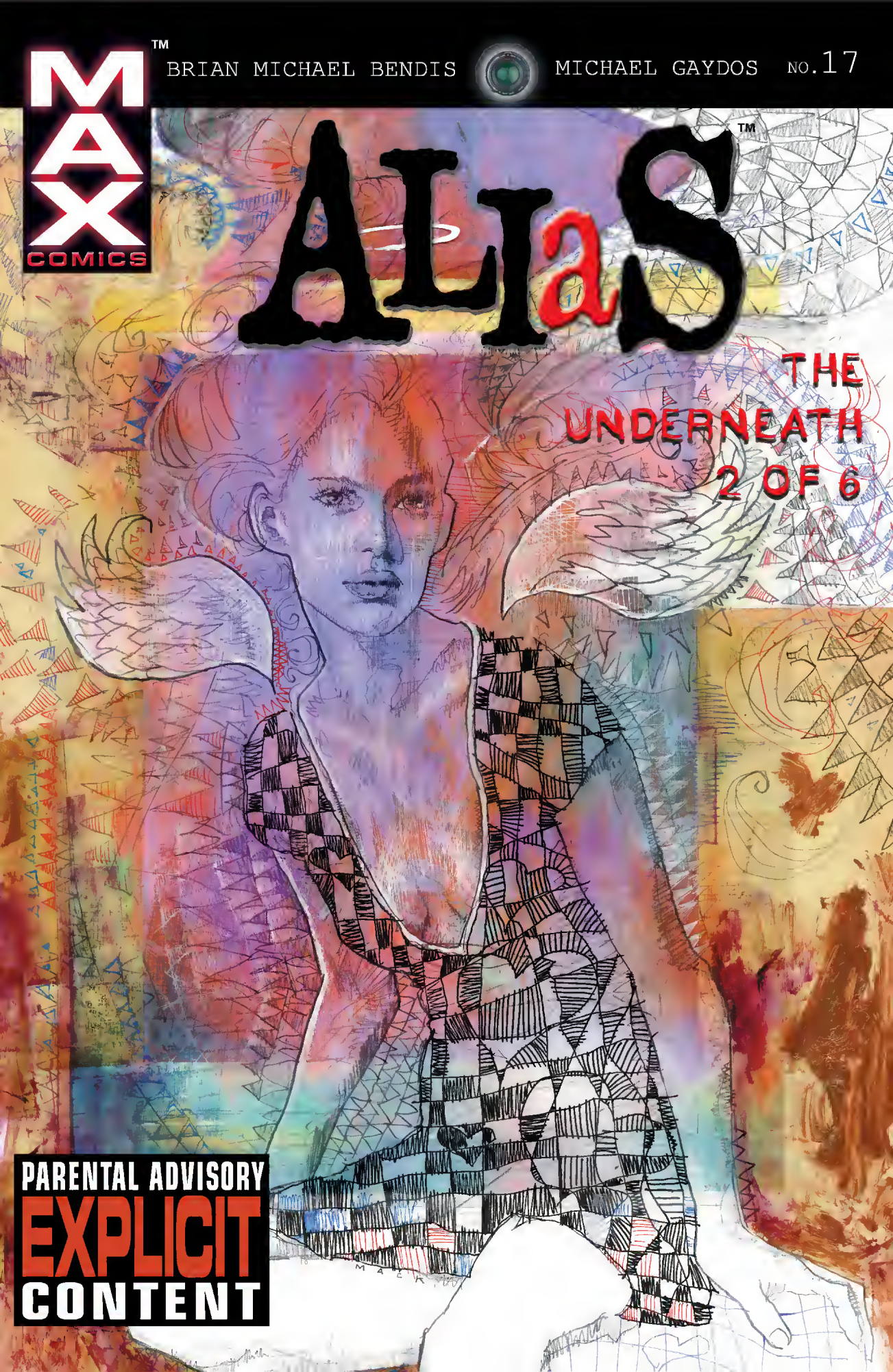

She's not human. Not really alive. I keep telling it to myself, over and over, in the hope that one day I'll believe it.


And the knowledge that I probably never will.


I don't know which is better, and which is worse. Which is me --


--and which is the spider.
"So it's been quite a news day for everyone, Beth."


It sure has been. As our viewers know, the news media was the victim of a hoax concerning the individual known as Spider-Man
FOX NEWS
Apparently the information given about his reputation was far from credible, as demonstrated by these before and after pictures of the source in question.
It's always hard to do a story when you're not sure who, or what, you're really talking to, isn't it, Beth?
It sure is, Dave.
And of course it's pretty much impossible to sue for libel because Spider-Man would have to go into court to prove who he is, and that he suffered damages, and well, that's not exactly going to happen.
So everybody catches a break and everybody wins in the end.
You bet. Now, on to the weather --
--as local LA viewers have noticed by now it's starting to come down pretty vigorously out there.
Yes, hello, I'd like to order a cab
Where to?
One thing's for certain, Beth --
The airport, please.
LOS ANGELES TO JFK AIRPORT, NEW YORK
MARY JANE PARKER
ITINERARY
--there's one heck of a storm coming.
THE END
MARY JANE PARKER
FIRST CLASS


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.17
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
2 OF 6
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

CORY PETIT
letters

C.B CEBULSKI/JOE QUESADA
editors

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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Yes, there's a-- AAHH...
Aggh, yeah...
Uh-huh...
Uh-huh...


Uh-huh...
Uh-huh...
That's what I'm--
What?
Can we stop?
Is something wrong?
I just need to stop.
Did I do something wrong?
No... Absolutely not.
Did I...?
No. I... It's me.
It's you?
I shouldn't have gotten started.
It's me. It's not you.
Are you alright?
What happened?


I'm OK.
Seriously, did I do something wrong?
No, of course not.
Didn't think so.
But... Aggh... You-- you can never tell.
I just-- I shouldn't have come over tonight.
No. I'm glad you did.
I'm just in a shit mood.
So... What's up?
Come on...
I told you before... I'm genuinely interested in your job.
Did you go talk to that J. Jonah dickface?
Yeah...



We're sitting there in his limo.

And I'm waiting... waiting for a response from him.

And nothing.

He just sits there. Which is the exact opposite of what he was like the last time I met him when he wouldn't shut his fucking mouth.

And then I start reminding myself how much I don't want to be sitting here with this piece of garbage.

All I hear in my head is: This guy hates you.

And this isn't like my usual self-loathing paranoia. No.

I have it on tape. On my answering machine. Him wishing I would drop dead.

This guy-- this rich, asshole scumbag.

He's everything that's wrong with journalism in America. Guy with a clear agenda and he uses his Daily Bugle as a forum to express it instead of reporting the facts.

Disgusting.

I'm sitting there thinking... this piece of garbage.

And believe me, if this was about him... Fuck 'im!

But it's not. It's about a girl.

It's about some girl I know nothing about named Mattie Franklin. A girl that he somehow took responsibility for who is now in some kind of trouble.

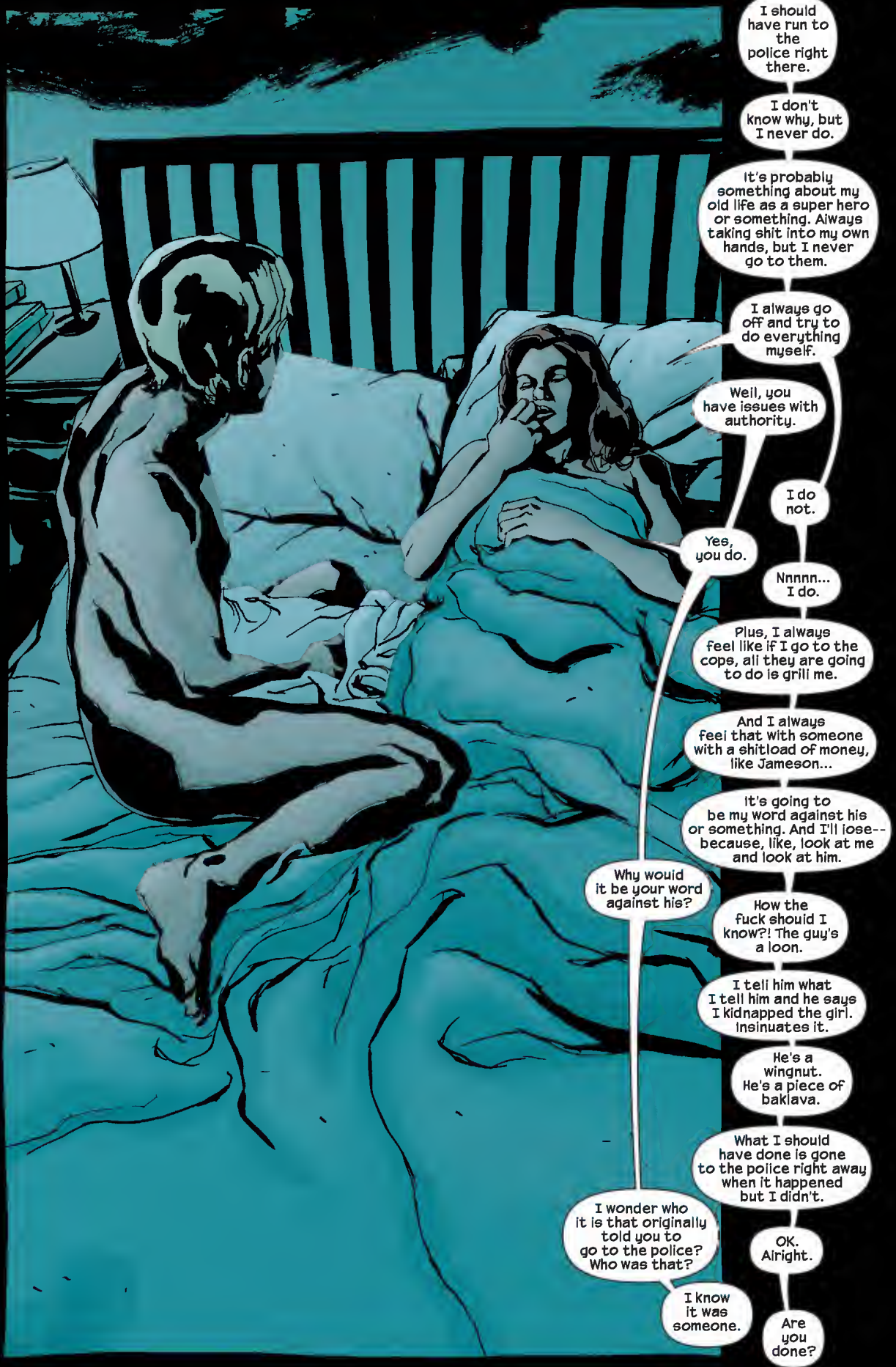
And I sat there in silence.

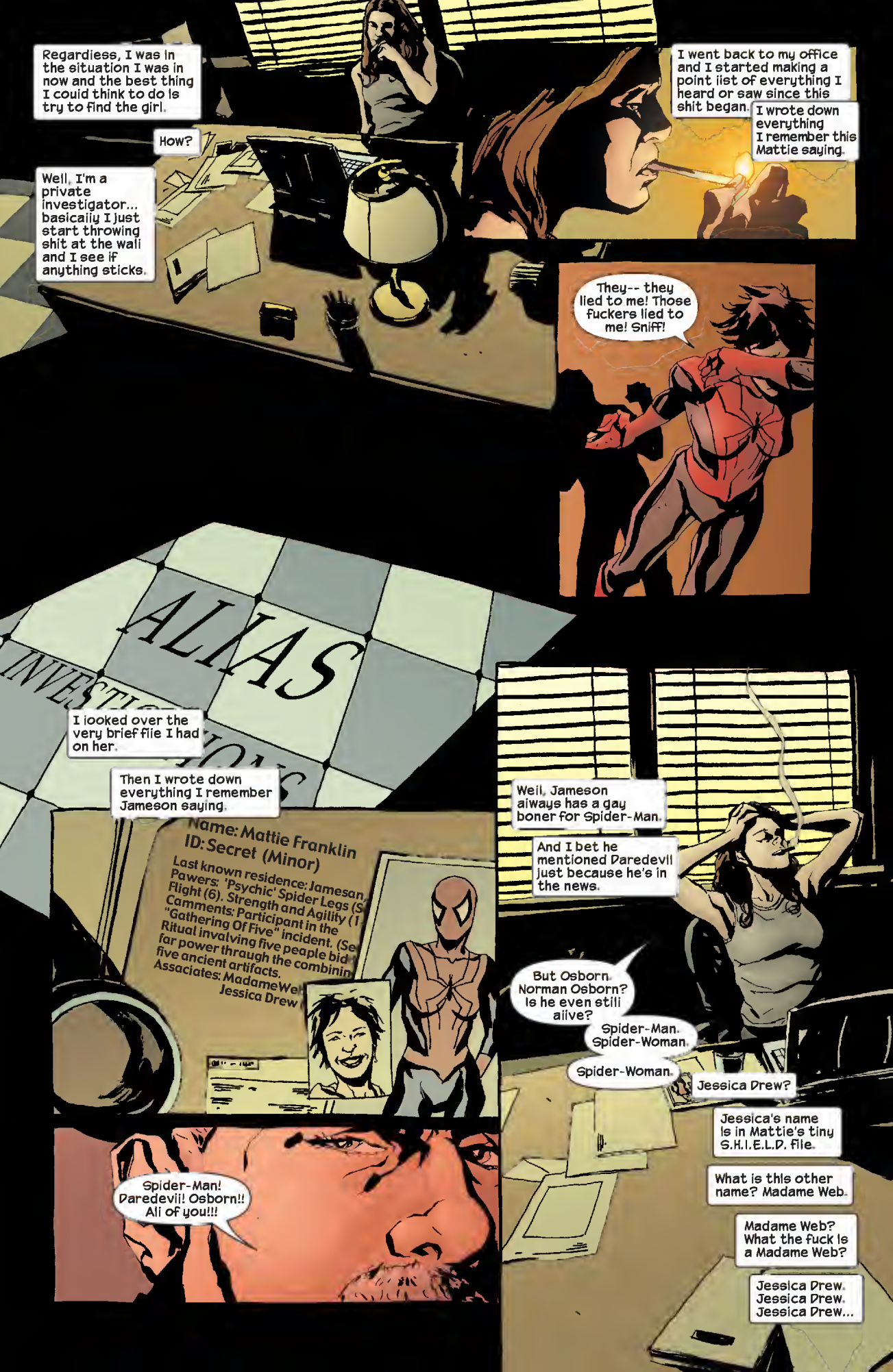
And I didn't know what else to do.

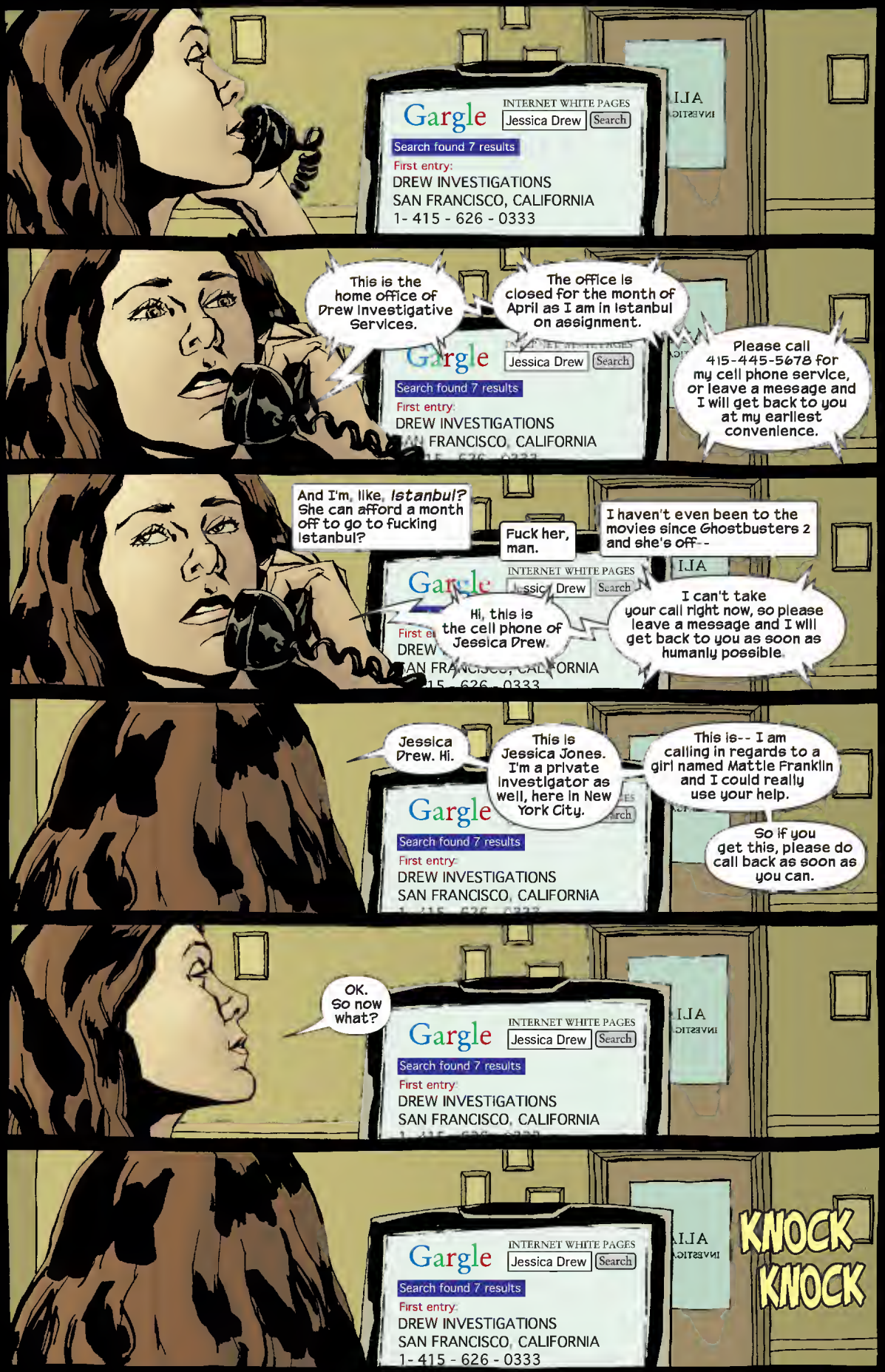

So I did what I always do when I am sitting in front of someone in total silence and I don't know what to do.
I babbled like an idiot.
The thing is, Mr. Jameson, as I said, I don't know the story between you and this girl. All I know is that she was staying with you and your wife.
And that she dresses as Spider-Man and it looks like she has some kind of abilities to back it up.
And, of course, that she broke into my house in the middle of the night last night, strung out or something.
Or at least *my* definition of strung out...
And the minute she sees me-- the minute I confront her-- she runs away. Flies away.
She didn't steal from me or anything, but she seemed to think she knew me. But I don't know how that could be.
Well, the entire thing's freaked me out, for obvious reasons.
And although, clearly, there is this shit between us. Me and you...
I just felt that coming to you with this was, I don't know, the right thing to do.
I'm sure this is awkward for *both* of us, certainly I do.
But she's just a girl and...
Well...
Where is she now?
What? I don't know.
I'll ask you again.
Where is she now?
I- don't- know.
What's the angle? Money?
Of *course* it is. It *always* is!
Uh-- I don't think you're hearing me.

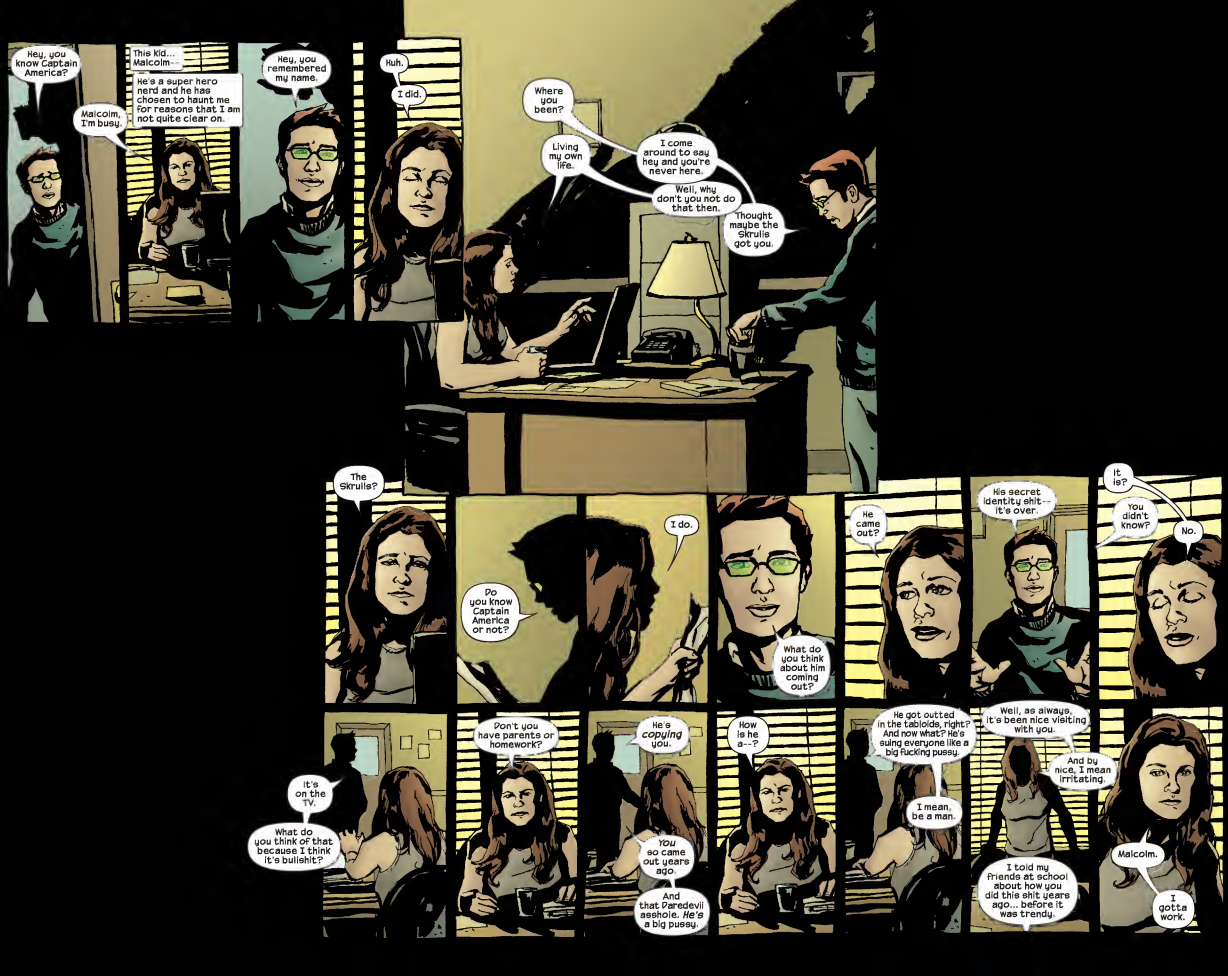

To come here like this and dangle that girl over my head.
She's just a child.
You people are all the same.
Preying on people's... people's fears and hopes.
You piece of trash.
All you pieces of garbage! All of you!!
Spider-Man! Daredevil! Osborn!! All of you!!!
Hey! What the fuck are you on about?! What I just told you was the *truth*.
I knew this was going to happen. I *knew* it!!
I didn't *ask* you for shit.
All I said was that this girl--
I am going to find out what the scam here is and I swear to you-- I am going to see you burn in hell for it.
Listen, Mr. Misplaced-Anger-Man, there is no--
And I'll tell you right now: Any harm comes to that girl... so much as a broken nail...
I find out anything has happened to her.
You! You are the one that's going to answer for it.
You screwed with the wrong guy this time, Jones.
Pull over, Melvin!! Ms. Jones is getting out.
I want Mattie back. Unharmed. Now!
You hear me? I want her *back!!*
Or I *will* ruin you!

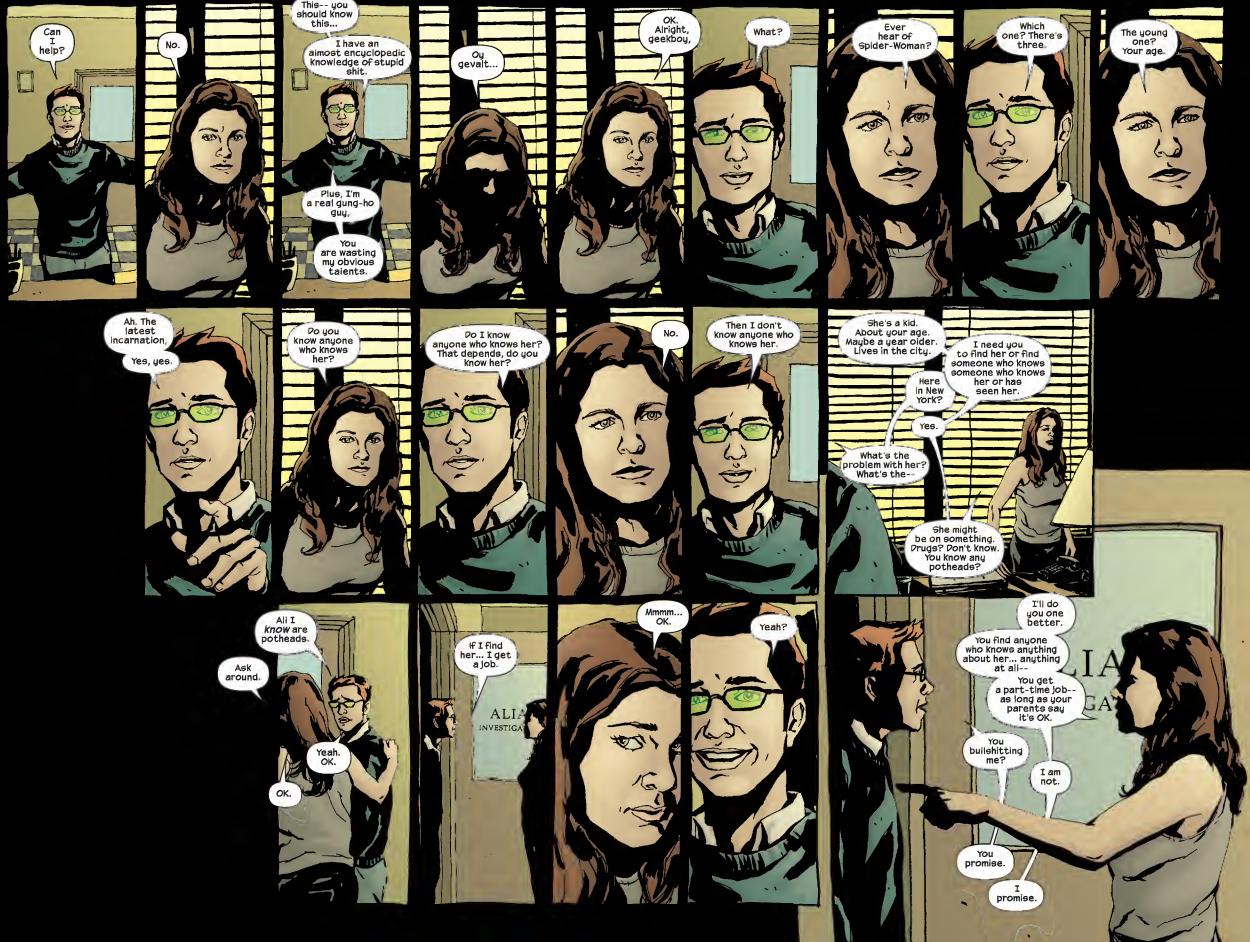

So...
Basically...
...*that* blew up in my face.


I should have run to the police right there.
I don't know why, but I never do.
It's probably something about my old life as a super hero or something. Always taking shit into my own hands, but I never go to them.
I always go off and try to do everything myself.
Well, you have issues with authority.
I do not.
Yes, you do.
Nnnnn... I do.
Plus, I always feel like if I go to the cops, all they are going to do is grill me.
And I always feel that with someone with a shitload of money, like Jameson...
It's going to be my word against his or something. And I'll lose-- because, like, look at me and look at him.
Why would it be your word against his?
How the fuck should I know?! The guy's a loon.
I tell him what I tell him and he says I kidnapped the girl. Insinuates it.
He's a wingnut. He's a piece of baklava.
What I should have done is gone to the police right away when it happened but I didn't.
I wonder who it is that originally told you to go to the police? Who was that?
OK. Alright.
I know it was someone.
Are you done?


Regardless, I was in the situation I was in now and the best thing I could think to do is try to find the girl.
How?
Well, I'm a private investigator... basically I just start throwing shit at the wall and I see if anything sticks.
I went back to my office and I started making a point list of everything I heard or saw since this shit began.
I wrote down everything I remember this Mattie saying.
They-- they lied to me! Those fuckers lied to me! Sniff!
ALIAS
I looked over the very brief file I had on her.
Then I wrote down everything I remember Jameson saying.
Name: Mattie Franklin
ID: Secret (Minor)
Last known residence: Jamesan
Powers: 'Psychic' Spider Legs (S
Flight (6). Strength and Agility (1
Comments: Participant in the "Gathering Of Five" incident. (Se
Ritual invalving five peaple bid
far power thraugh the combinin
five ancient artifacts.
Associates: MadameWe
Jessica Drew
Spider-Man! Daredevil! Osborn!! All of you!!!
Well, Jameson always has a gay boner for Spider-Man.
And I bet he mentioned Daredevil just because he's in the news.
But Osborn. Norman Osborn? Is he even still alive?
Spider-Man. Spider-Woman.
Spider-Woman.
Jessica Drew?
Jessica's name is in Mattie's tiny S.H.I.E.L.D. file.
What is this other name? Madame Web.
Madame Web? What the fuck is a Madame Web?
Jessica Drew. Jessica Drew. Jessica Drew...


Gargle
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
1- 415 - 626 - 0333
This is the home office of Drew Investigative Services.
The office is closed for the month of April as I am in Istanbul on assignment.
Please call 415-445-5678 for my cell phone service, or leave a message and I will get back to you at my earliest convenience.
And I'm, like, Istanbul? She can afford a month off to go to fucking Istanbul?
Fuck her, man.
I haven't even been to the movies since Ghostbusters 2 and she's off--
Hi, this is the cell phone of Jessica Drew.
I can't take your call right now, so please leave a message and I will get back to you as soon as humanly possible.
Jessica Drew. Hi.
This is Jessica Jones. I'm a private investigator as well, here in New York City.
This is-- I am calling in regards to a girl named Mattie Franklin and I could really use your help.
So if you get this, please do call back as soon as you can.
OK. So now what?
KNOCK KNOCK

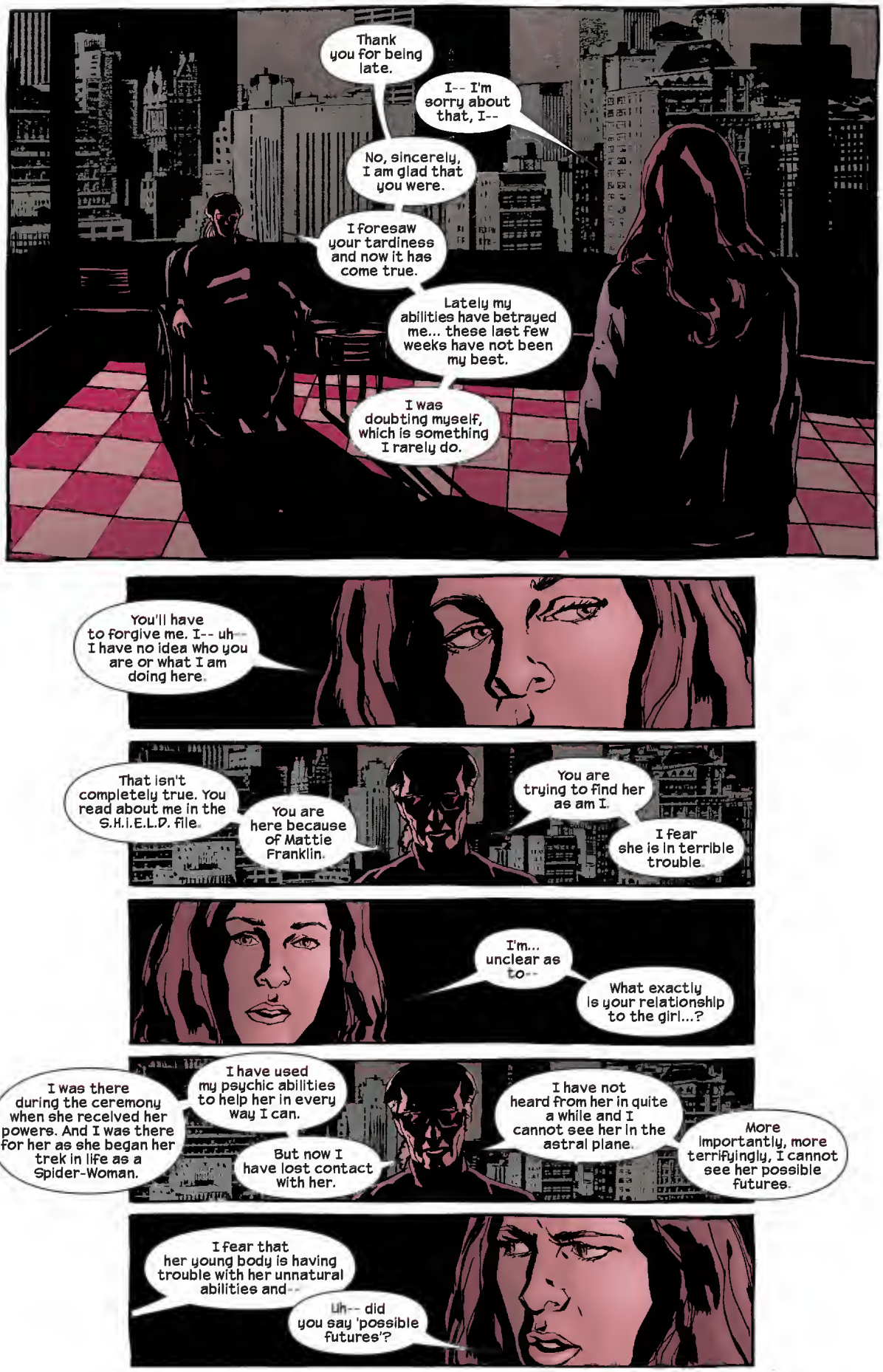

Hey, you know Captain America?
Malcolm, I'm busy.
This kid... Malcolm--
He's a super hero nerd and he has chosen to haunt me for reasons that I am not quite clear on.
Hey, you remembered my name.
Huh.
I did.
Where you been?
Living my own life.
I come around to say hey and you're never here.
Well, why don't you not do that then.
Thought maybe the Skrulls got you.
The Skrulls?
Do you know Captain America or not?
I do.
What do you think about him coming out?
He came out?
His secret identity shit-- it's over.
It is?
You didn't know?
No.
It's on the TV.
What do you think of that because I think it's bullshit?
Don't you have parents or homework?
He's *copying* you.
You so came out years ago.
And that Daredevil asshole. *He's* a big pussy.
How is he a--?
He got outted in the tabloids, right? And now what? He's suing everyone like a big fucking pussy.
I mean, be a man.
Well, as always, it's been nice visiting with you.
And by nice, I mean irritating.
I told my friends at school about how you did this shit years ago... before it was trendy.
Malcolm.
I gotta work.


Can I help?
No.
This-- you should know this...
I have an almost encyclopedic knowledge of stupid shit.
Plus, I'm a real gung-ho guy.
You are wasting my obvious talents.
Oy gevalt...
OK. Alright, geekboy,
What?
Ever hear of Spider-Woman?
Which one? There's three.
The young one? Your age.
Ah. The latest incarnation.
Yes, yes.
Do you know anyone who knows her?
Do I know anyone who knows her? That depends, do you know her?
No.
Then I don't know anyone who knows her.
She's a kid. About your age. Maybe a year older. Lives in the city.
Here in New York?
Yes.
What's the problem with her? What's the--
I need you to find her find someone who knows someone who knows her or has seen her.
She might be on something. Drugs? Don't know. You know any potheads?
All I know are potheads.
Ask around.
Yeah. OK.
OK.
If I find her... I get a job.
Mmmm... OK.
Yeah?
I'll do you one better.
You find anyone who knows anything about her... anything at all--
You get a part-time job-- as long as your parents say it's OK.
You bullshitting me?
I am not.
You promise.
I promise.


'Cause you guys have to keep your word.
Go.
You have a code.
If you're not gone in the count of three...
ALIAS
INVESTIGATIONS
Can I have my own cell phone?
ALIAS
INVESTIGATIONS


BLLLLEING
Alias Investigations.
Jessica Jones?
Yes.
You will come to see me? Tonight at seven o'clock.
Whoseewhat?
I am Madame Web.
Oh, my god.
I-- I was just--
I know.
I see the future to come.
Will I ever find true love?
This is my address.
Please write my address for I see you will be lost inside my building for nine minutes.
I will see you at seven.


7:12 PM
Ms. Jones!
I am so sorry I'm late.
It's OK.
Are you Mrs. Web?
Oh, no. No, I'm her assistant, Tina.
I was just about to come look for you. We buzzed you up quite a--
I know. I hate buildings.
You hate buildings?
And yet I live in New York City. So imagine how it is to be me.
Well, Madame Web is waiting for you in here. Please call if you need anything.
Thank you for coming, Ms. Jones.


Thank you for being late.
I-- I'm sorry about that, I--
No, sincerely, I am glad that you were.
I foresaw your tardiness and now it has come true.
Lately my abilities have betrayed me... these last few weeks have not been my best.
I was doubting myself, which is something I rarely do.
You'll have to forgive me. I-- uh-- I have no idea who you are or what I am doing here.
That isn't completely true. You read about me in the S.H.I.E.L.D. file.
You are here because of Mattie Franklin.
You are trying to find her as am I.
I fear she is in terrible trouble.
I'm... unclear as to--
What exactly is your relationship to the girl...?
I was there during the ceremony when she received her powers. And I was there for her as she began her trek in life as a Spider-Woman.
I have used my psychic abilities to help her in every way I can.
But now I have lost contact with her.
I have not heard from her in quite a while and I cannot see her in the astral plane.
More importantly, more terrifyingly, I cannot see her possible futures.
I fear that her young body is having trouble with her unnatural abilities and--
Uh-- did you say 'possible futures'?


I can see into the near future. I can see the possibilities.
I don't understand.
Every decision in life you make creates a new set of tangents of time and space.
Every decision creates a myriad of possibilities for your future.
I see the strongest ones.
And now, with you-- in you-- I finally see Mattie once again.
I see Mattie playing an important role in your future.
Do you know where she is now?
I see her in darkness.
I-- I see her in strobing lights.
Strobing lights?
I see her in pain.
She is dancing. Tribal.
She's in a nightclub?
You are angry. You start fighting with her.
Physically fighting her?
You... oh, my... kill her.
And in another... she kills you.
You kill a strong, primal boy.
You look like you, but not like you.
I-- I-- I do *what*?
What do I do?
These are just a few strong possibilities of the near future.


Kill her? What are you talking about?
I don't understand.
This might happen. It might not happen.
This is what you're saying? I don't understand. Why was she in my house? If you're so smart then why--
Oh...
What?
Horrible. Just terrible.
What you went through in your past... I wouldn't wish on anyone.
I'm so sorry.
You just what? You just read my mind?
I'm sorry. I can't help what I see.
I'm sorry.
Without permission?! You just read my mind?
You-- You just--
I can't always control the images coming to me.
The images... so strong, so violent.


Fuck you!!
Your language is a mask.
Fuck you!!
FUCK YOU!!!


Then I came here.
What did she see that upset you?
To Be CoNTINueD...


MARVEL KNIGHTS
MARVEL PG 41 421
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV
MARVEL.COM
DAREDEVIL
LOWLIFE
1 OF 5
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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke was a new member of the Kingpin's crew. When his coup attempt against the Kingpin failed, he turned himself in to the FBI.

Wilson Fisk survived the assassination attempt but was wounded severely. Vanessa, his wife, shipped Wilson out of the country to save his life from other attempts. Vanessa sold the Fisk Towers and all of Wilson's organized crime businesses, dismantling the empire and leaving America forever.

The FBI refuse Silke's request for protection from the Kingpin's wife so he gives them the one piece of information that the Kingpin had--

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information.

But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads:

Daredevil's Secret Identity Revealed!

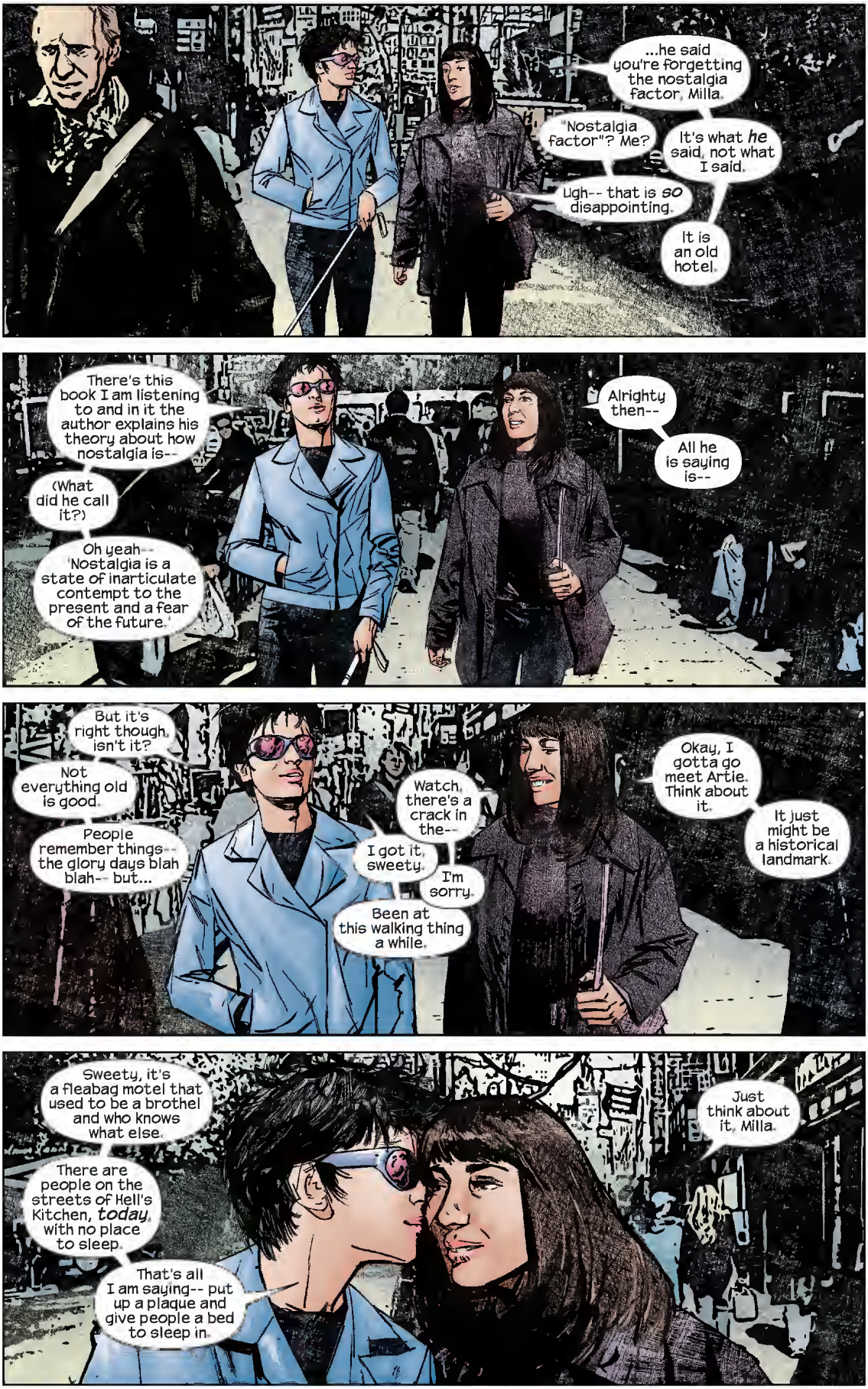
The secret is out!

Matt Murdock files a 400 million dollar law suit against the Daily Globe for printing the story. Mr. Rosenthal, the owner of the paper, vows to go the distance with Murdock because he knows the story is true.

Matt's public struggle against the newspaper makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Lowlife • Part 1

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...he said you're forgetting the nostalgia factor, Milla.
"Nostalgia factor"? Me?
It's what he said, not what I said.
Ugh-- that is so disappointing.
It is an old hotel.
There's this book I am listening to and in it the author explains his theory about how nostalgia is--
(What did he call it?)
Oh yeah-- 'Nostalgia is a state of inarticulate contempt to the present and a fear of the future.'
Alrighty then--
All he is saying is--
But it's right though, isn't it?
Not everything old is good.
People remember things-- the glory days blah blah-- but...
Watch, there's a crack in the--
I got it, sweety.
I'm sorry.
Been at this walking thing a while.
Okay, I gotta go meet Artie. Think about it.
It just might be a historical landmark.
Sweety, it's a fleabag motel that used to be a brothel and who knows what else.
There are people on the streets of Hell's Kitchen, today, with no place to sleep.
That's all I am saying-- put up a plaque and give people a bed to sleep in.
Just think about it, Milla.

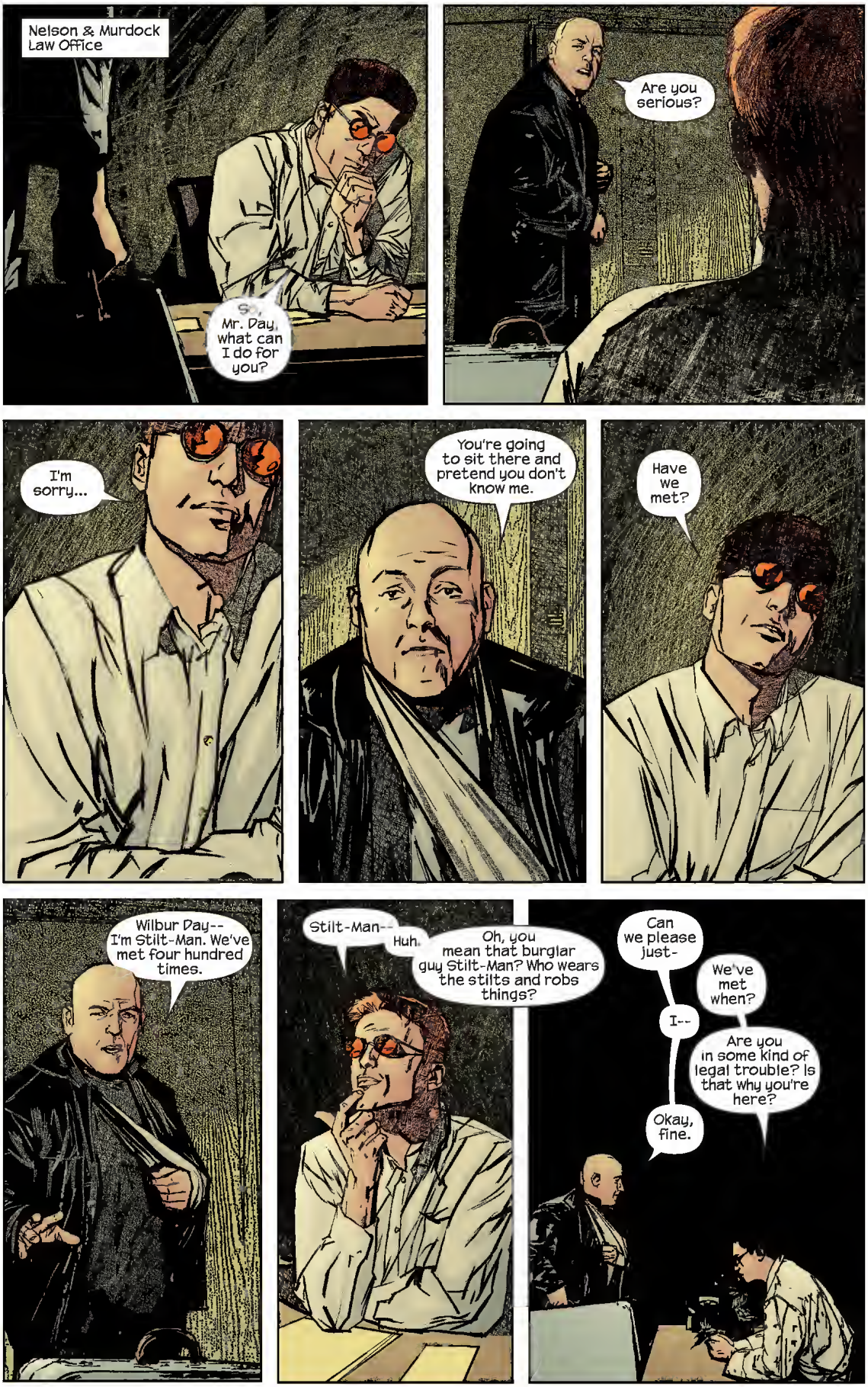

HEALTH
ORGANIC
FREE
See you tomorrow.
Organic Market
SCCRREEEEEE
SCCREEEEEEEEEE
Oh my God...
Milla!
VRROOOOOOOM

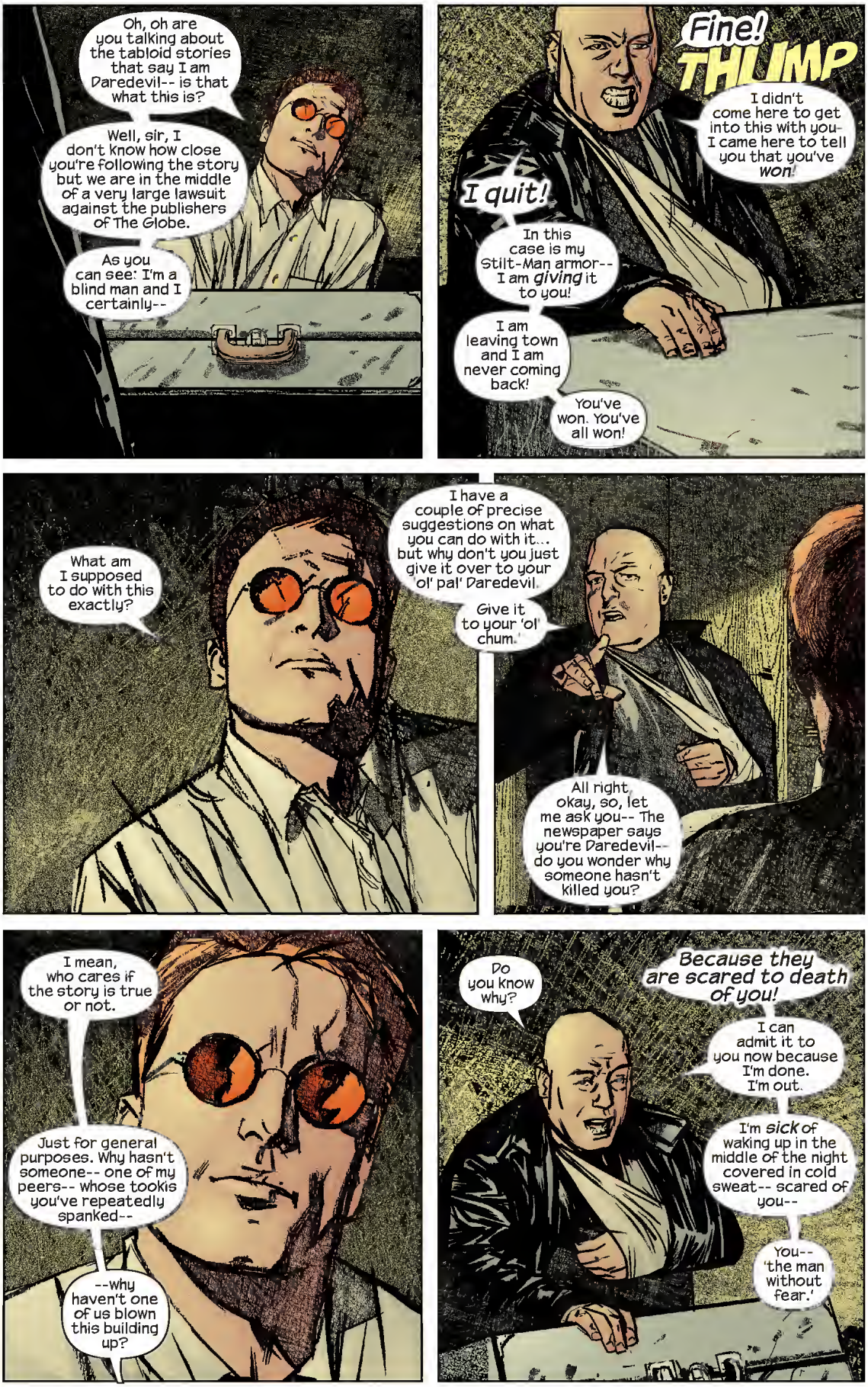


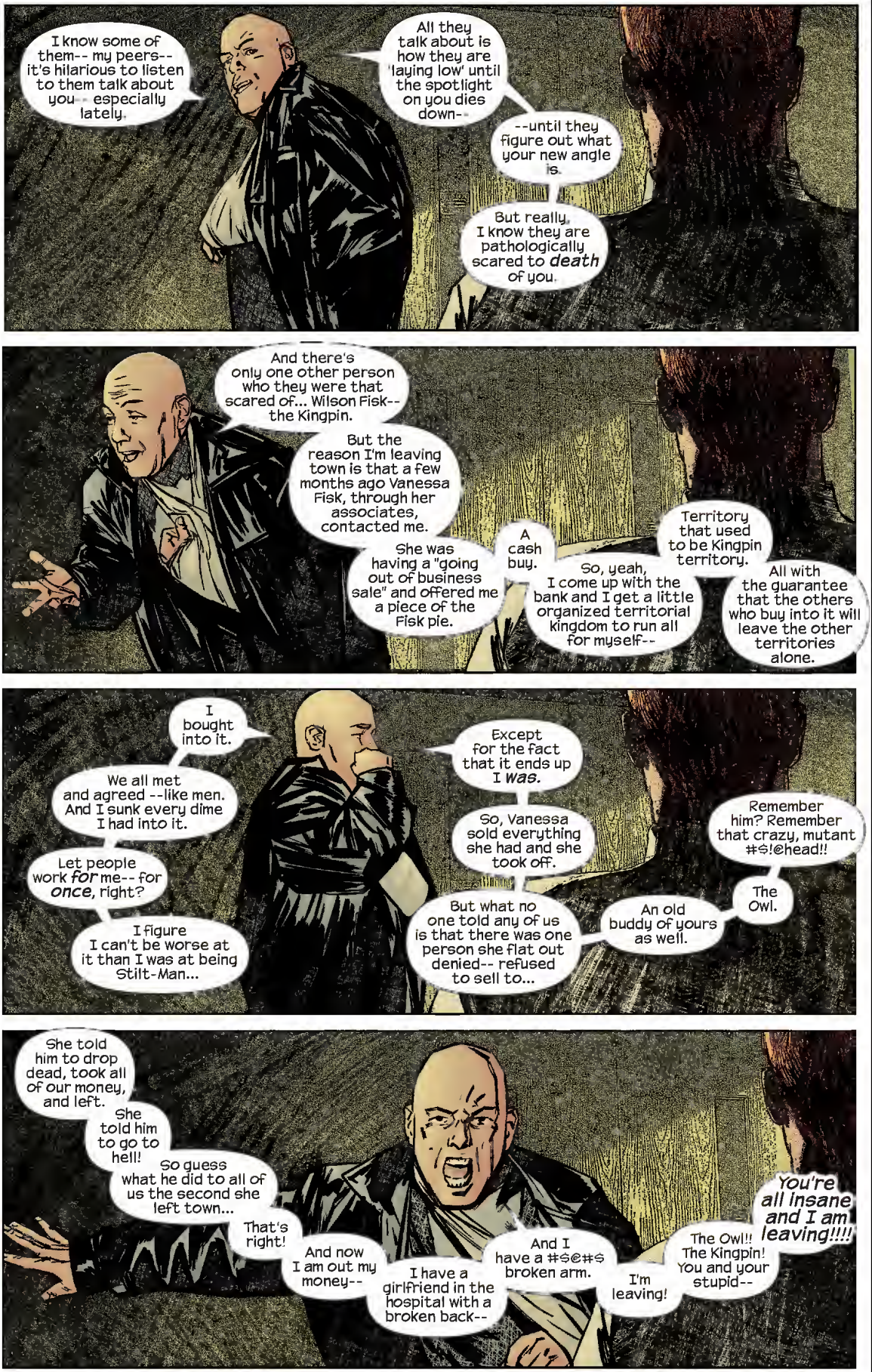

Ma'am, you're Okay. Can you hear me? You're Okay.
I am sorry about this terrible landing, but we were going too fast.
That truck would have hurt a lot more, trust me.
Ma'am...
You have a cut on your arm and this piece of glass in your shoulder here. What I am going to do is--
Are you blind?
Y-- yes.
Okay, listen, you were almost hit by a truck.
The cops stopped the truck three blocks from here, but he almost hit you.
I grabbed you as fast as I could, but I couldn't stop us from going through a plate glass window.
Are people watching us?
Yes.
This is so embarrassing.
I've been through worse.
Nnn... My shoulder.


I am going to pull out the glass, but you're going to have to put pressure on it until the ambulance comes.
Does anyone KNOW this woman?
I-- I do.
Yes, sir.
Please call 911.
This will hurt, but you only ripped muscle, it's not a bad wound at all.
Are you sure?
Its just a cut. You ready?
Why are you wearing a mask?
Ah...
Hold on.
All done.
Oh man...
You're going to be Okay. Get to a hospital and have the wound tended to.
Again, I'm sorry for the jarring break in your day.


Thwip!
Sorry about the window.
Th-thank you...


Nelson & Murdock Law Office
So, Mr. Day, what can I do for you?
Are you serious?
I'm sorry...
You're going to sit there and pretend you don't know me.
Have we met?
Wilbur Day-- I'm Stilt-Man. We've met four hundred times.
Stilt-Man--
Huh.
Oh, you mean that burglar guy Stilt-Man? Who wears the stilts and robs things?
Can we please just-
We've met when?
I--
Are you in some kind of legal trouble? Is that why you're here?
Okay, fine.


Oh, oh are you talking about the tabloid stories that say I am Daredevil-- is that what this is?
Well, sir, I don't know how close you're following the story but we are in the middle of a very large lawsuit against the publishers of The Globe.
As you can see: I'm a blind man and I certainly--
Fine!
THUMP
I didn't come here to get into this with you- I came here to tell you that you've won!
I quit!
In this case is my Stilt-Man armor-- I am giving it to you!
I am leaving town and I am never coming back!
You've won. You've all won!
What am I supposed to do with this exactly?
I have a couple of precise suggestions on what you can do with it... but why don't you just give it over to your 'ol' pal' Daredevil.
Give it to your 'ol' chum.'
All right, okay, so, let me ask you-- The newspaper says you're Daredevil-- do you wonder why someone hasn't killed you?
I mean, who cares if the story is true or not.
Just for general purposes. Why hasn't someone-- one of my peers-- whose tookis you've repeatedly spanked--
--why haven't one of us blown this building up?
Do you know why?
Because they are scared to death of you!
I can admit it to you now because I'm done. I'm out.
I'm sick of waking up in the middle of the night covered in cold sweat-- scared of you--
You-- 'the man without fear.'


I know some of them-- my peers-- it's hilarious to listen to them talk about you-- especially lately.
All they talk about is how they are 'laying low' until the spotlight on you dies down--
--until they figure out what your new angle is.
But really, I know they are pathologically scared to death of you.
And there's only one other person who they were that scared of... Wilson Fisk-- the Kingpin.
But the reason I'm leaving town is that a few months ago Vanessa Fisk, through her associates, contacted me.
She was having a "going out of business sale" and offered me a piece of the Fisk pie.
A cash buy.
So, yeah, I come up with the bank and I get a little organized territorial kingdom to run all for myself--
Territory that used to be Kingpin territory.
All with the guarantee that the others who buy into it will leave the other territories alone.
I bought into it.
We all met and agreed --like men. And I sunk every dime I had into it.
Let people work for me-- for once, right?
I figure I can't be worse at it than I was at being Stilt-Man...
Except for the fact that it ends up I was.
So, Vanessa sold everything she had and she took off.
But what no one told any of us is that there was one person she flat out denied-- refused to sell to...
An old buddy of yours as well.
The Owl.
Remember him? Remember that crazy, mutant #$!@head!!
She told him to drop dead, took all of our money, and left.
She told him to go to hell!
So guess what he did to all of us the second she left town...
That's right!
And now I am out my money--
I have a girlfriend in the hospital with a broken back--
And I have a #$@#$ broken arm.
I'm leaving!
The Owl!! The Kingpin! You and your stupid--
You're all insane and I am leaving!!!!


Is there a problem, Mr. Murdock?
Thats OK, Melvin, I think Mr. Day was just about done.
Wait, I know you. You-- you used to be The Gladiator.
W-We pulled a job together once.
That was a long time ago, pal.
And-- and now you work for *him*?
Why don't you grab your stuff?
Oh my god!
I-- I-- just figured it out.
Come on...
You--
You're the Kingpin--
You've *always* been the Kingpin!!
Wilbur,
I wish you luck in all your future endeavours...
...but you *clearly* have me confused with somebody else.
Come on...


The Owl.
Great.


What the hell was that?


Hey, Foggy.
What's this?
You want to be the new Stilt-Man? It's yours.
Puh-- lease.
I'd rather be the new Rocket Raccoon. So what happened?


Seems that it's time for me to get my hands dirty again.


Well, don't let our multi-million dollar lawsuit against the tabloids for outting you as Daredevil stop you from doing anything stupid.




I'm looking for someone --
BAM
And don't make me say it twice!
I want the man you're cutting in on the deal --


I want the scumbag you bow to --
-- you know who I'm talking about!
Where's Leland Owlsley?
Where's the $#%#@ing Owl?


What?
He -- he took the money and -- and he smacked me around and he beat us --
-- and -- and he pulled me up a fire escape by my belt buckle --
-- and he held me off-- off-- off the top of the roof...
...and he got in my face and he told me I oughta say something to you.
Who did?
D --Daredevil.
What happened exactly?
We -- we done had all the payments from the night.
Everyone checked in, everyone did good. It-- it was a good night.
I had my guys with me and we were on our way here -- we were right outside the door.


I mean there was no way of knowin' -- no way.
No, listen to me; in the movie, these dudes got Kung Fu super powers and they're all flyin' around and --
What you just say 'bout my --
This with that Jackie Lee guy? 'Cause he gets on my nerves like your dad's on welfare check day.
Hey! We gotta go around back. Try not to embarrass me.
Nah, I'm tellin' you -- The guy's all flexing his arms and water shoots out his fingers.
This is the big time. I'm serious. Chill.
RIINGG
Water? That ain't Kung Fu.
Nah -- dude, it was so cool.
Yo man, I need my action scenes to have some kind of renna-- renna-- some kinda renaissance.
Kung Fu water?
Well, this has guys got water shooting out their--
You got this on DVD?
Sho' nuff.
Yo man, I don'even know how I lived before DV...
Guys, swear to God, you embarrass me.












He -- he done told me to say s-something to you.
What-- did-- he-- say?
He-- he said: gotcha last.
What?
He said...
Tell that fleastrip you call a boss I said:
Gotcha last.
And he just took the money?
Not exactly.
He -- he took my lighter out of my pocket and he --
--I-I-I-I don't even know how he knew I had a lighter.




That is it!
Leland...
I'm going to gut him!! I am going to gut that #$%@ with my own --


Dammit, Anad!!
You told me -- you all told me that with this tabloid thing hanging over his head that Murdock would leave us alone!
That he couldn't risk the fight!
Well, guess what?


Let me think...
He's the craziest-- he has no fear!! Anad! No fear!!
Leland, let me think!
I'm going to go over there right now and snap his neck! Once and for all!


Leland, I told you...
If you try to do anything to Murdock, you will get caught...
With your track record? Come on.
He's not some anonymous schmo we can rough up for lunch money. The media is all over him -- waiting for someone just like you to try something just like that.
Plus -- He's too connected.
He's too connected to the legal system and he's too connected to those costumed retards.
The only way to win is to be smarter than him.


You said that when you worked for the Kingpin -- you said the Kingpin had the same problem. I say we just--
You can't touch him.
Listen, there's nothing else to discuss here, you *can't*.
We have to think. We have to be smart. Let me think. Let me do this for you.
I say-- you know what? I say we chock the loss up to experience.
It's one night of a thousand.
'Gotcha last?'
What is he? Five years old?
Ignore him. You want to piss him off? Ignore him.
For now, 'til we figure out an angle.
Okay?


NYYAARRGGHH!!
AGHAARRGGHH!!
AAAGGLLKK!
Okay then...



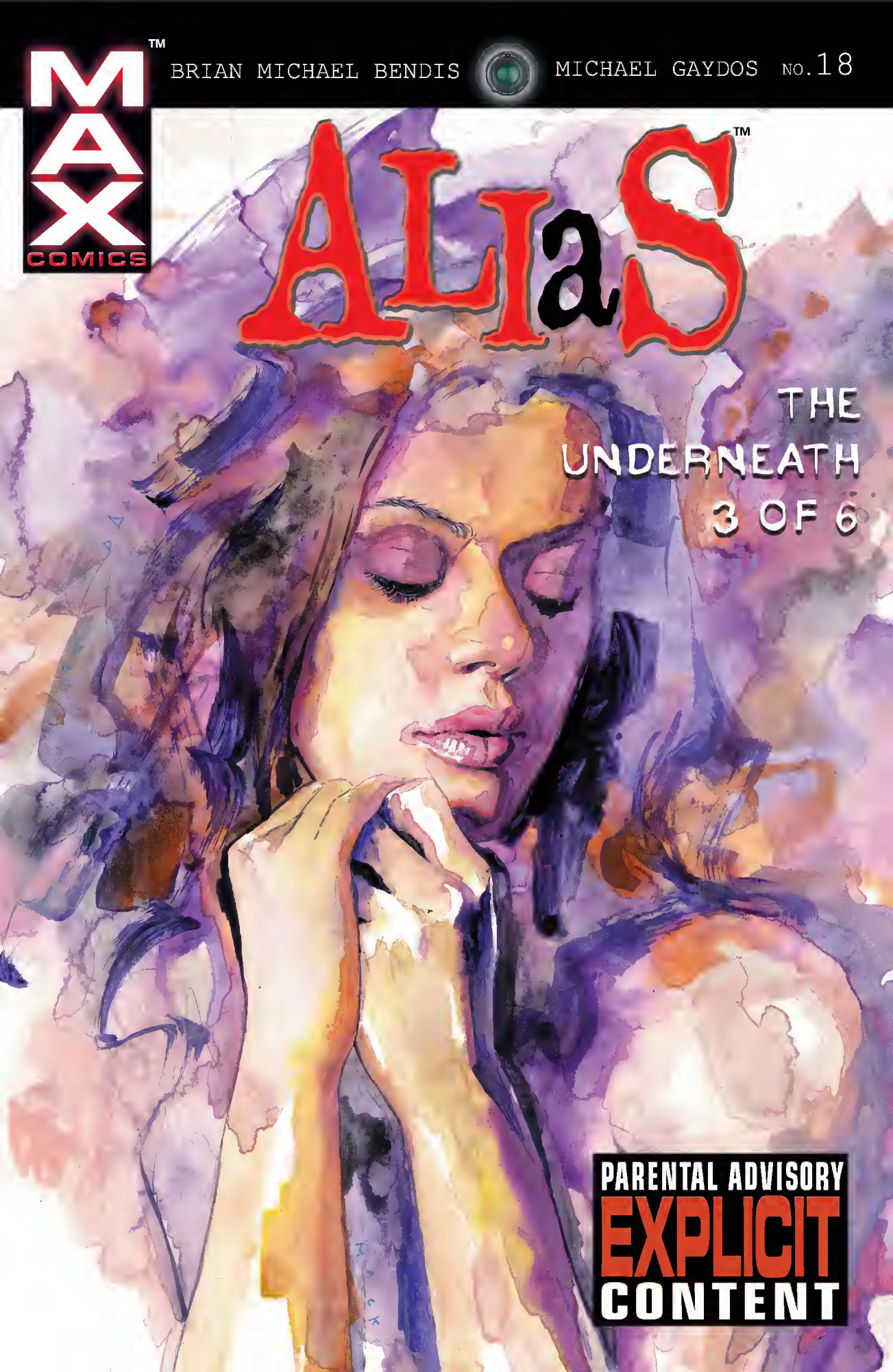

Ah...








Daredevil...


MAX COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.18
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
3 OF 6
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

CORY PETIT
letters

C.B CEBULSKI
editor

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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What did Madame Web 'see' that upset you?
I don't want to talk about it.
Were you raped?
No!! Why would you ask that?
What?
I was just--
I don't understand why you would--
I was just trying to figure out what the hell we are talking about.


Such a *guy* thing to say!!
A girl has a secret in her past-- she must have been *raped!*
I don't understand how *asking* that is offensive if it didn't--
Where are you *going?*
I think I want to go home.
What?
What are you doing?
You were telling a story. I was just--
I just want to go home, okay?
I just want to point out that *you* were telling a story!
You told me this woman psychic read your thoughts and found something horrible.
You told me all that. *You* did.
All I did was try to continue the conversation and you are wigging out.
I said I didn't want to *talk* about it!
Then why *were* you?!
SLAM


Hello?
This is my apartment!
I have super powers and I will break your fucking neck-- anyone who is in here.
I *mean* it!
I'm just going to have to fucking move.


RIIINGGGG
Jake's Pizza
RIIINGGGG
Private caller
RIIINGGGG
Jessica, pick up.
Fuck you, Carol.
It's Carol. Come on, I'm at Avengers Mansion.
I only have a second-- pick up!
Well, you can guess who I just got a call from. Scott was really bummed out.
What the hell did you do?
I don't know where I'll be, but call me. I think we can still fix this.
I didn't know you guys were shacked up! That is so awesome.


Jessica?
Is that you?

Didn't set my alarm. Fell asleep on my couch like an asshole.

Thank God I got up in time to shower and get over to my actually paying job this month.

I don't usually bodyguard-- even though a lot of P.I.s do. I don't like to do it. It's grunt work. Mindless bullshit.

But for my attorney, Matt Murdock, I'll do it. He's certainly been there for me enough times-- and he's going through a real bunch of crap now.

The tabloids outted him as Daredevil. Can you believe that shit? They just outted him. "The man without fear" outted as a blind Hell's Kitchen lawyer.

("Man without fear"-- I had nothing that cool in my flying days.)

They outted him, but he is publicly standing up to it. He's denying the whole thing and suing the shit out of everybody.

Good for him. Fuck the assholes.

So he needs me, and a couple of others like Luke Cage, to hang around the office, walk him to work.

We're supposed to keep an eye out for any of Daredevil's asshole butt-buddy rogue's gallery who might come around looking for some mindless payback-- but none of them have shown up.

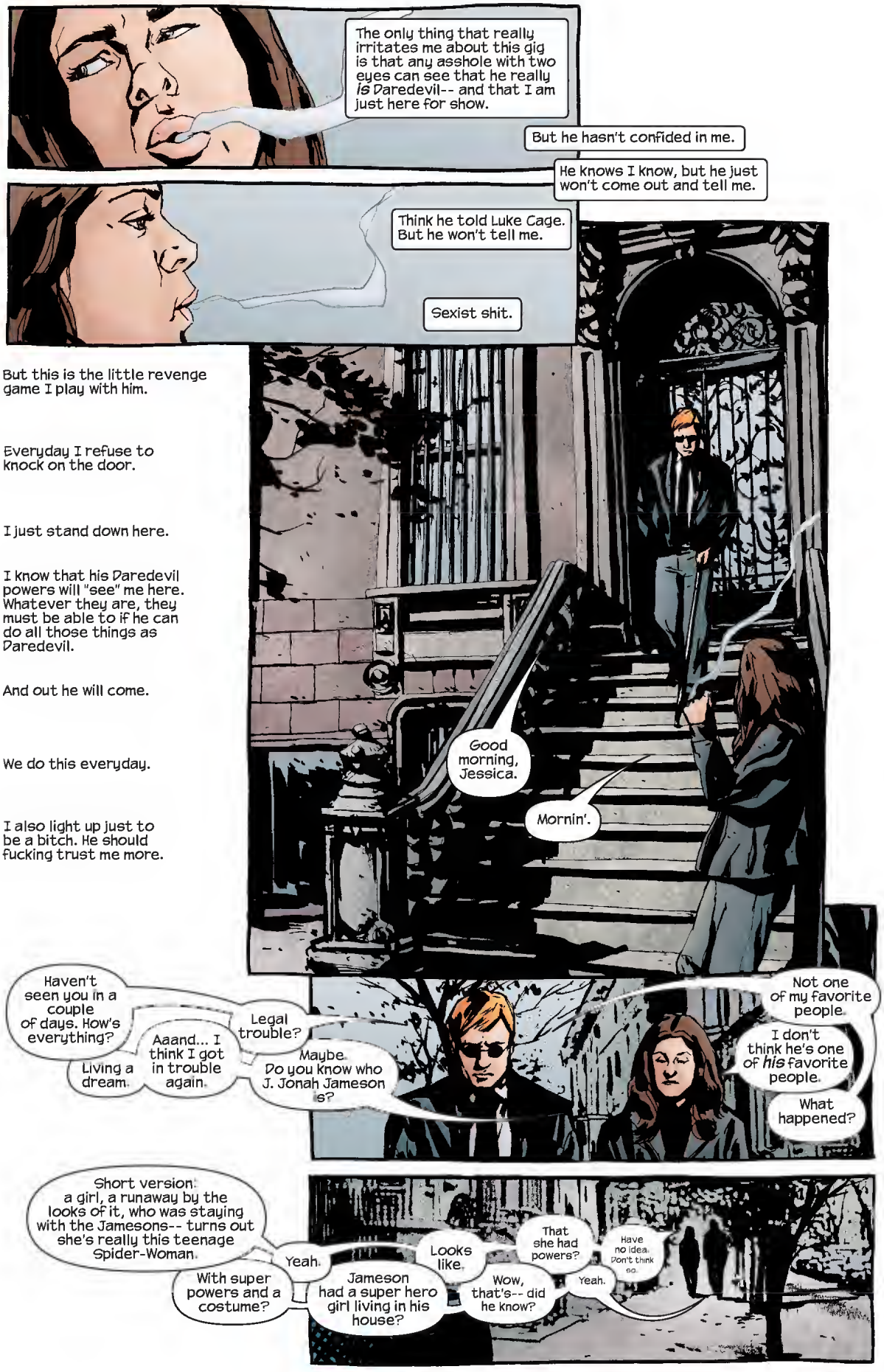
All we end up doing all day is pushing the media away from him.

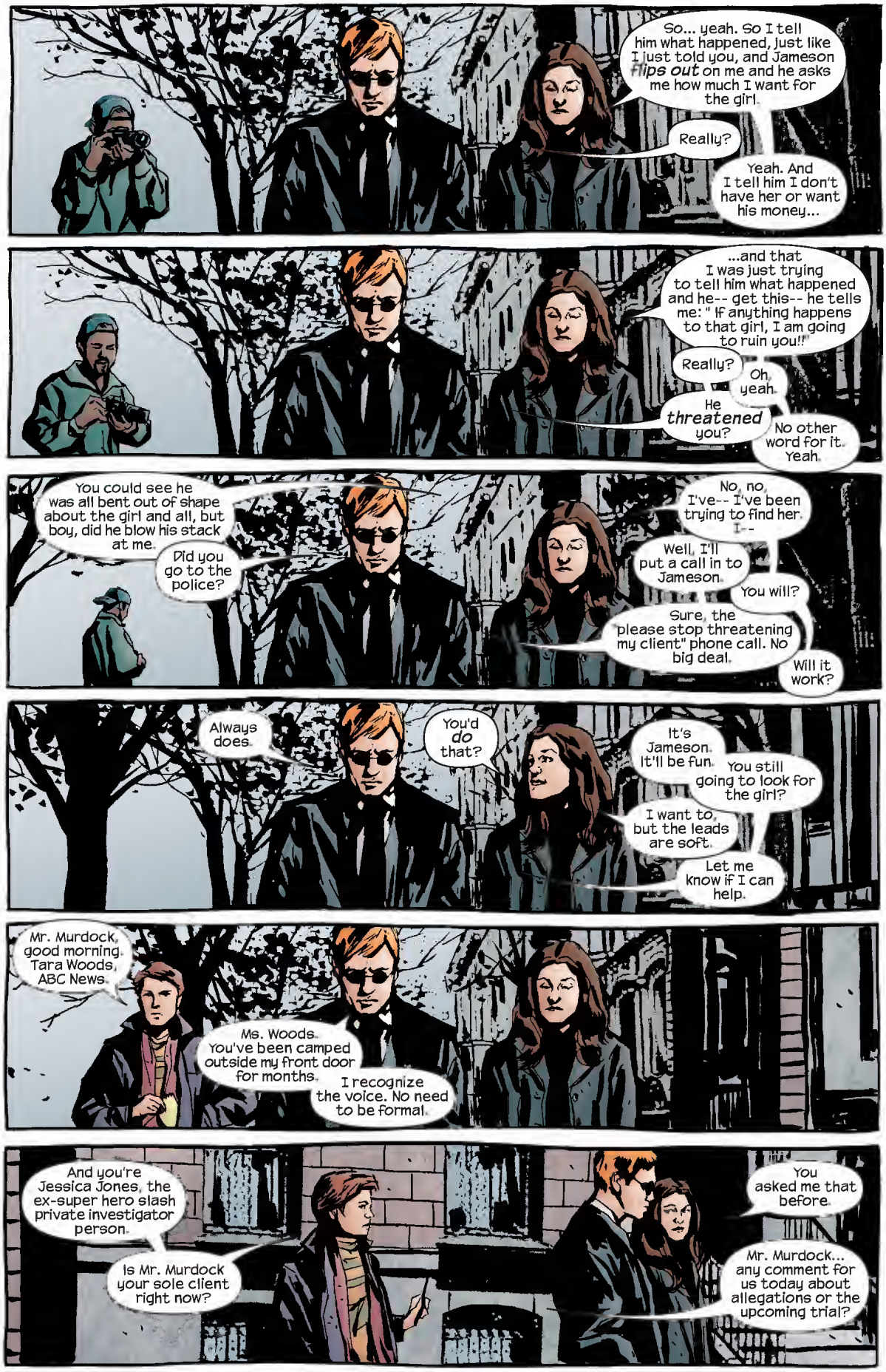
But he asks me to be here-- I'm here. Hate taking his money but he won't let me ***not*** take it.

And I need it.

He has it and I need it.

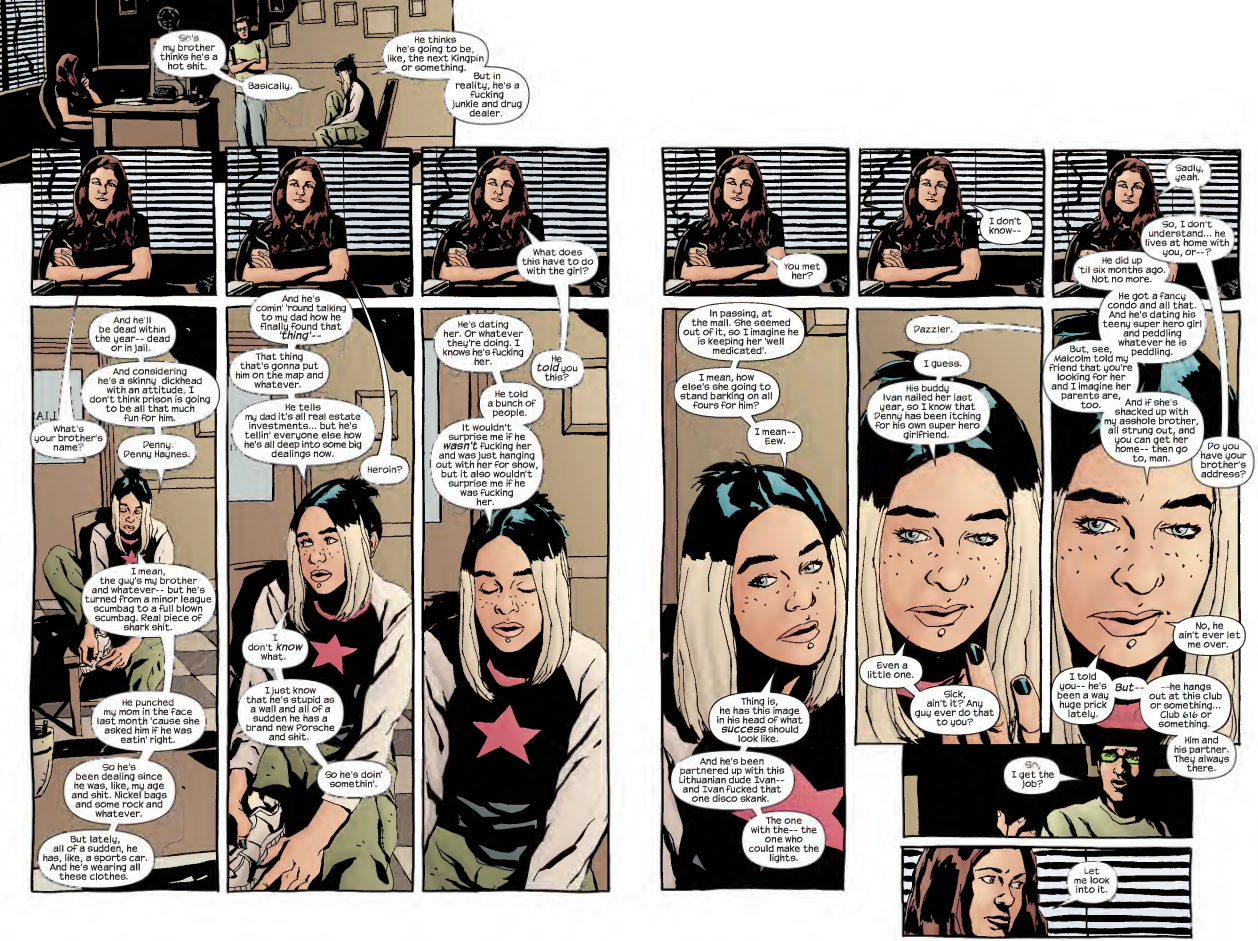



The only thing that really irritates me about this gig is that any asshole with two eyes can see that he really *is* Daredevil-- and that I am just here for show.
But he hasn't confided in me.
He knows I know, but he just won't come out and tell me.
Think he told Luke Cage. But he won't tell me.
Sexist shit.
But this is the little revenge game I play with him.
Everyday I refuse to knock on the door.
I just stand down here.
I know that his Daredevil powers will "see" me here. Whatever they are, they must be able to if he can do all those things as Daredevil.
And out he will come.
We do this everyday.
I also light up just to be a bitch. He should fucking trust me more.
Good morning, Jessica.
Mornin'.
Haven't seen you in a couple of days. How's everything?
Living a dream.
Aaand... I think I got in trouble again.
Legal trouble?
Maybe. Do you know who J. Jonah Jameson is?
Not one of my favorite people.
I don't think he's one of *his* favorite people.
What happened?
Short version: a girl, a runaway by the looks of it, who was staying with the Jamesons-- turns out she's really this teenage Spider-Woman.
Yeah.
With super powers and a costume?
Jameson had a super hero girl living in his house?
Looks like.
Wow, that's-- did he know?
That she had powers?
Yeah.
Have no idea. Don't think so.


So... yeah. So I tell him what happened, just like I just told you, and Jameson *flips out* on me and he asks me how much I want for the girl.
Really?
Yeah. And I tell him I don't have her or want his money...
...and that I was just trying to tell him what happened and he-- get this-- he tells me: " If anything happens to that girl, I am going to ruin you!!"
Really?
Oh, yeah.
He *threatened* you?
No other word for it. Yeah.
You could see he was all bent out of shape about the girl and all, but boy, did he blow his stack at me.
Did you go to the police?
No, no, I've-- I've been trying to find her. I--
Well, I'll put a call in to Jameson.
You will?
Sure, the "please stop threatening my client" phone call. No big deal.
Will it work?
Always does.
You'd *do* that?
It's Jameson. It'll be fun.
You still going to look for the girl?
I want to, but the leads are soft.
Let me know if I can help.
Mr. Murdock, good morning. Tara Woods, ABC News.
Ms. Woods. You've been camped outside my front door for months.
I recognize the voice. No need to be formal.
And you're Jessica Jones, the ex-super hero slash private investigator person.
Is Mr. Murdock your sole client right now?
You asked me that before.
Mr. Murdock... any comment for us today about allegations or the upcoming trial?


WHAAAGGH!!
Goddamn-- you suck!
Eff you, Malcolm Powder. I told you I never tried it before.
Hey!
The *fuck* are you doing?!
Waiting for *you*.
I told you-- *what* did I tell you? You can't just hang out here.
Yo, hey, yo!
This is my *office*. This is where I *work*.
No, listen--
You want me to call the cops on your ass for being--
This is-- I done what you told me.
What?


You wanted me to find someone who saw that Spider-Woman girl.
Here--
What?
This is a girl from my school.
This is Laney.
Cool jacket.
So how do you know Mattie Franklin, exactly?
My brother is doing her.

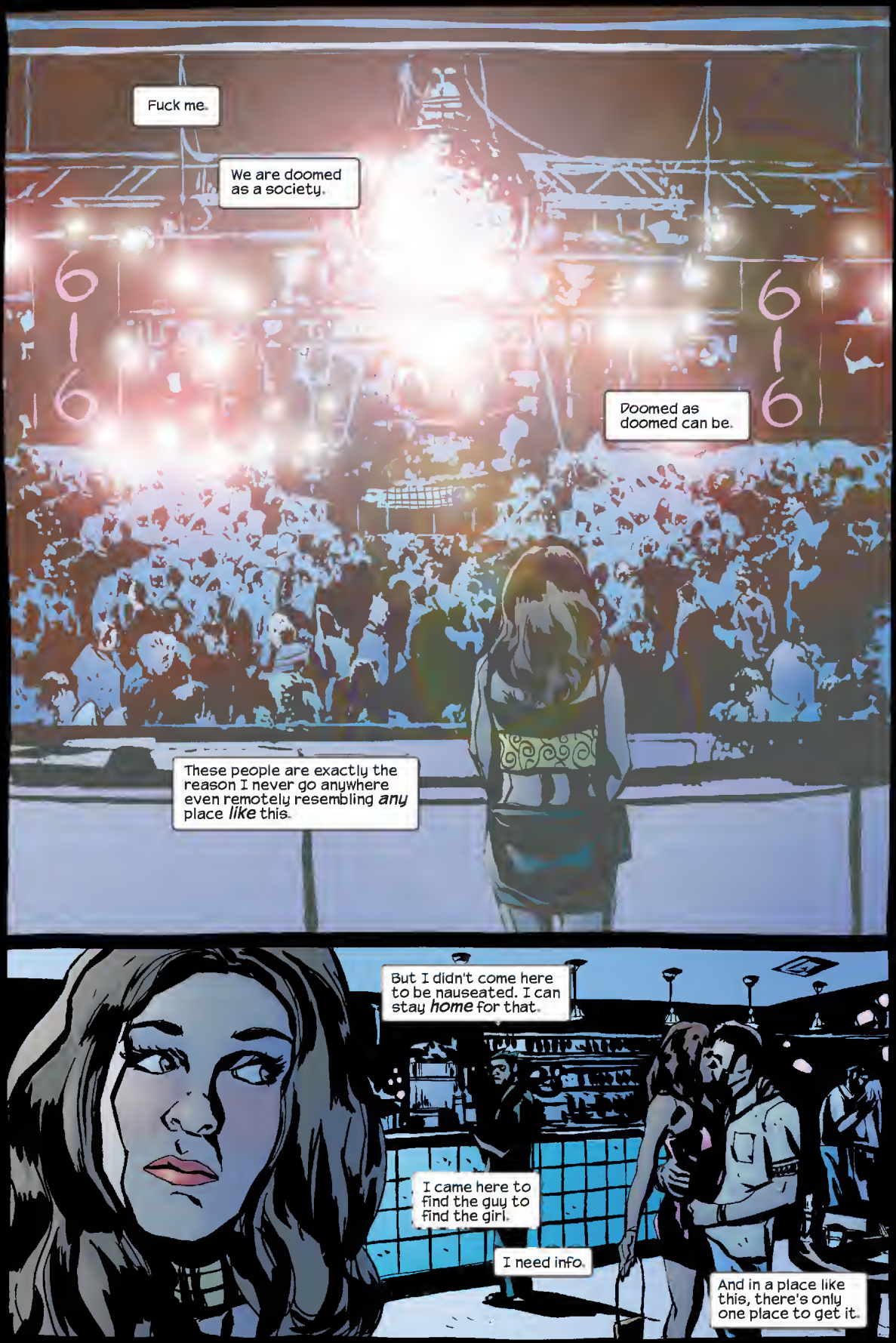

Sir's my brother thinks he's a hot shit.
Basically.
He thinks he's going to be, like, the next Kingpin or something.
But in reality, he's a fucking junkie and drug dealer.
What does this have to do with the girl?
And he'll be dead within the year-- dead or in jail.
And considering he's a skinny dickhead with an attitude, I don't think prison is going to be all that much fun for him.
What's your brother's name?
Denny. Denny Haynes.
I mean, the guy's my brother and whatever-- but he's turned from a minor league scumbag to a full blown scumbag. Real piece of shark shit.
He punched my mom in the face last month 'cause she asked him if he was eatin' right.
So he's been dealing since he was, like, my age and shit. Nickel bags and some rock and whatever.
But lately, all of a sudden, he has, like, a sports car. And he's wearing all these clothes.
And he's comin' 'round talking to my dad how he finally found that *thing*--
That thing that's gonna put him on the map and whatever.
He tells my dad it's all real estate investments... but he's tellin' everyone else how he's all deep into some big dealings now.
Heroin?
I don't *know* what.
I just know that he's stupid as a wall and all of a sudden he has a brand new Porsche and shit.
So he's doin' somethin'.
He's dating her. Or whatever they're doing. I knows he's fucking her.
He *told* you this?
He told a bunch of people.
It wouldn't surprise me if he *wasn't* fucking her and was just hanging out with her for show, but it also wouldn't surprise me if he was fucking her.
You met her?
In passing, at the mall. She seemed out of it, so I imagine he is keeping her 'well medicated'.
I mean, how else's she going to stand barking on all fours for him?
I mean-- Eew.
Thing is, he has this image in his head of what *success* should look like.
And he's been partnered up with this Lithuanian dude Ivan-- and Ivan fucked that one disco skank.
The one with the-- the one who could make the lights.
I don't know--
Dazzler.
I guess.
His buddy Ivan nailed her last year, so I know that Penny has been itching for his own super hero girlfriend.
Even a little one.
Sick, ain't it? Any guy ever do that to you?
Sadly, yeah.
So, I don't understand... he lives at home with you, or--?
He did up 'til six months ago. Not no more.
He got a fancy condo and all that. And he's dating his teeny super hero girl and peddling whatever he is peddling.
But, see, Malcolm told my friend that you're looking for her and I imagine her parents are, too.
And if she's shacked up with my asshole brother, all strung out, and you can get her home-- then go to, man.
Do you have your brother's address?
No, he ain't ever let me over.
I told you-- he's been a way huge prick lately.
But--
--he hangs out at this club or something... Club 616 or something.
Him and his partner. They always there.
Sir, I get the job?
Let me look into it.

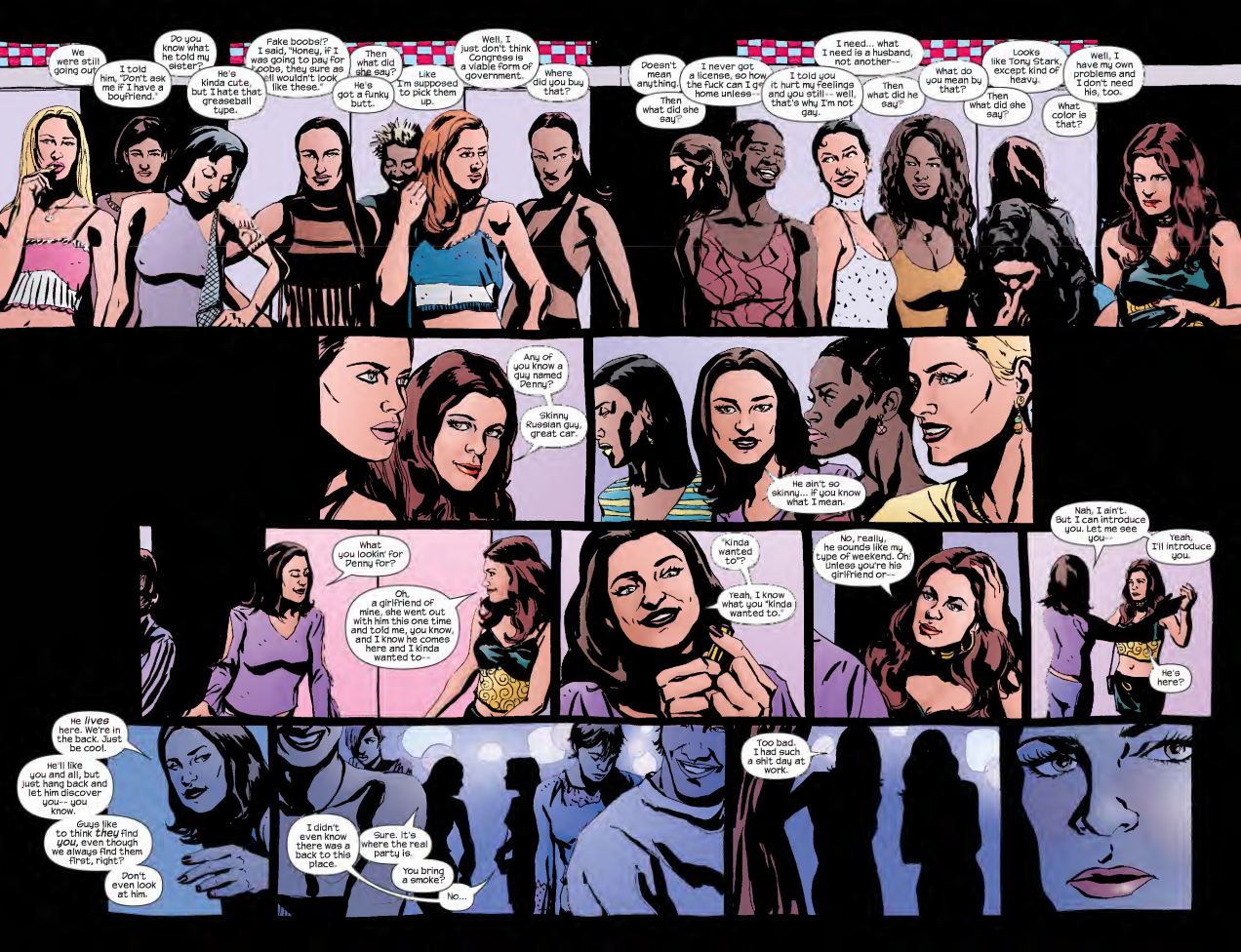

You.
You and you.
616
Sorry.
Yeah, can I just--?
Are you on the list?
No. I just want to pop in for a--
Sorry.
No.
Are you serious?
Back behind the--
Come on-- what?
Back behind the--
But--

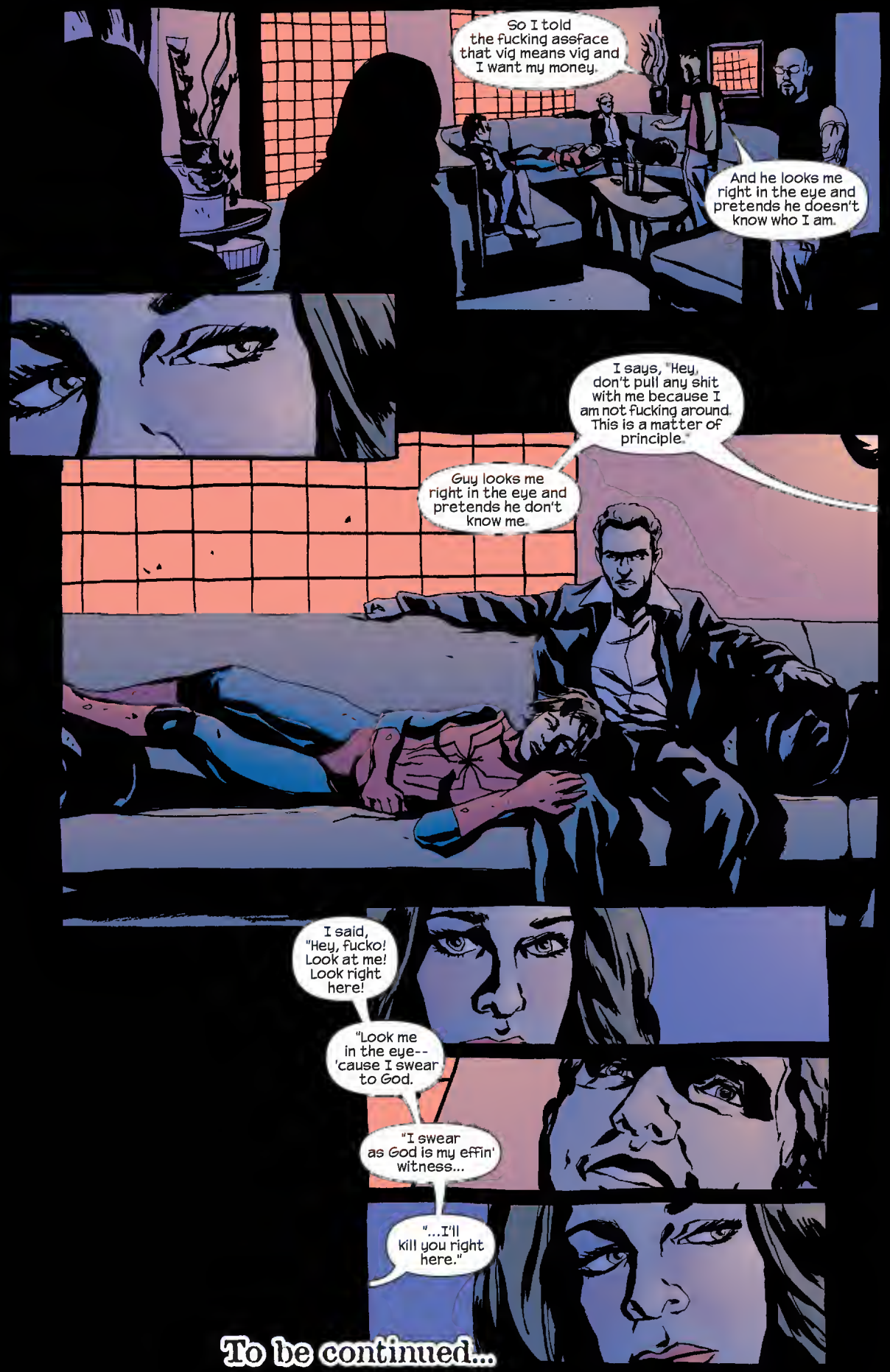

Lady--
Look at you. Look at them.
Look at *you*. Look at *them*.
We're not casting another "Crow" sequel. This is a club.
Come on...
So unless you're someone I should know...
Well...
...I used to be a super hero.
Were you an Avenger?
No.
Then back behind the ropes, Speedball.
God forgive me for what I am about to do.


CREME
CONDITIONER
MAYBE LINE
COOL EFFECT
Glitter

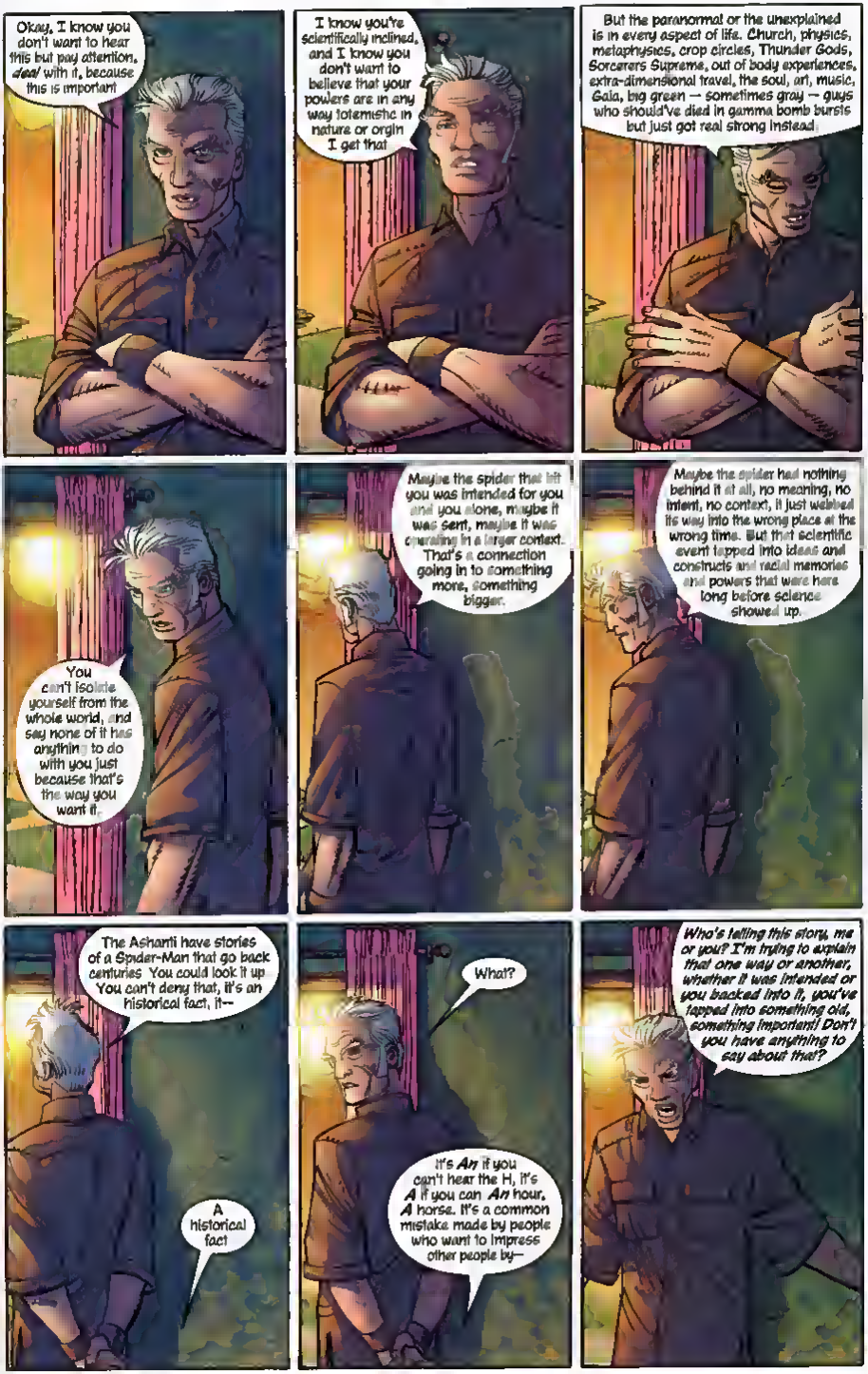

...and you.


Fuck me.
We are doomed as a society.
Doomed as doomed can be.
These people are exactly the reason I never go anywhere even remotely resembling *any* place *like* this.
But I didn't come here to be nauseated. I can stay *home* for that.
I came here to find the guy to find the girl.
I need info.
And in a place like this, there's only one place to get it.


We were still going out.
I told him, "Don't ask me if I have a boyfriend."
Do you know what he told my sister?
He's kinda cute, but I hate that greaseball type.
Fake boobs?? I said, "Honey, if I was going to pay for boobs, they sure as hell wouldn't look like these."
Then what did she say?
He's got a funky butt.
Like I'm supposed to pick them up.
Well, I just don't think Congress is a viable form of government.
Where did you buy that?
Doesn't mean anything.
Then what did she say?
I never got a license, so how the fuck can I get home unless--
I told you it hurt my feelings and you still-- well, that's why I'm not gay.
I need... what I need is a husband, not another--
Then what did he say?
What do you mean by that?
Then what did she say?
Looks like Tony Stark, except kind of heavy.
What color is that?
Well, I have my own problems and I don't need his, too.
Any of you know a guy named Penny?
Skinny Russian guy, great car.
He ain't so skinny... If you know what I mean.
What you lookin' for Penny for?
Oh, a girlfriend of mine, she went out with him this one time and told me, you know, and I know he comes here and I kinda wanted to--
Kinda wanted to?
Yeah, I know what you "kinda wanted to."
No, really, he sounds like my type of weekend. Oh! Unless you're his girlfriend or--
Nah, I ain't. But I can introduce you. Let me see you--
Yeah, I'll introduce you.
He's here?
He lives here. We're in the back. Just be cool.
He'll like you and all, but just hang back and let him discover you-- you know.
Guys like to think they find you, even though we always find them first, right?
Don't even look at him.
I didn't even know there was a back to this place.
Sure. It's where the real party is.
You bring a smoke?
No...
Too bad. I had such a shit day at work.

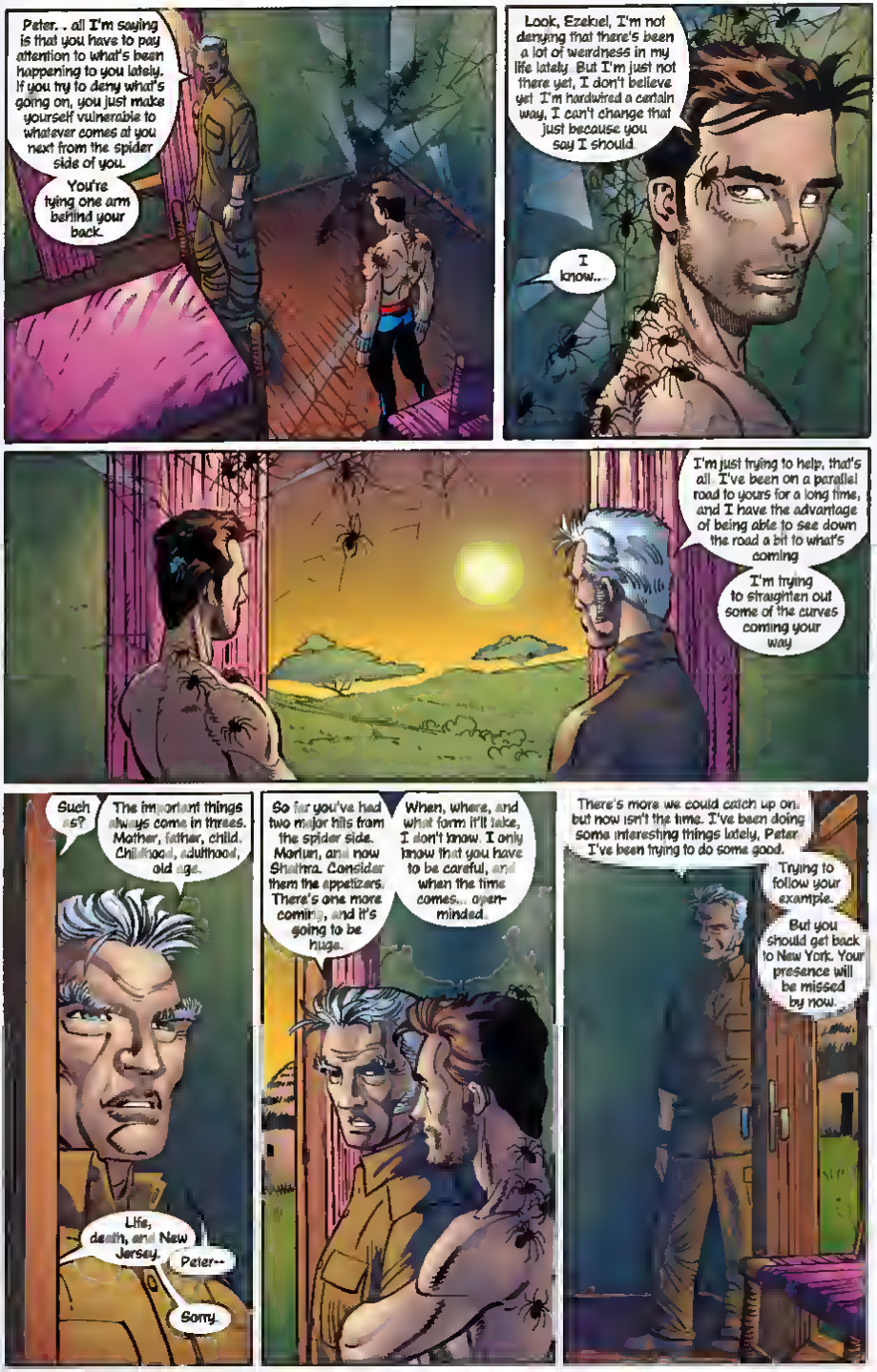

So I told the fucking assface that vig means vig and I want my money.
And he looks me right in the eye and pretends he doesn't know who I am.
I says, "Hey, don't pull any shit with me because I am not fucking around. This is a matter of principle."
Guy looks me right in the eye and pretends he don't know me.
I said, "Hey, fucko! Look at me! Look right here!
"Look me in the eye-- 'cause I swear to God.
"I swear as God is my effin' witness...
"...I'll kill you right here."
To be continued...

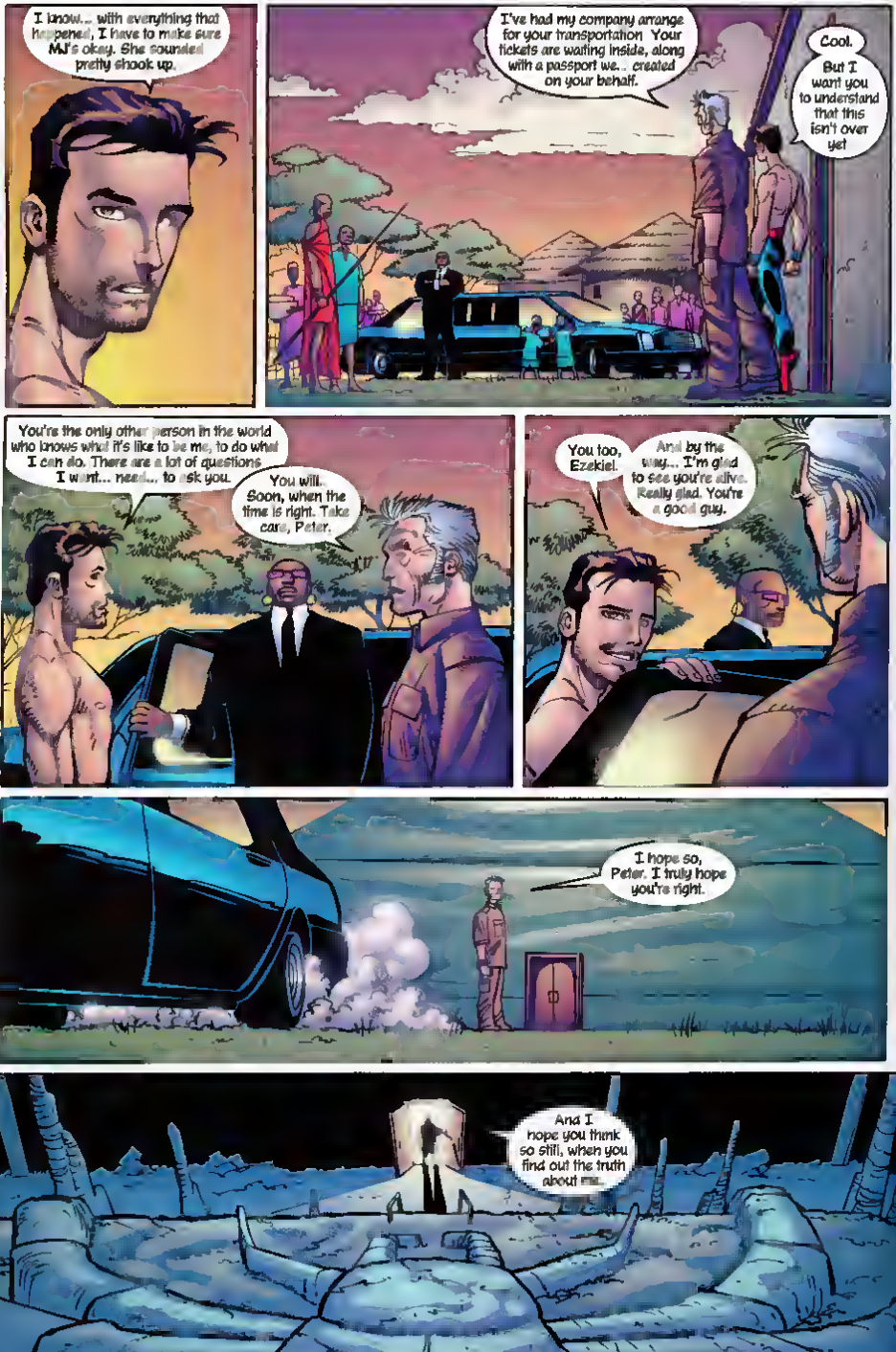

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Okay, I know you don't want to hear this but pay attention, deal with it, because this is important
I know you're scientifically inclined, and I know you don't want to believe that your powers are in any way totemistic in nature or orgin I get that
But the paranormal or the unexplained is in every aspect of life. Church, physics, metaphysics, crop circles, Thunder Gods, Sorcerers Supreme, out of body experiences, extra-dimensional travel, the soul, art, music, Gaia, big green — sometimes gray — guys who should've died in gamma bomb bursts but just got real strong instead
You can't isolate yourself from the whole world, and say none of it has anything to do with you just because that's the way you want it.
Maybe the spider that bit you was intended for you and you alone, maybe it was sent, maybe it was operating in a larger context. That's a connection going in to something more, something bigger.
Maybe the spider had nothing behind it at all, no meaning, no intent, no context, it just webbed its way into the wrong place at the wrong time. But that scientific event tapped into ideas and constructs and racial memories and powers that were here long before science showed up.
The Ashanti have stories of a Spider-Man that go back centuries You could look it up You can't deny that, it's an historical fact, it--
A historical fact
What?
It's An if you can't hear the H, it's A if you can An hour, A horse. It's a common mistake made by people who want to impress other people by—
Who's telling this story, me or you? I'm trying to explain that one way or another, whether it was intended or you backed into it, you've tapped into something old, something important! Don't you have anything to say about that?

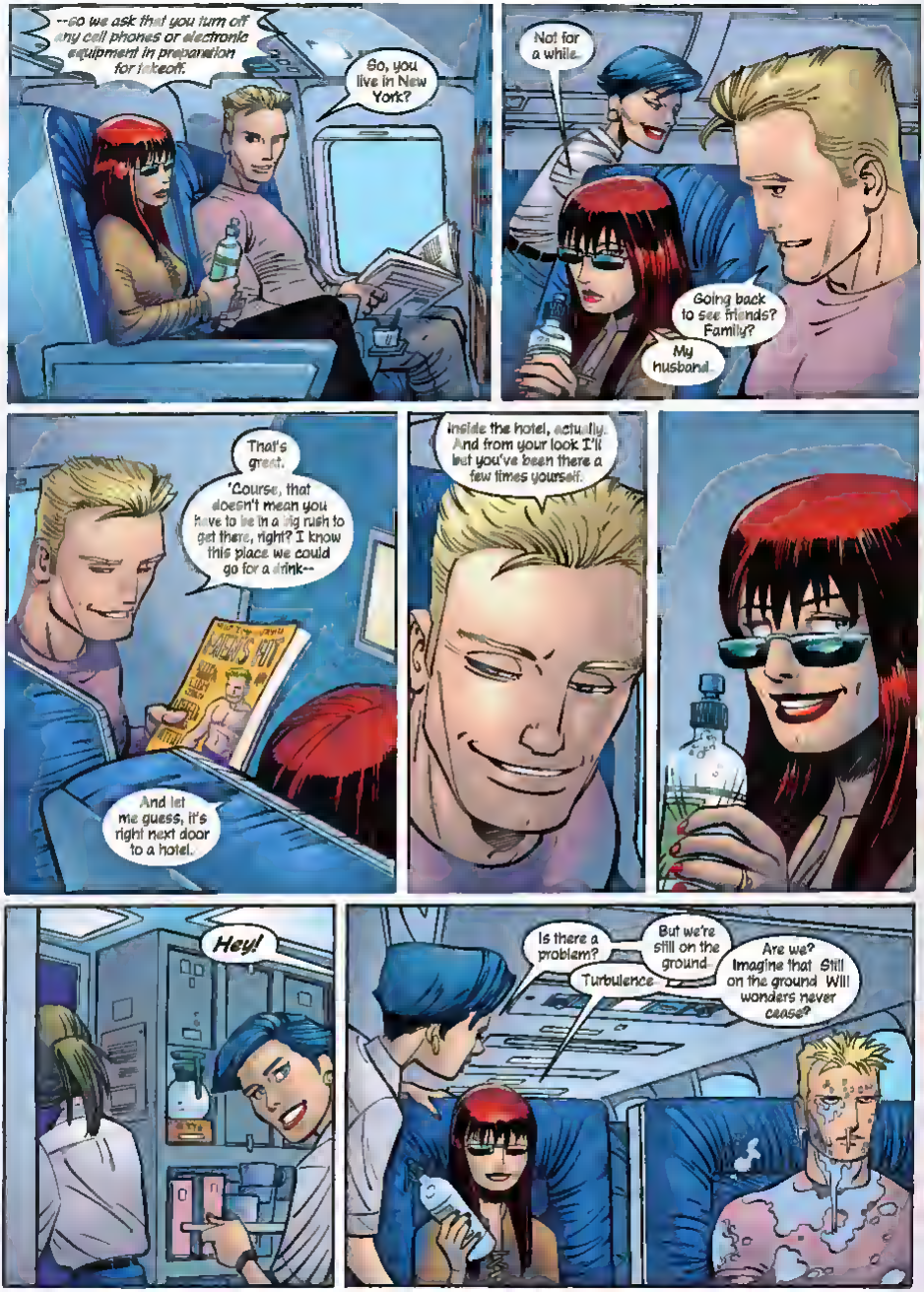


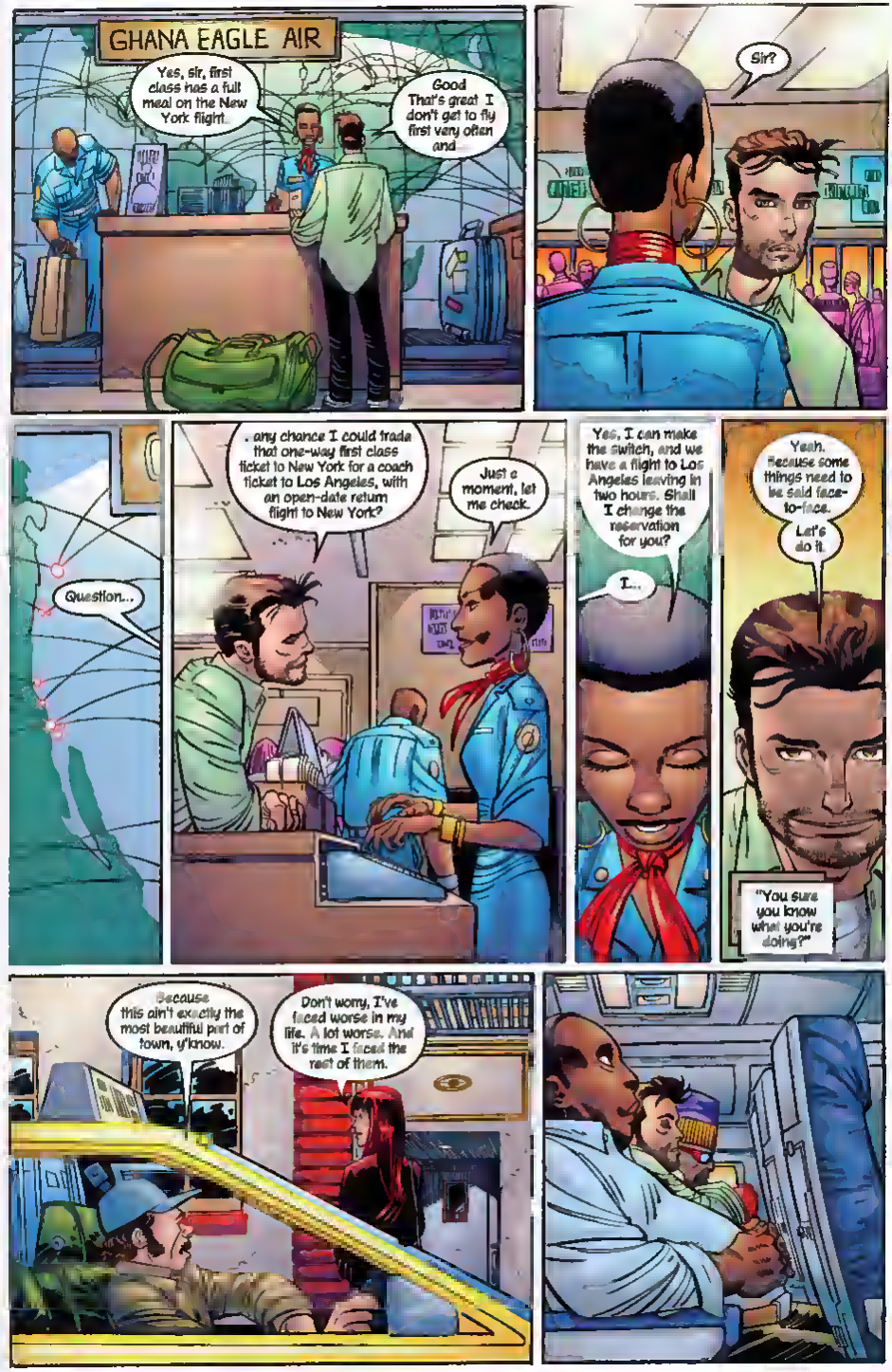
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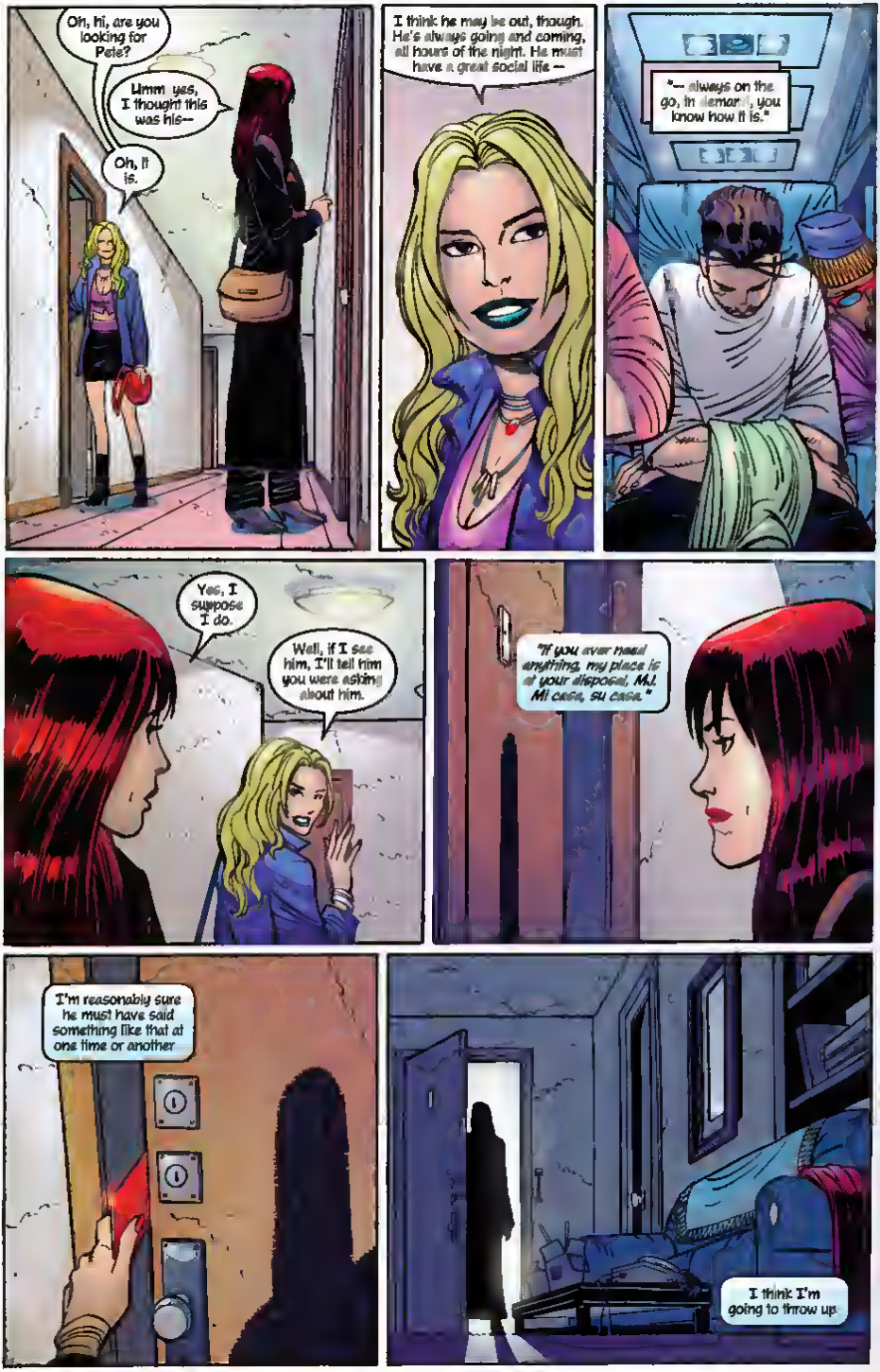

Peter. . all I'm saying is that you have to pay attention to what's been happening to you lately. If you try to deny what's going on, you just make yourself vulnerable to whatever comes at you next from the spider side of you.
You're tying one arm behind your back.
Look, Ezekiel, I'm not denying that there's been a lot of weirdness in my life lately. But I'm just not there yet. I don't believe yet I'm hardwired a certain way, I can't change that just because you say I should.
I know...
I'm just trying to help, that's all. I've been on a parallel road to yours for a long time, and I have the advantage of being able to see down the road a bit to what's coming.
I'm trying to straighten out some of the curves coming your way.
Such as?
The important things always come in threes. Mother, father, child. Childhood, adulthood, old age.
Life, death, and New Jersey.
Peter--
Sorry.
So far you've had two major hits from the spider side. Marlun, and now Shaltira. Consider them the appetizers. There's one more coming, and it's going to be huge.
When, where, and what form it'll take, I don't know. I only know that you have to be careful, and when the time comes... open-minded.
There's more we could catch up on, but now isn't the time. I've been doing some interesting things lately, Peter. I've been trying to do some good.
Trying to follow your example.
But you should get back to New York. Your presence will be missed by now.

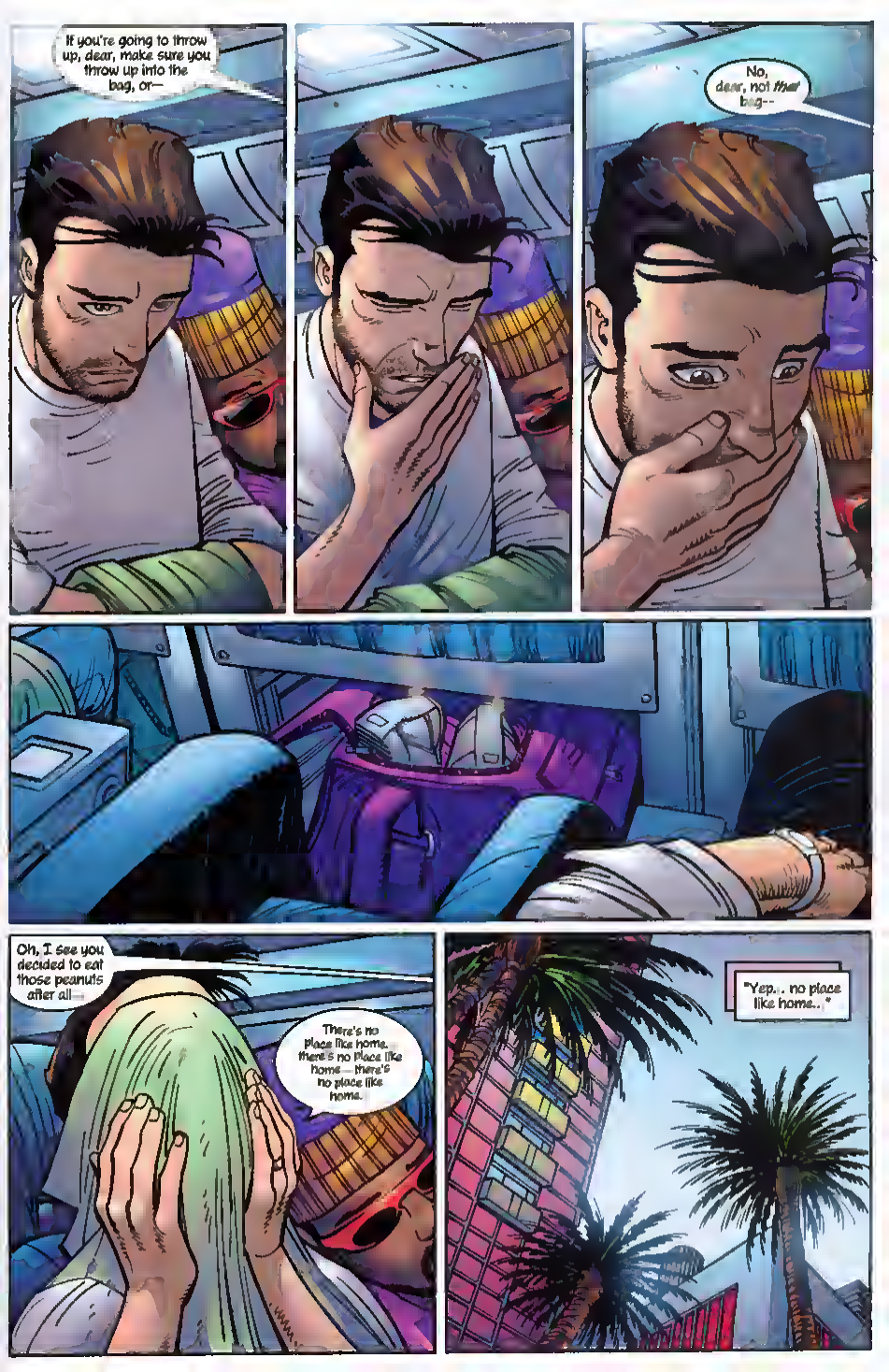

I know... with everything that happened, I have to make sure MJ's okay. She sounded pretty shook up.
I've had my company arrange for your transportation. Your tickets are waiting inside, along with a passport we... created on your behalf.
Cool.
But I want you to understand that this isn't over yet
You're the only other person in the world who knows what it's like to be me, to do what I can do. There are a lot of questions I want... need... to ask you.
You will. Soon, when the time is right. Take care, Peter.
You too, Ezekiel.
And by the way... I'm glad to see you're alive. Really glad. You're a good guy.
I hope so, Peter. I truly hope you're right.
And I hope you think so still, when you find out the truth about me.

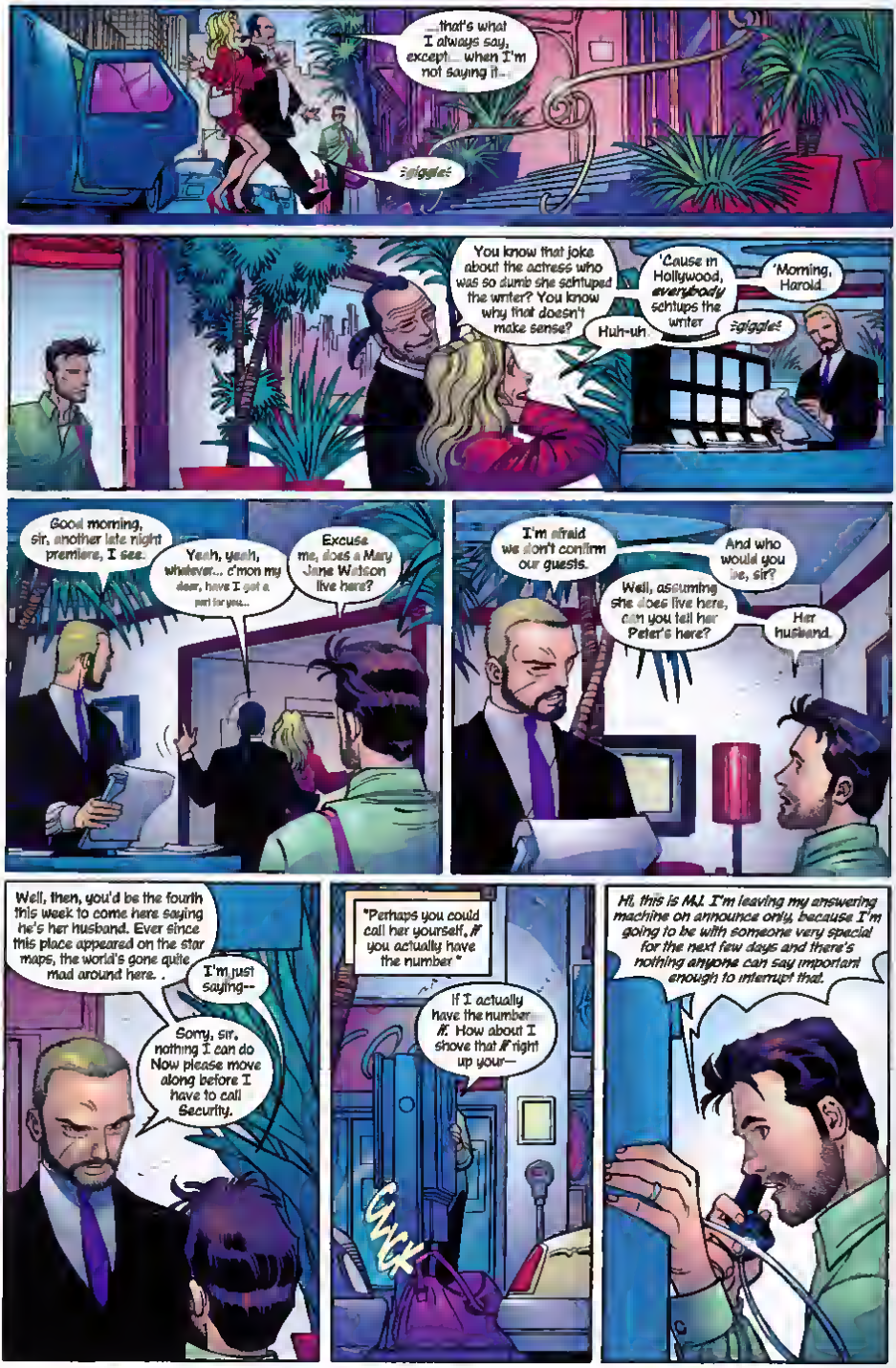

Hey, driver? Stop the car for a second.
Yes, sir.
Just... didn't feel right, y'know? It just... didn't feel right
"Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been given the go-ahead from the tower to start taxiing toward the runway--"


--so we ask that you turn off any cell phones or electronic equipment in preparation for takeoff.
So, you live in New York?
Not for a while.
Going back to see friends? Family?
My husband.
That's great.
'Course, that doesn't mean you have to be in a big rush to get there, right? I know this place we could go for a drink--
And let me guess, it's right next door to a hotel.
Inside the hotel, actually. And from your look I'll bet you've been there a few times yourself.
Hey!
Is there a problem?
Turbulence.
But we're still on the ground.
Are we? Imagine that. Still on the ground. Will wonders never cease?
"I don't suppose there's any food on this flight?"


GHANA EAGLE AIR
Yes, sir, first class has a full meal on the New York flight.
Good That's great I don't get to fly first very often and...
Sir?
Question...
...any chance I could trade that one-way first class ticket to New York for a coach ticket to Los Angeles, with an open-date return flight to New York?
Just a moment, let me check.
Yes, I can make the switch, and we have a flight to Los Angeles leaving in two hours. Shall I change the reservation for you?
I...
Yeah. Because some things need to be said face-to-face.
Let's do it.
"You sure you know what you're doing?"
Because this ain't exactly the most beautiful part of town, y'know.
Don't worry, I've faced worse in my life. A lot worse. And it's time I faced the rest of them.

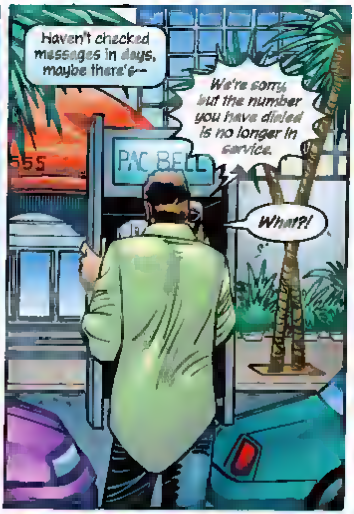

Oh, hi, are you looking for Pete?
Umm yes, I thought this was his--
Oh, it is.
I think he may be out, though. He's always going and coming, all hours of the night. He must have a great social life --
"-- always on the go, in demand, you know how it is."
Yes, I suppose I do.
Well, if I see him, I'll tell him you were asking about him.
"If you ever need anything, my place is at your disposal, M.J. Mi casa, su casa."
I'm reasonably sure he must have said something like that at one time or another
I think I'm going to throw up


If you're going to throw up, dear, make sure you throw up into the bag, or—
No, dear, not that bag--
Oh, I see you decided to eat those peanuts after all—
There's no place like home. There's no place like home—there's no place like home.
"Yep... no place like home..."


...that's what I always say, except... when I'm not saying it...
:giggle:
You know that joke about the actress who was so dumb she schtuped the writer? You know why that doesn't make sense?
Huh-uh.
'Cause in Hollywood, everybody schtups the writer
'Morning, Harold.
:giggle:
Good morning, sir, another late night premiere, I see.
Yeah, yeah, whatever... c'mon my dear, have I got a part for you...
Excuse me, does a Mary Jane Watson live here?
I'm afraid we don't confirm our guests.
And who would you be, sir?
Well, assuming she does live here, can you tell her Peter's here?
Her husband.
Well, then, you'd be the fourth this week to come here saying he's her husband. Ever since this place appeared on the star maps, the world's gone quite mad around here. .
I'm just saying--
Sorry, sir, nothing I can do Now please move along before I have to call Security.
"Perhaps you could call her yourself, if you actually have the number."
If I actually have the number. If. How about I shove that "if" right up your—
CLICK
Hi, this is MJ. I'm leaving my answering machine on announce only, because I'm going to be with someone very special for the next few days and there's nothing anyone can say important enough to interrupt that.


Could my timing possibly be any worse? Unless she just put up that message to throw off the stalkers, the guys who think they're her husband...
Guys like me.
PAC BELL

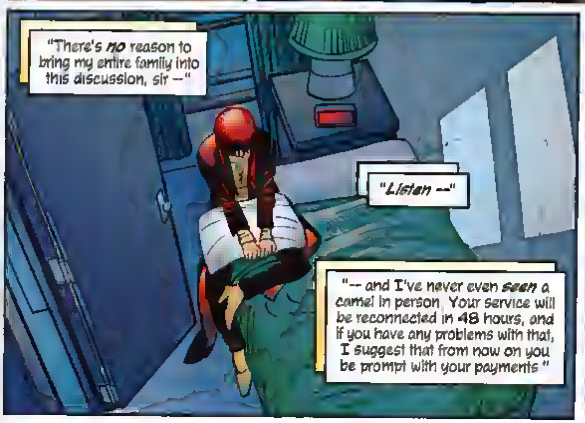

Unless --!


Haven't checked messages in days, maybe there's--
We're sorry, but the number you have dialed is no longer in service.
PAC BELL
What?!


"Hello, New York Bell."
New York Telephone
URGENT
YOUR NYT STATEMENT
"Are you people out of your minds?"


"--paid my bill! It's right there in your records!"
"Yes, sir, I see that on my screen, but the data has not been moved from our accounting files to our action files which is necessary before we can reconnect your phone service."
"This is--"


"I can assure you there's no need to use that kind of language, sir."
"And furthermore --"


"There's no reason to bring my entire family into this discussion, sir --"
"Listen --"
"-- and I've never even seen a camel in person. Your service will be reconnected in 48 hours, and if you have any problems with that, I suggest that from now on you be prompt with your payments."


"Click!"


SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
Okay, so if the front door's closed, and the lines are down, there's always the back door --
-- or, since this is Hollywood -- the Rear Window

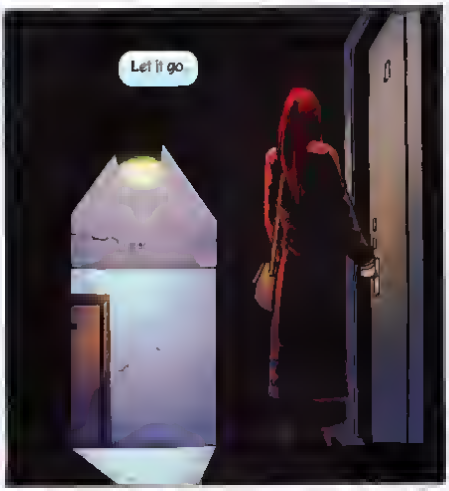

You don't say anything, I won't say anything.
Deal.
Just keep going, Peter-- it's nothing that gouging out your eyes and washing them in sulfuric acid won't fix.
MJ? You here? It's Peter. Can I come in?
Well, technically, I suppose the question is can I stay in or--
MJ?


The first thing I smell is her perfume. Perfume and talcum powder and make-up and recently dry-cleaned clothing
The smell of shaving cream and aftershave and roll-on.
I remember the day she bought that dress, with the first check she got from a full-page cover spread.
He wore that the night he took me to dinner at the Four Seasons...and found out he'd left his wallet at home and had to leave the jacket as collateral. He never wore it again, because it was embarrassing, but it was so cute and so funny
I wonder...
I want to know.
But I'll never ask her. Never. Not if I get her back.

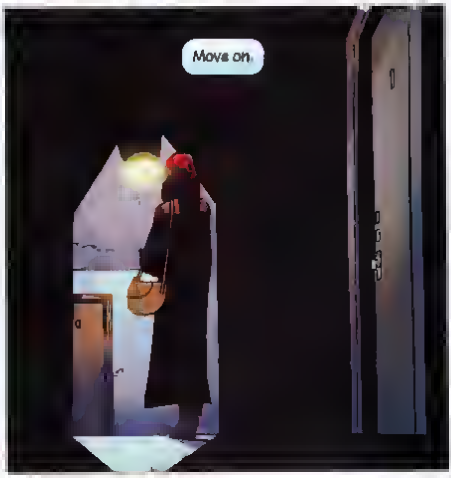

There haven't been any more reports about that... whatever she, it was, so Peter must have taken care of the situation. He'll be back. And I'll be here, waiting for him...
I want to see the look on his face when he finds me. See him smile again.
She always had such a great smile.
WOMEN
IF HE CAN'T THEN...
BY THREE
RSVP
FORMAL ATTIRE REQUESTED
SET PASS
ARE CORDIALLY
SCREENING
A DOC
RSVP
She has her own life now. A life that has nothing to do with me. The life she always wanted. She's moved on. She's happy now.
What the hell are you doing here, Peter?


What the hell am I doing here? After everything I've put him through, would he even want me? I'm a fool
But I'll wait. Just a little longer
Just... a little longer.
This was a mistake. I should never have come.


Let it go

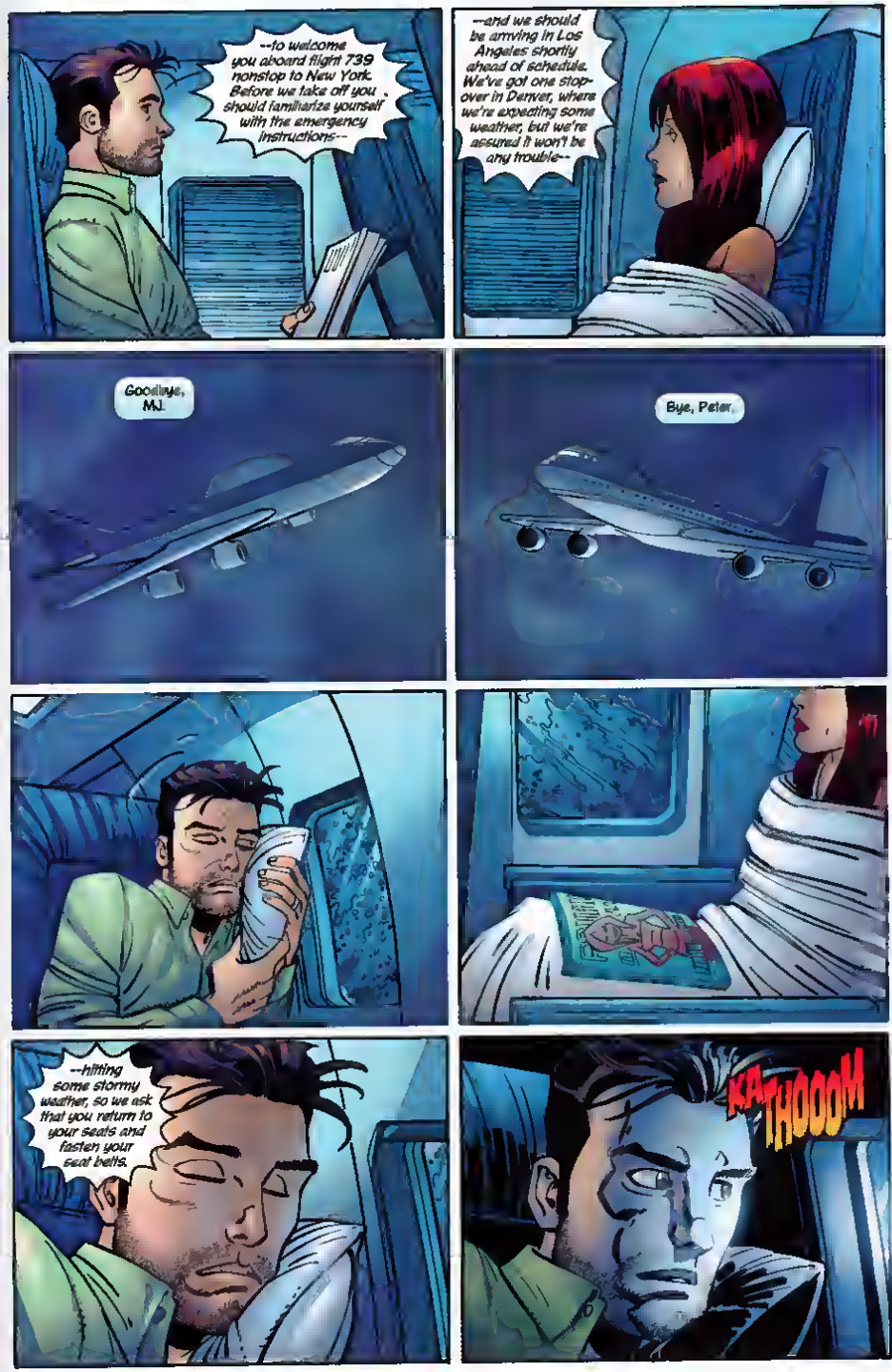

Let it go.

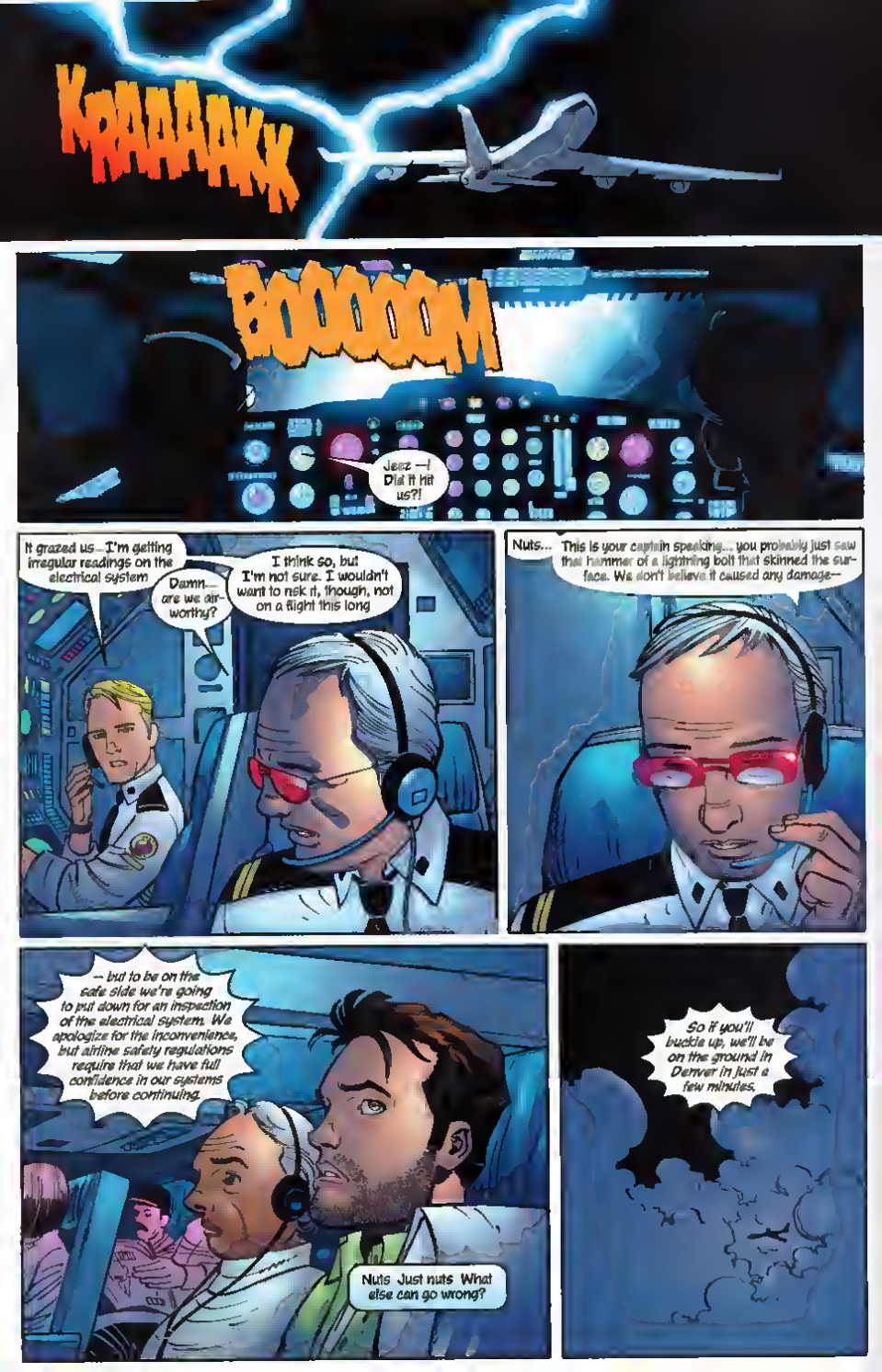

It's over.


Move on.


It's over.




--to welcome you aboard flight 739 nonstop to New York. Before we take off you should familiarize yourself with the emergency instructions--
--and we should be arriving in Los Angeles shortly ahead of schedule. We've got one stop-over in Denver, where we're expecting some weather, but we're assured it won't be any trouble--
Goodbye, MJ.
Bye, Peter.
--hitting some stormy weather, so we ask that you return to your seats and fasten your seat belts.
KA-THOOOM


KRAAAAKK
BOOOOOOM
Jeez —! Did it hit us?!
It grazed us— I'm getting irregular readings on the electrical system
Damn— are we airworthy?
I think so, but I'm not sure. I wouldn't want to risk it, though, not on a flight this long
Nuts... This is your captain speaking... you probably just saw that hammer of a lightning bolt that skinned the surface. We don't believe it caused any damage—
— but to be on the safe side we're going to put down for an inspection of the electrical system. We apologize for the inconvenience, but airline safety regulations require that we have full confidence in our systems before continuing.
Nuts. Just nuts. What else can go wrong?
So if you'll buckle up, we'll be on the ground in Denver in just a few minutes.


-- and I want a fruity-jooty freeze, a hamburger... no, a cheeseburger, and some fries... you got the curly fries?
BURGER-N-
We're out of curly fries. But we got home fries and natural fries
...sigh...
Okay, so I'll have a cheeseburger, a fruity-jooty freeze, natural fries, and a cookie
You take Canadian money?
No
Aw, man, c'mon...
--and I just think Marilyn Manson is so wicked!
Wicked?
So wicked!
Wicked!
Excuse me, can I borrow your fork?
Why?
I want to stick it in my eye
Wicked!
--announcing the re-boarding of flight 739 to New York. We will be pre-boarding first class passengers at gate 29--
About time...


'Scuse me... coming through... nice dress....
THUD
THUD


MJ--
Pete? What're you--
Can we talk?
I was... I have a flight--
I don't care.
Me either.
Go let's talk, Peter. Let's talk...
TO BE CONTINUED...


MARVEL KNIGHTS®
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BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV
MARVEL.COM
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
LOWLIFE
2 OF 5
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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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Previously in Daredevil:

Mr. Silke was a new member of the Kingpin's crew. When his coup attempt against the Kingpin failed, he turned himself in to the FBI.

Wilson Fisk survived the assassination attempt but was wounded severely. Vanessa, his wife, shipped Wilson out of the country to save his life from other attempts. Vanessa sold the Fisk Towers and all of Wilson's organized crime businesses, dismantling the empire and leaving America forever.

The FBI refuse Silke's request for protection from the Kingpin's wife so he gives them the one piece of information that the Kingpin had--

That Daredevil is really a blind lawyer named Matt Murdock.

The FBI decide not to follow up on the Daredevil information.

But the next day, on the cover of the biggest tabloid in the city, the headline reads:

Daredevil's Secret Identity Revealed!

The secret is out!

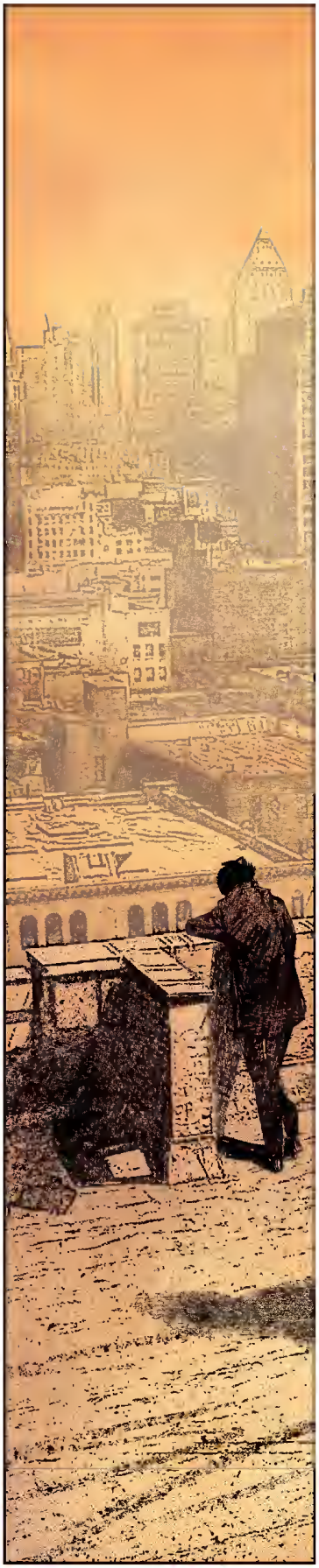
Matt Murdock files a 400 million dollar law suit against the Daily Globe for printing the story. Mr. Rosenthal, the owner of the paper, vows to go the distance with Murdock because he knows the story is true.

Matt's public struggle against the newspaper makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

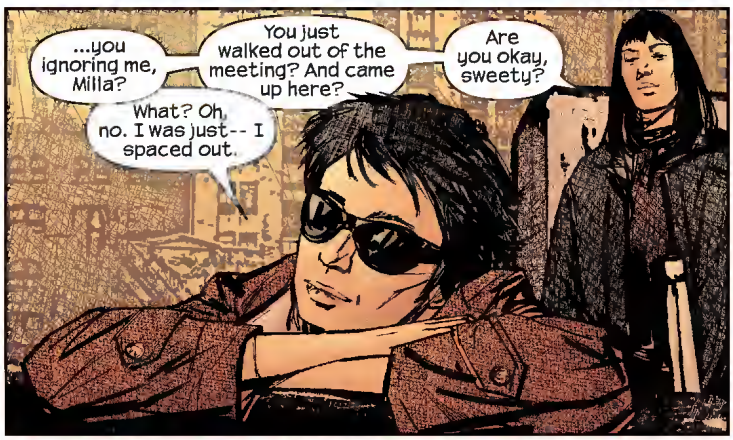
Daredevil rescues a blind girl named Milla from almost being hit by a truck. As Murdock bones up for his fight against the tabloids, The Owl is setting up shop as the new kingpin of the crime underworld.

Lowlife • Part 2

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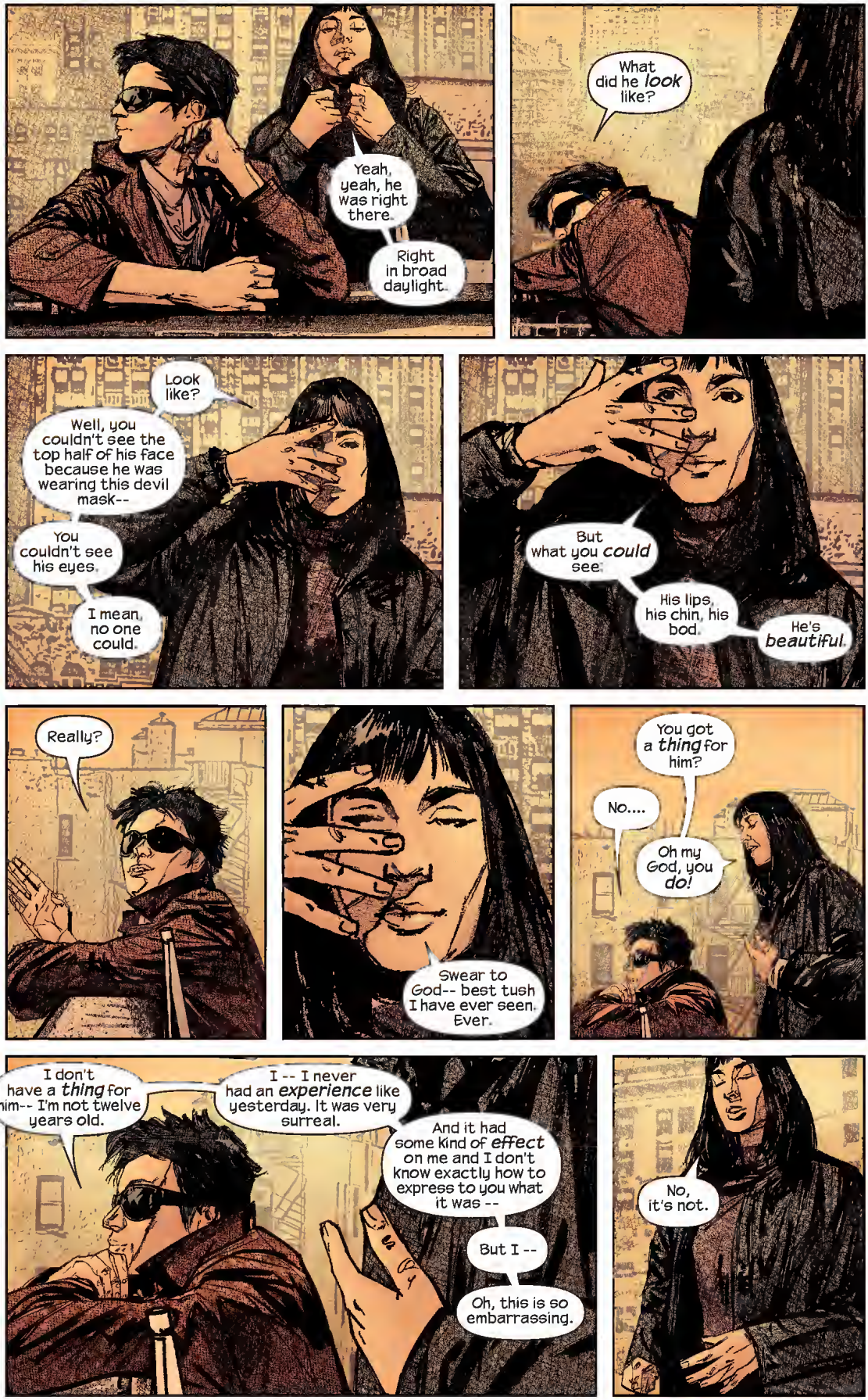


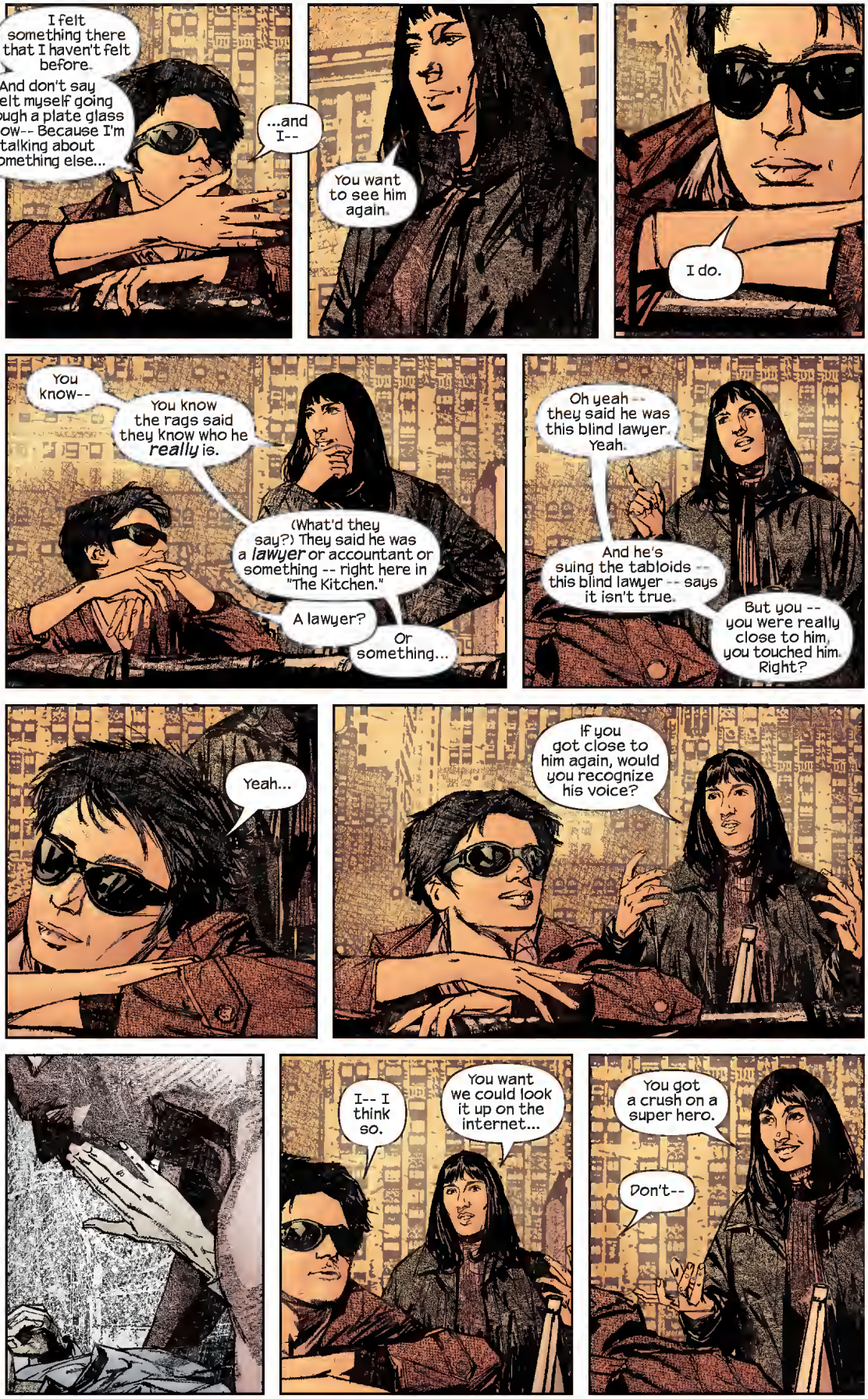


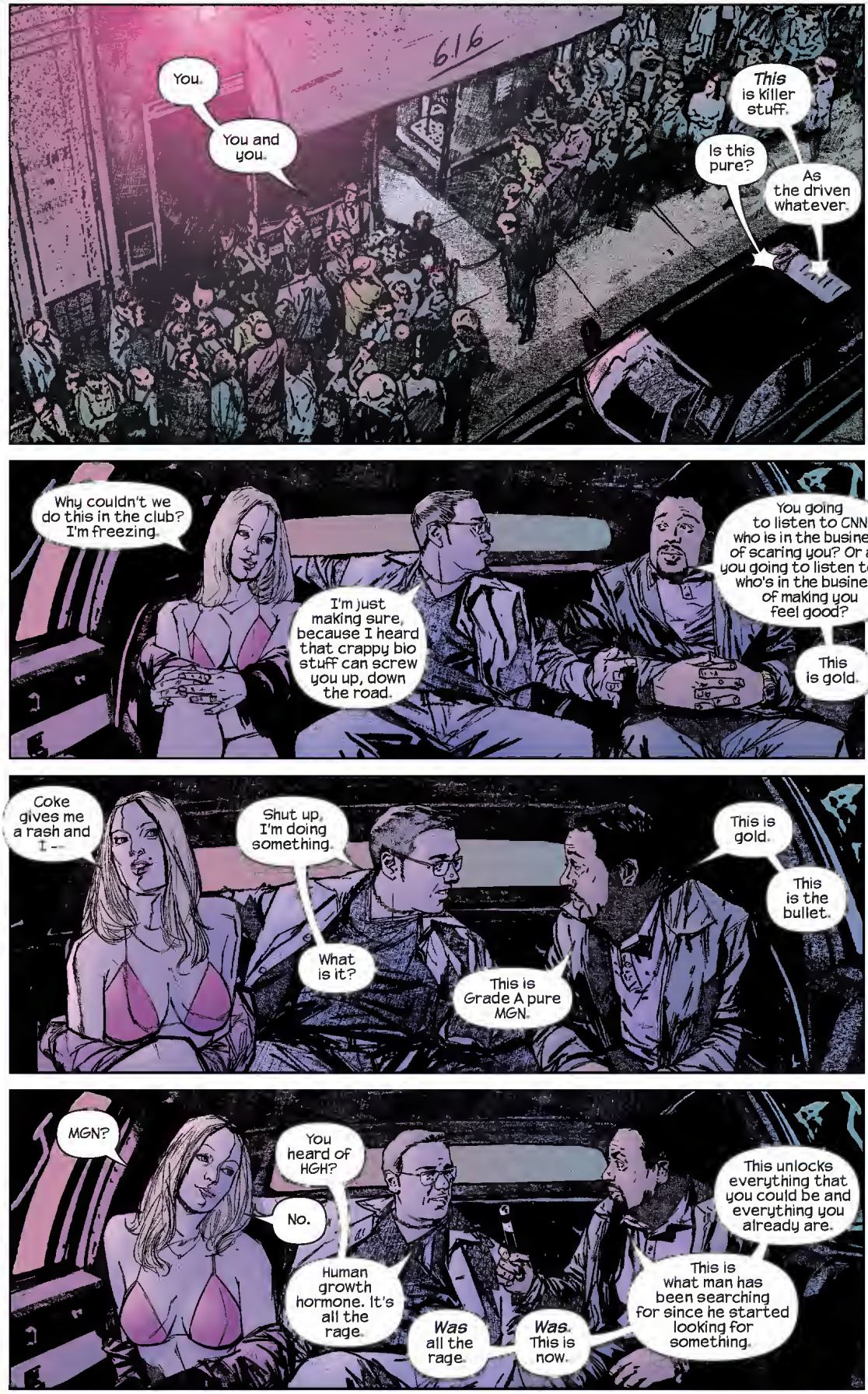

...you ignoring me, Milla?
You just walked out of the meeting? And came up here?
Are you okay, sweety?
What? Oh, no. I was just-- I spaced out.

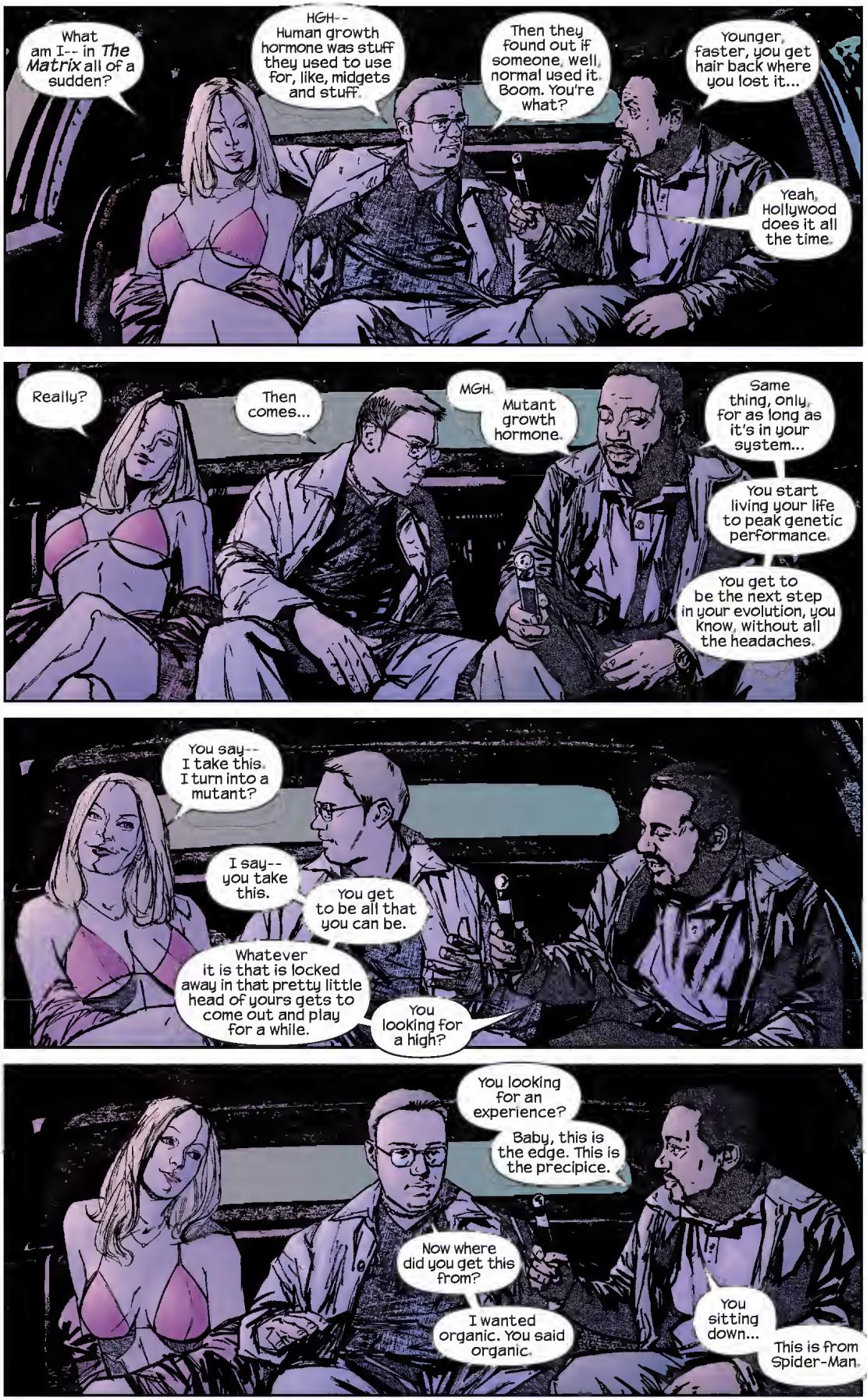

I'm just--
I don't know.
Are you still freaked out about what happened yesterday with that Daredevil dude?

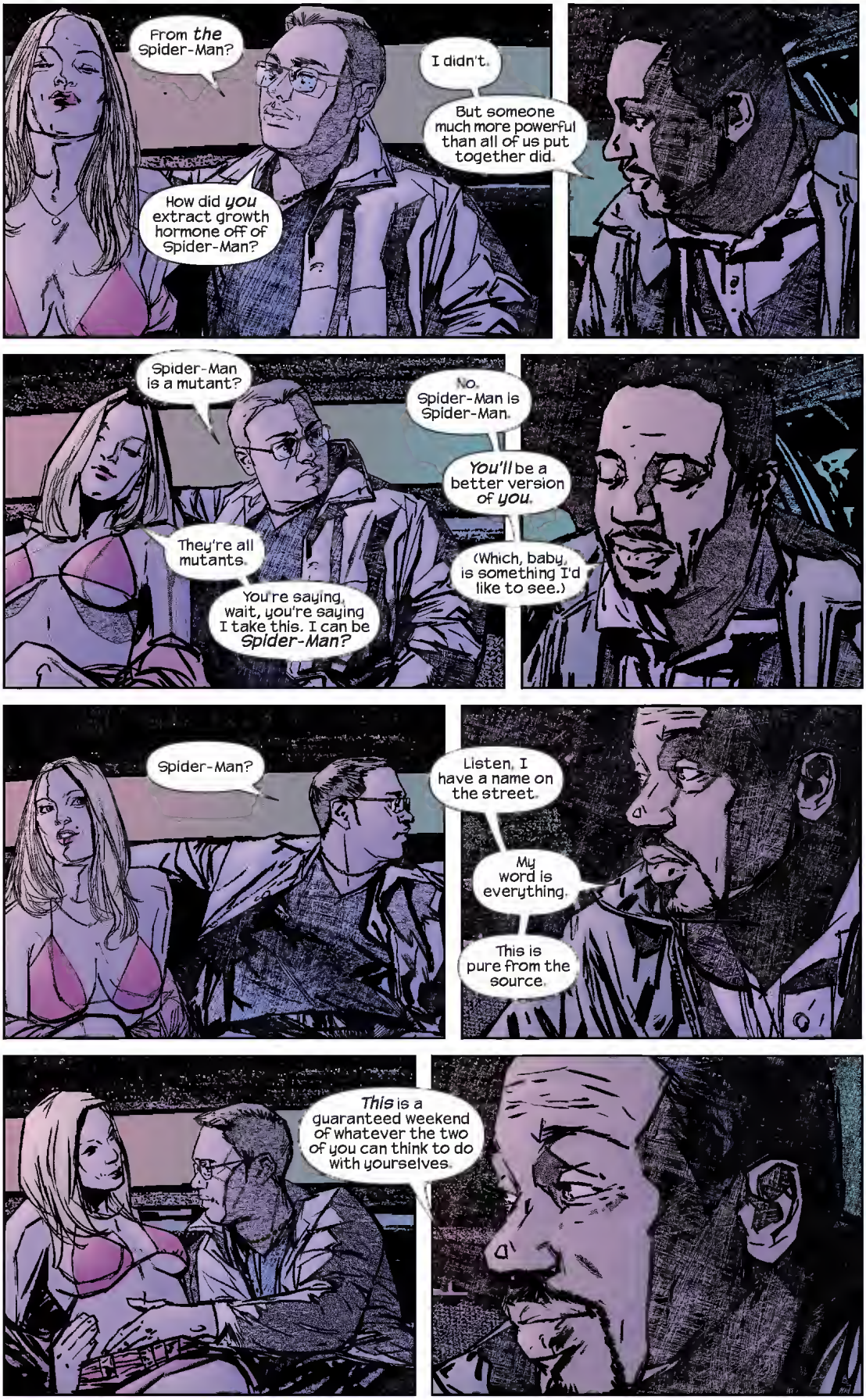

I don't know how to explain it, Lori.
The thing is, I--
Can I ask you-- did you get a good look at him?


Yeah, yeah, he was right there.
Right in broad daylight.
What did he *look* like?
Look like?
Well, you couldn't see the top half of his face because he was wearing this devil mask--
You couldn't see his eyes.
I mean, no one could.
But what you *could* see.
His lips, his chin, his bod.
He's *beautiful*.
Really?
Swear to God-- best tush I have ever seen. Ever.
You got a *thing* for him?
No....
Oh my God, you *do*!
I don't have a *thing* for him-- I'm not twelve years old.
I -- I never had an *experience* like yesterday. It was very surreal.
And it had some kind of *effect* on me and I don't know exactly how to express to you what it was --
But I --
Oh, this is so embarrassing.
No, it's not.


I felt something there that I haven't felt before.
And don't say I felt myself going through a plate glass window-- Because I'm talking about something else...
...and I--
You want to see him again.
I do.
You know--
You know the rags said they know who he really is.
(What'd they say?) They said he was a lawyer or accountant or something -- right here in "The Kitchen."
A lawyer?
Or something...
Oh yeah -- they said he was this blind lawyer. Yeah.
And he's suing the tabloids -- this blind lawyer -- says it isn't true.
But you -- you were really close to him, you touched him. Right?
Yeah...
If you got close to him again, would you recognize his voice?
I-- I think so.
You want we could look it up on the internet...
You got a crush on a super hero.
Don't--


616
You.
You and you.
This is killer stuff.
Is this pure?
As the driven whatever.
Why couldn't we do this in the club? I'm freezing.
I'm just making sure, because I heard that crappy bio stuff can screw you up, down the road.
You going to listen to CNN who is in the business of scaring you? Or are you going to listen to me who's in the business of making you feel good?
This is gold.
Coke gives me a rash and I--
Shut up, I'm doing something.
What is it?
This is Grade A pure MGN.
This is gold.
This is the bullet.
MGN?
You heard of HGH?
No.
Human growth hormone. It's all the rage.
Was all the rage.
Was. This is now.
This is what man has been searching for since he started looking for something.
This unlocks everything that you could be and everything you already are.


What am I-- in The Matrix all of a sudden?
HGH-- Human growth hormone was stuff they used to use for, like, midgets and stuff.
Then they found out if someone, well, normal used it. Boom. You're what?
Younger, faster, you get hair back where you lost it...
Yeah, Hollywood does it all the time.
Really?
Then comes...
MGH. Mutant growth hormone.
Same thing, only, for as long as it's in your system...
You start living your life to peak genetic performance.
You get to be the next step in your evolution, you know, without all the headaches.
You say-- I take this, I turn into a mutant?
I say-- you take this.
You get to be all that you can be.
Whatever it is that is locked away in that pretty little head of yours gets to come out and play for a while.
You looking for a high?
You looking for an experience?
Baby, this is the edge. This is the precipice.
Now where did you get this from?
I wanted organic. You said organic.
You sitting down...
This is from Spider-Man.


From *the* Spider-Man?
How did *you* extract growth hormone off of Spider-Man?
I didn't.
But someone much more powerful than all of us put together did.
Spider-Man is a mutant?
They're all mutants.
You're saying, wait, you're saying I take this. I can be *Spider-Man?*
No. Spider-Man is Spider-Man.
You'll be a better version of *you.*
(Which, baby, is something I'd like to see.)
Spider-Man?
Listen, I have a name on the street.
My word is everything.
This is pure from the source.
This is a guaranteed weekend of whatever the two of you can think to do with yourselves.


Spider-Man...
Yeah?
Oh yeah!
Okay, so let's get down to it.
For three vials of the organic...
Aagghhh!!
Oof!


Aaiieee!!!
SMASH
Go home and change your life!
Ggkkkss...
You-- you go home to your wife and baby!!
And you!


Oh my God!
Did your boss warn you that I might come?
Y-- yes!! Yes!!
Did he look good and angry when he did it?
Y--yes.
Where is the Owl? Where is he right now!?
Oh God--
He-- he's at the old fisherman's market-- the old warehouse.
He-- he's settin' up shop there.
Settin' up shop.
Here come the police! You made your choices!
(Made my choices-- the hell does that mean?)
Yeah -- it's me -- he's on his way and I'm about to get pinched.
Someone gonna bail me out?
Because I'm not sitting in there all weekend.


Three minutes ago.
So this Mafia don finds out that one of his guys has pinched him out of ten million bucks.
Thing is-- this guy happens to be deaf.
So, the Godfather goes to see this deaf guy that screwed him-- but he decides to bring along one of his attorneys-- who just happens to know sign language.
You with me?
The Godfather asks the deaf guy, "Where is the ten million bucks you embezzled from me, you slimy piece of #$#@?"
The attorney, using sign language, asks the guy-- he translates.
The deaf guy says back-- he signs back, "I don't know what you're talking about."
The attorney tells the Godfather, "He says he don't know what you're talking about."
That's when the Godfather pulls out a 9 MM. pistol, puts it to the deaf guy's temple, cocks it and says, "Ask him again!"
The attorney signs to the deaf guy: "He'll kill you for sure if you don't tell him!"
The deaf guy is messing his pants now and he signs back: "Okay! You win! The money is in a brown briefcase, buried behind the shed in my cousin Enzo's backyard in Queens!"
The Godfather asks the lawyer, "Well, what'd he say?"
The attorney says, "He says you don't have the skeeyoons to pull the trigger."


See, the guy was--
The lawyer he--
No?
Mr. Anad, are you making fun of me?
What?
No, Owl, baby, no.
I'm your legal council, I'm on your team.
I was just lightening the mood.
BEEDOOBEEDOOBEEDOO
Daredevil's on his way?
You sure? I'll see what I can do.
How far away is he? Where is he? Is that him? Is he on his way?
He's five blocks away.


I'm going to bite off his face!! I'm going to--
We talked about this--
But I can--
Leland!
Aggh!!
You let us do the talking. You say nothing.
You're the mysterious, silent type. It's the new you. Silent, mysterious.
This is an area where Wilson Fisk excelled-- he let his people do their jobs.
If you want us to work for you the way we worked for the Kingpin, you're going to have to bow to our expertise in these matters.
You are putting a serious foot forward now-- you have to head Murdock off at the pass and not let him trap you with--
You know my history with this guy--
Good and fine.
But, let's say you get lucky and kill him, then what?
You go to jail! And then all of this is for naught.
I told you-- he's an arrogant #$%@.
He's this close to going to jail and he knows it.
This close.
Here he comes...
He's already in earshot.
You ready?
You're ready.


How long did you think I was going to let this go on, Leland!!??
Making a play for the Kingpin's territory with some junk street drug?
I understand the impulse--
But if you were a smarter man, you'd know that you just don't have what it takes.
There's nothing I hate more than someone who doesn't know their own limitations.
I'm-- I'm sorry, Mr. Murdock...
But you are trespassing on private property.
My client--
Your client?
Mr. Murdock, you simply cannot break into a person's private dwelling and make unfounded accusations--
And I'd also like to point out that Wilson Fisk was never convicted of any wrongdoing in any of the--


SMASH
Taping me?
Did you think catching me on tape would do *what?*
Blackmail me? Leak it to the media?
What's the *plan*, exactly?


Caff!
You might-- agh-- you might have enjoyed a little status quo with Wilson Fisk, Murdock, but we won't be tolerating any of that here.
What you are doing right now is illegal!
Breaking and entering, threatening people, unfounded accusations.
It's illegal.
And if we see you around here anymore, we're going to have to call the police and press charges.
W-- we will, too.
This is what you've come to, Leland?
Mr. Murdock, You're upsetting my--
I never thought much of you before--
Could I possibly think any less of you now?
No wonder Vanessa Fisk cut you out of the going away sale.
Mr. Murdock, you're upsetting my client and I think you should--


And you--
James, call the police. Ask for Sergeant Cusak.
Tell them we have an intruder on these private premises.

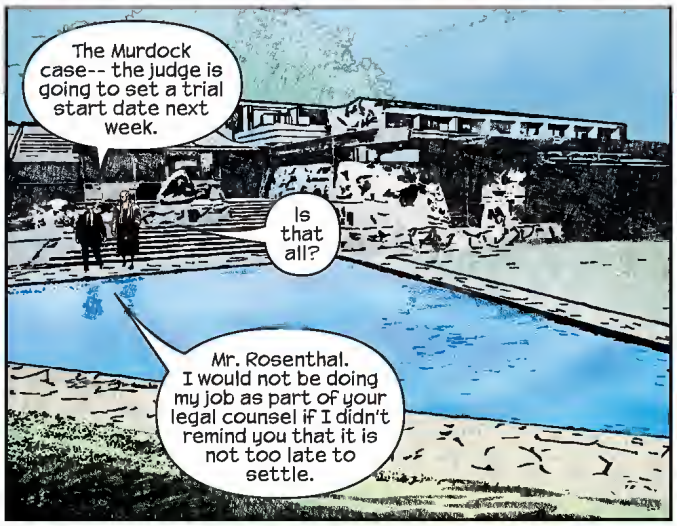


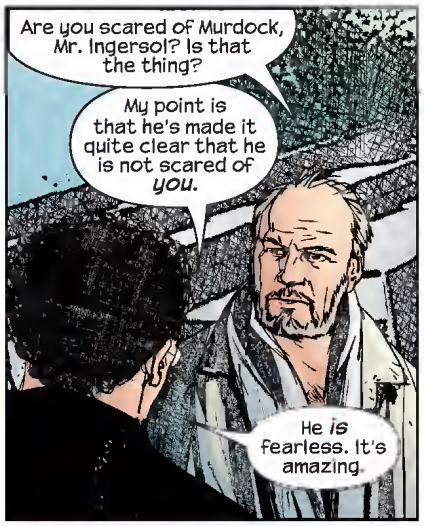

You-- keep-- calling-- me-- Murdock--
You clearly have me mistaken for somebody else.
That-- that-- That DAT recorder cost money.

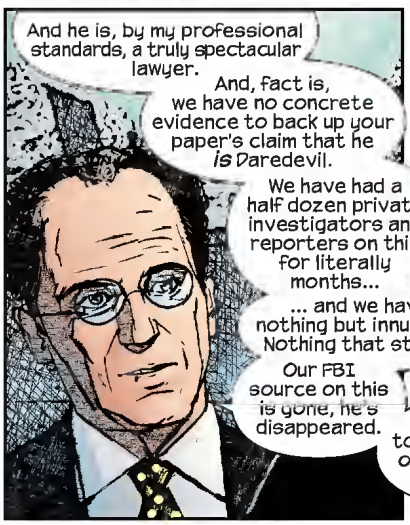



Bill your client.
Just as long as you understand how it's going to be from now on- -
You might *try* to catch us-- but we *will* catch you.

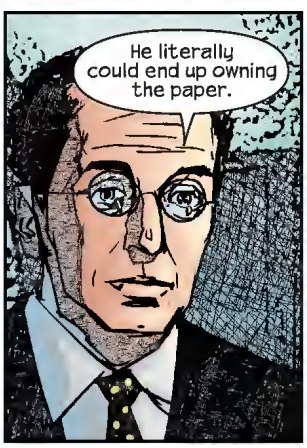

Mr. Rosenthal, good morning.
I'm taking my swim, so make it quick, Ingersol.
It's about the Murdock case.
Ugh...

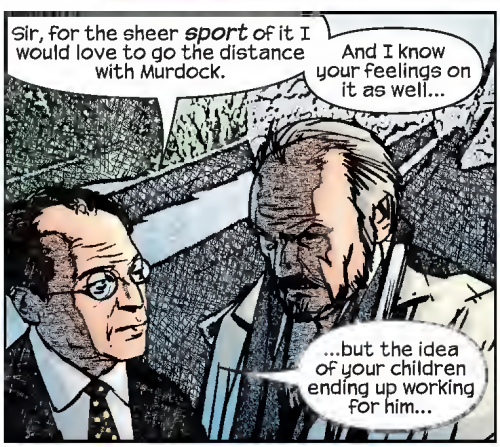

The Murdock case-- the judge is going to set a trial start date next week.
Is that all?
Mr. Rosenthal. I would not be doing my job as part of your legal counsel if I didn't remind you that it is not too late to settle.


Are you scared of Murdock, Mr. Ingersol? Is that the thing?
My point is that he's made it quite clear that he is not scared of *you*.
He *is* fearless. It's amazing.

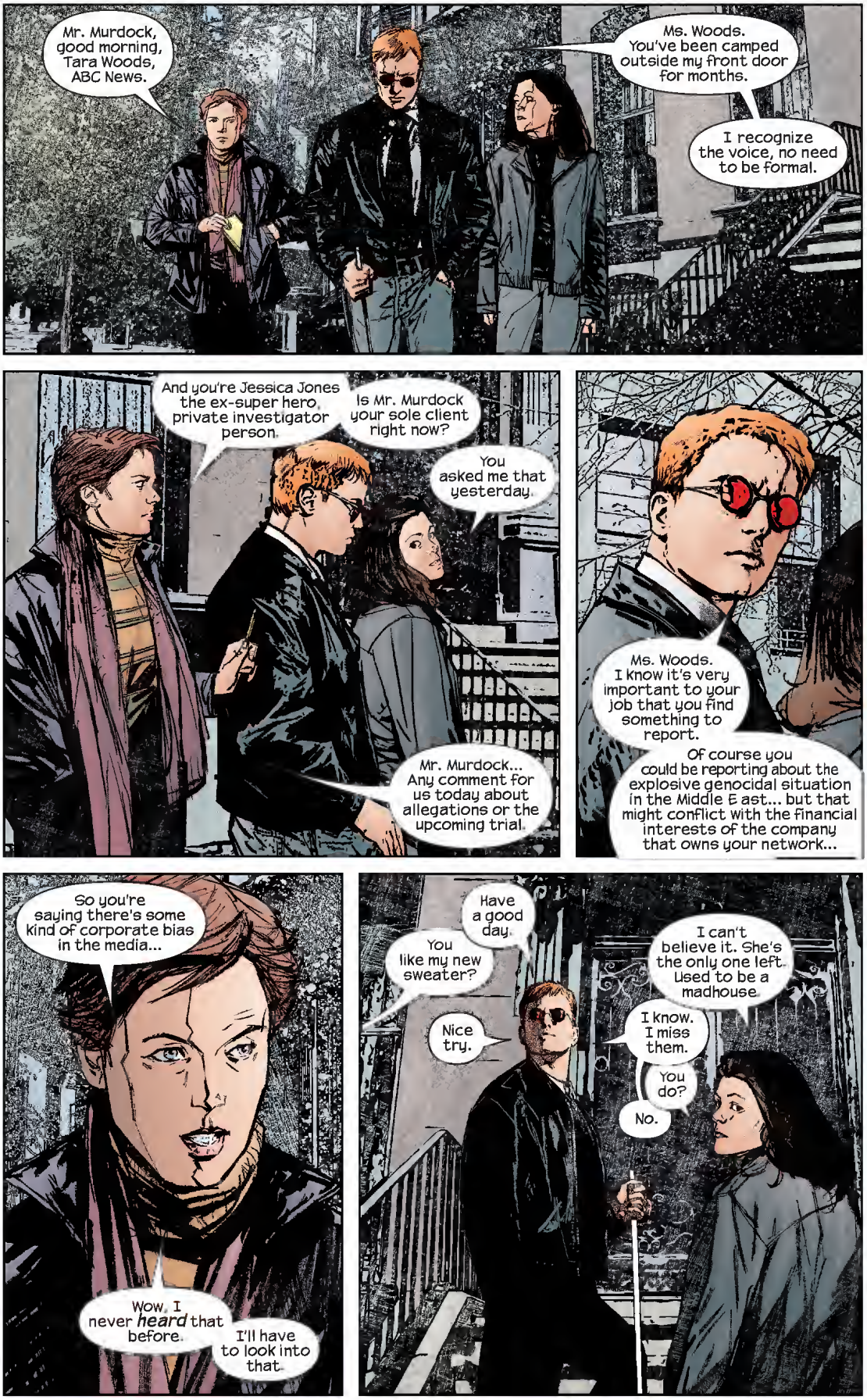

And he is, by my professional standards, a truly spectacular lawyer.
And, fact is, we have no concrete evidence to back up your paper's claim that he *is* Daredevil.
We have had a half dozen private investigators and reporters on this for literally months...
... and we have nothing but innuendo. Nothing that sticks.
Our FBI source on this is gone, he's disappeared.

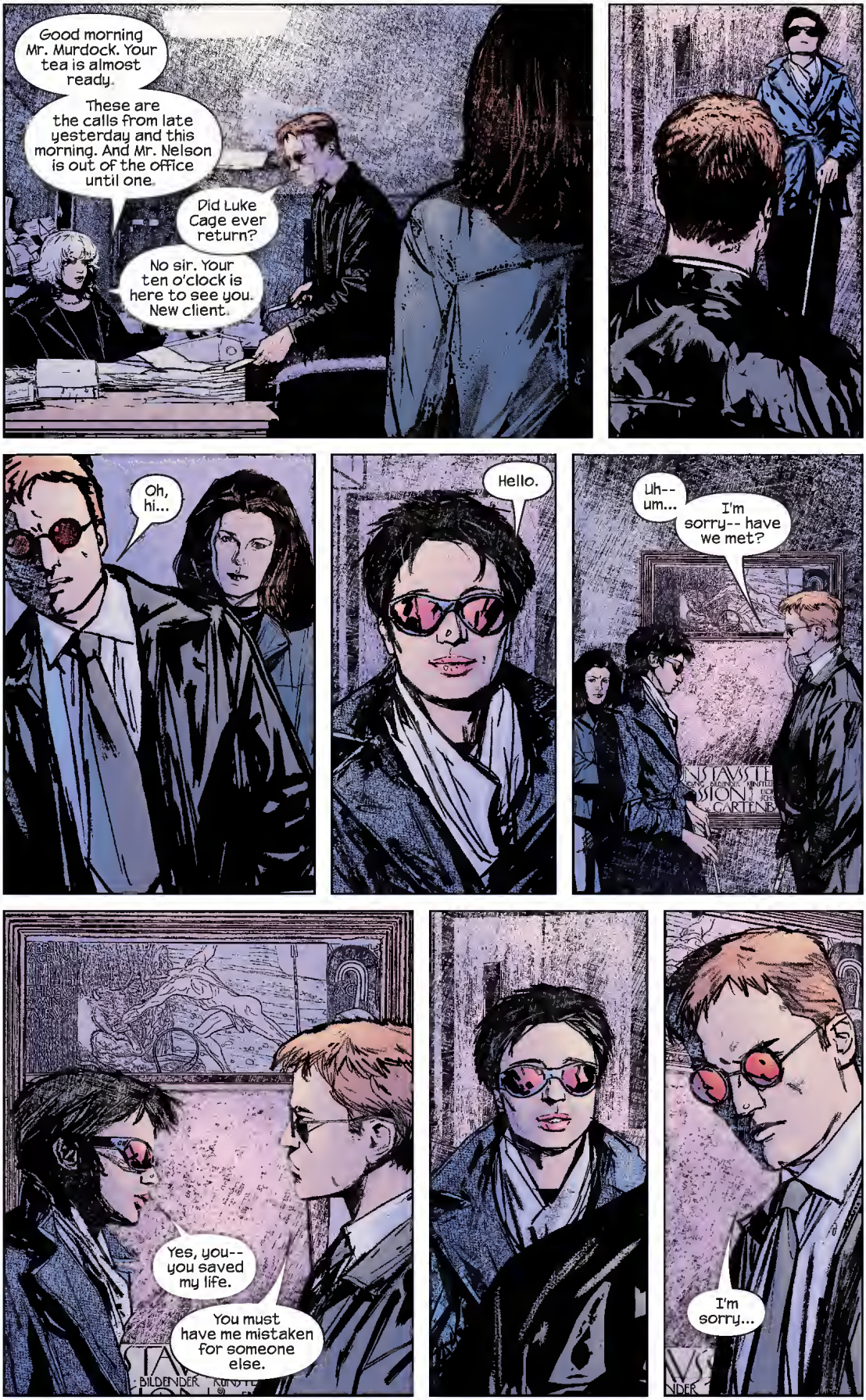

This-- this could go badly for you, sir.
You can get to trial on sheer force of will-- but winning is another thing.
Worst case scenario-- how badly?

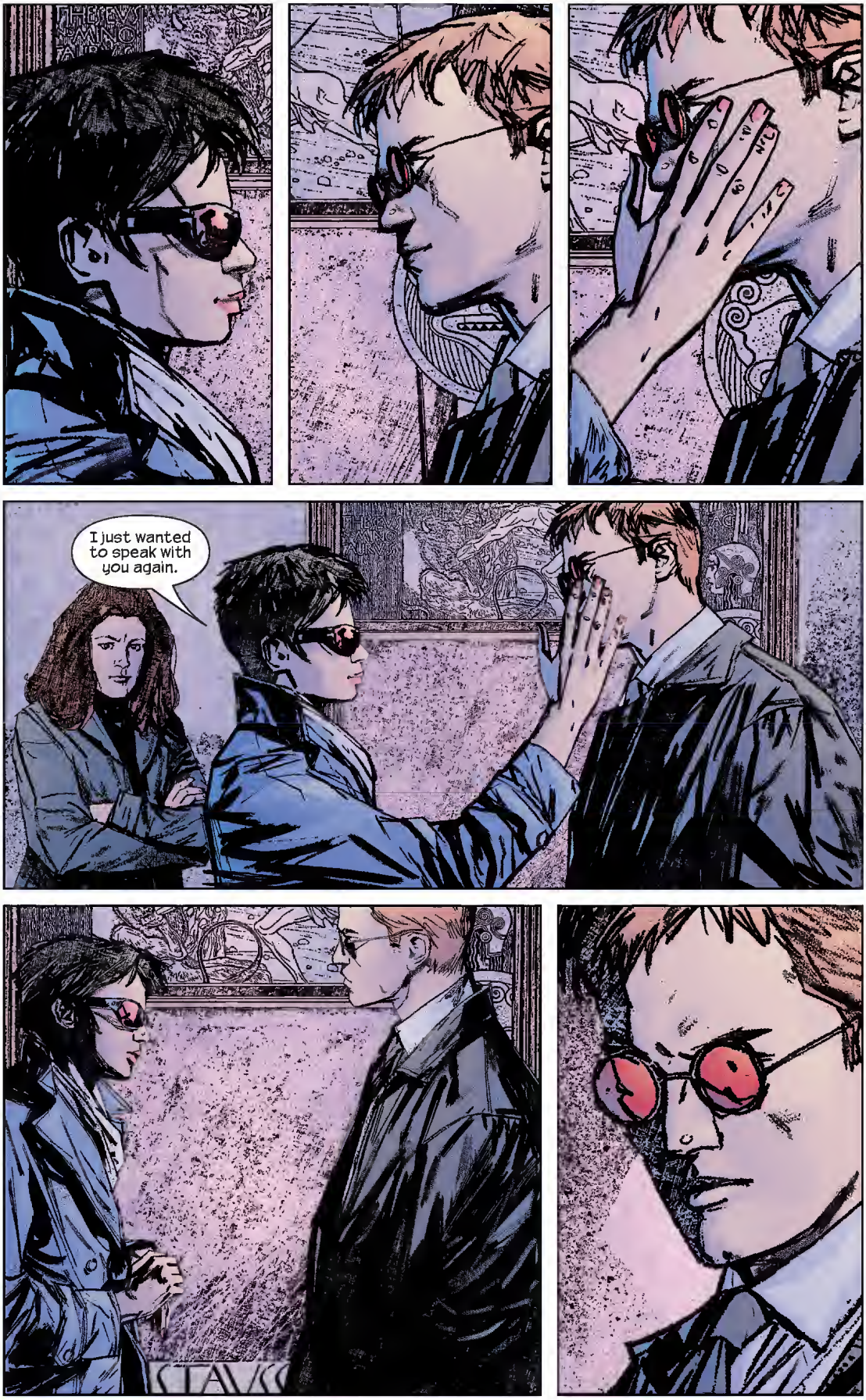

He literally could end up owning the paper.

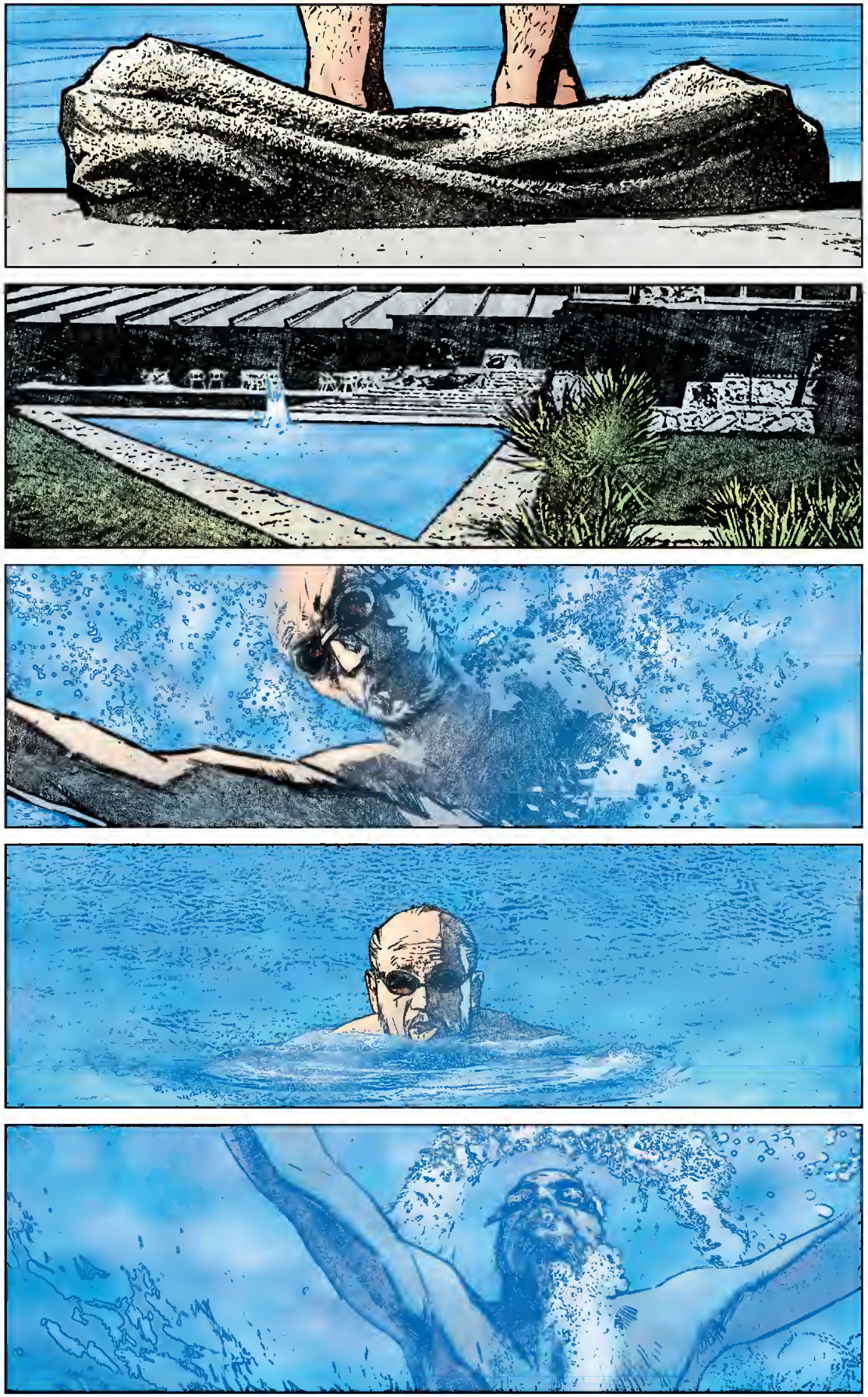

Sir, for the sheer *sport* of it I would love to go the distance with Murdock.
And I know your feelings on it as well...
...but the idea of your children ending up working for him...

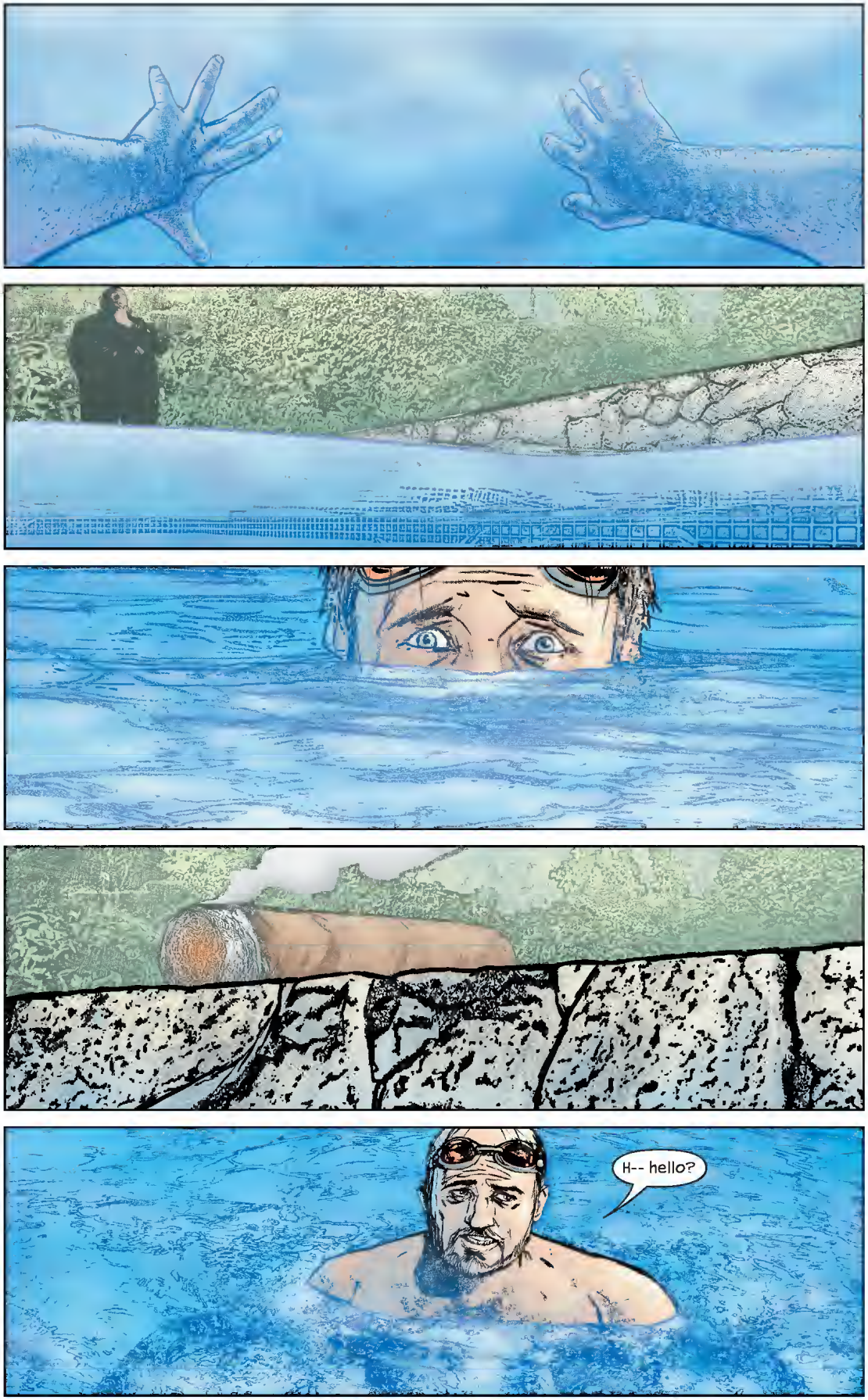

Let me think about it.
Leave.


Mr. Murdock, good morning, Tara Woods, ABC News.
Ms. Woods. You've been camped outside my front door for months.
I recognize the voice, no need to be formal.
And you're Jessica Jones the ex-super hero, private investigator person.
Is Mr. Murdock your sole client right now?
You asked me that yesterday.
Mr. Murdock... Any comment for us today about allegations or the upcoming trial.
Ms. Woods. I know it's very important to your job that you find something to report.
Of course you could be reporting about the explosive genocidal situation in the Middle E ast... but that might conflict with the financial interests of the company that owns your network...
So you're saying there's some kind of corporate bias in the media...
Wow, I never *heard* that before.
I'll have to look into that.
Have a good day.
You like my new sweater?
Nice try.
I can't believe it. She's the only one left. Used to be a madhouse.
I know. I miss them.
You do?
No.

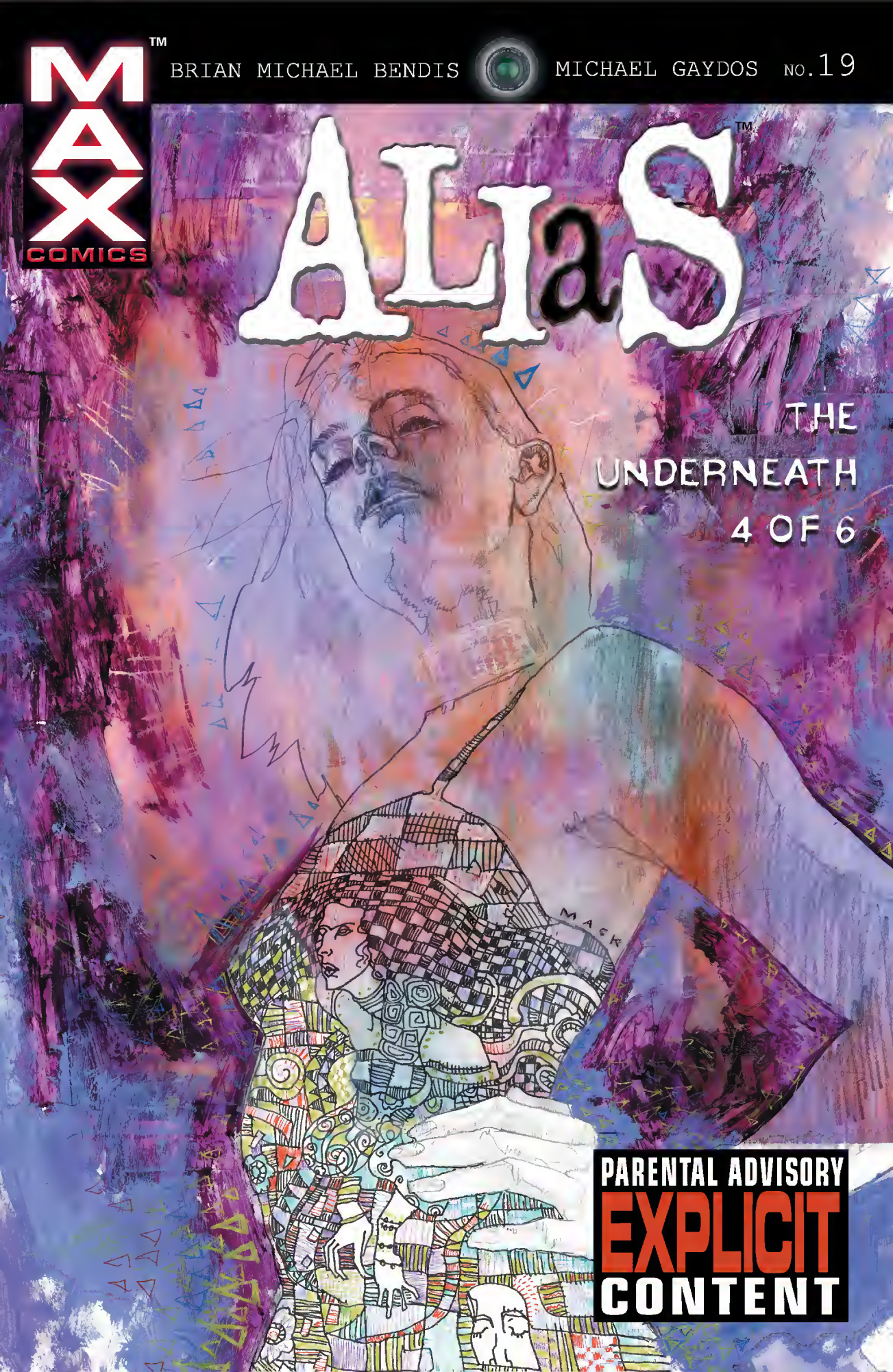

Good morning Mr. Murdock. Your tea is almost ready.
These are the calls from late yesterday and this morning. And Mr. Nelson is out of the office until one.
Did Luke Cage ever return?
No sir. Your ten o'clock is here to see you. New client.
Oh, hi...
Hello.
Uh-- um...
I'm sorry-- have we met?
Yes, you-- you saved my life.
You must have me mistaken for someone else.
I'm sorry...


I just wanted to speak with you again.




H-- hello?




MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.19
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
4 OF 6
MACK
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

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BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

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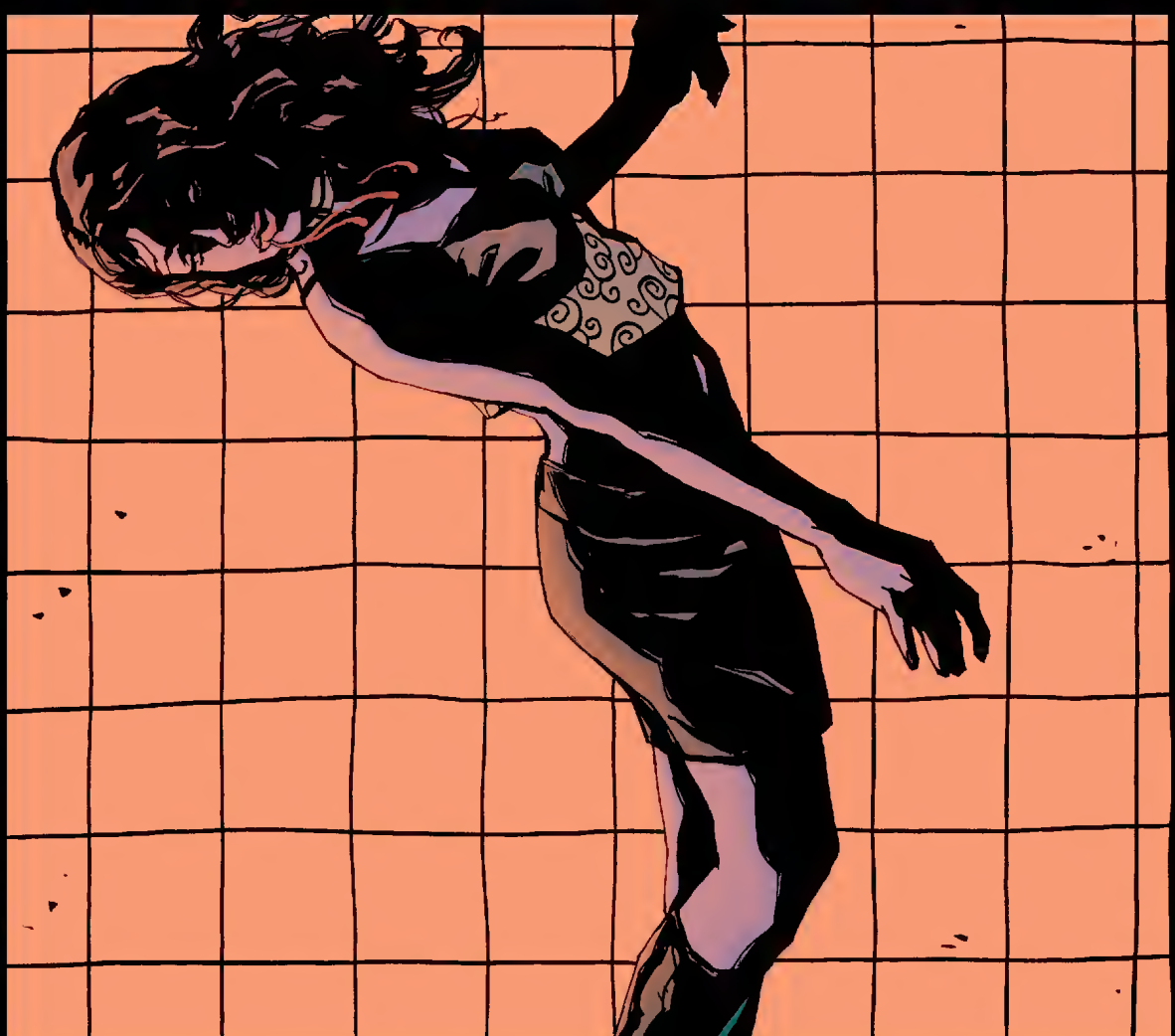
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letters

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Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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It's her.

Mattie Franklin.

Spider- Woman.

It's her and she looks right at me.

Crap! I didn't expect her to be here. She's only a kid. This is a nightclub and she's only a kid.

I was looking for her boyfriend here-- get to him to get to her-- but here she is.

In costume? In a nightclub? What the fuck is going on here? What is she on?

She's looking right at me.

The jig is up. I'm going to have to grab her and run.

Fuck, though.

I don't know what the story is here-- I don't know who is who. If I just grab her and run, someone might get hurt.

Or these a-holes might come looking for her at the Jamesons', where she lives-- and I-- ugghh!!

I don't know what to do.

Jesus, she looks even worse than she did in my apartment a couple of days ago.

What is she on? Heroin?

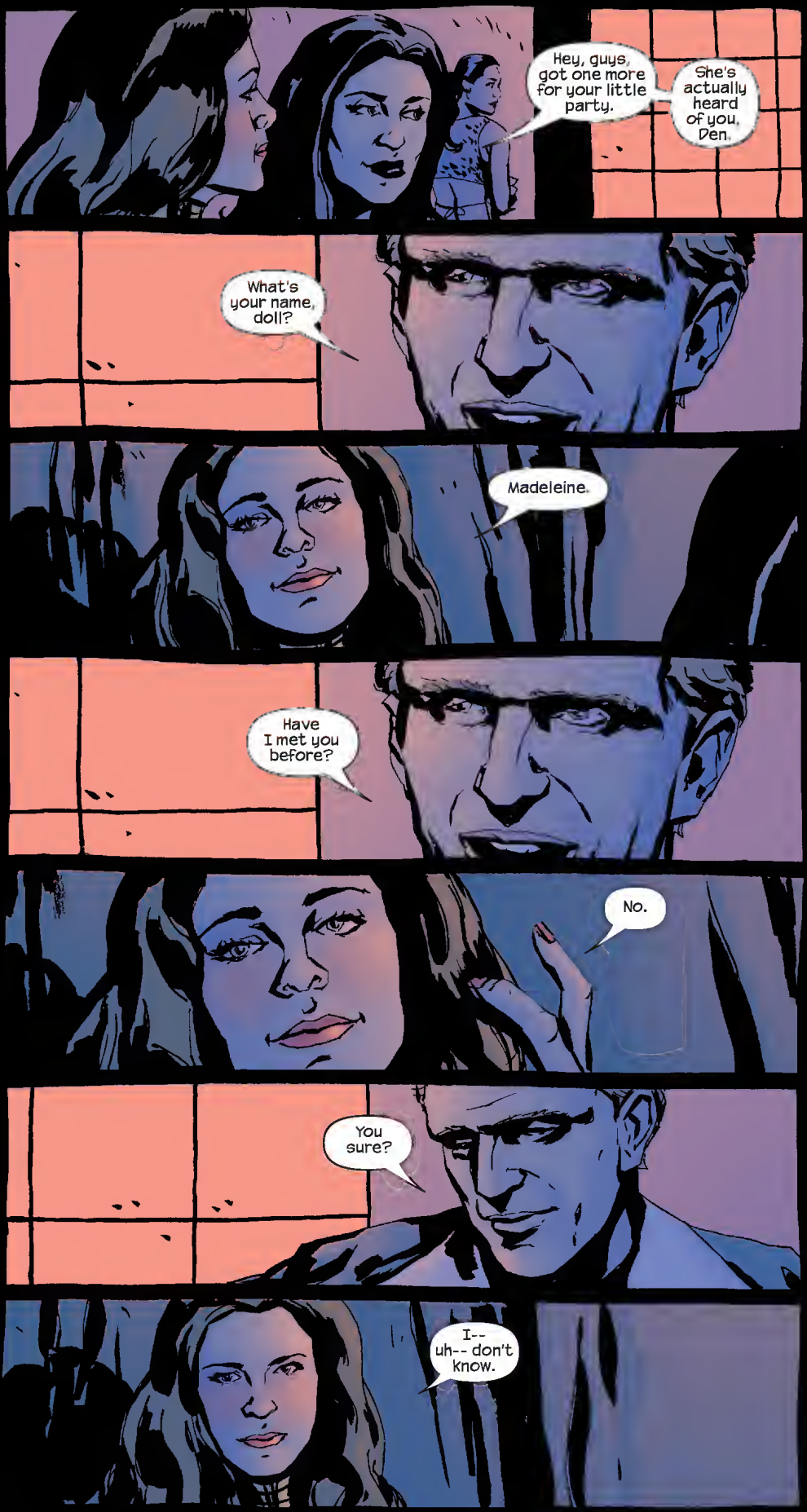
I want to cry just from looking at her. She looks right at me, but-- is she so out of it she doesn't recognize me?

Maybe it's the outfit and incredibly whorish makeup I put on to get into this trendy fuckhole.

Mattie Franklin. It's hard to believe she's a super hero.

Kids shouldn't be super heroes-- look at her. God damn, on my worst day I never looked that bad.





The guy looks right at me. Denny Haynes. Fucker!

The guy I was looking for. Goes around telling everyone he's fucking a super hero and here he is. And he's got her-- what has he done to her?

He looks right at me and it hits me like a brick-- ***this*** is it.

This is what that psychic bitch Madame Web was babbling about.

She described this exact scene, and ***fuck!*** This is it! Fuck! ***Fuck!!***

What did she say? She said I will ***fight*** this girl. She said either I will ***die*** or ***she*** will die ***fighting.***

Someone here is going to ***die??!***

I don't want ***this!*** I don't want to ***fight*** her, and I sure as shit don't want to ***die.***

And I sure as shit don't want to kill a sixteen-year-old junkie super hero girl that doesn't even know where she is. Matt Murdock would kill me for doing this.

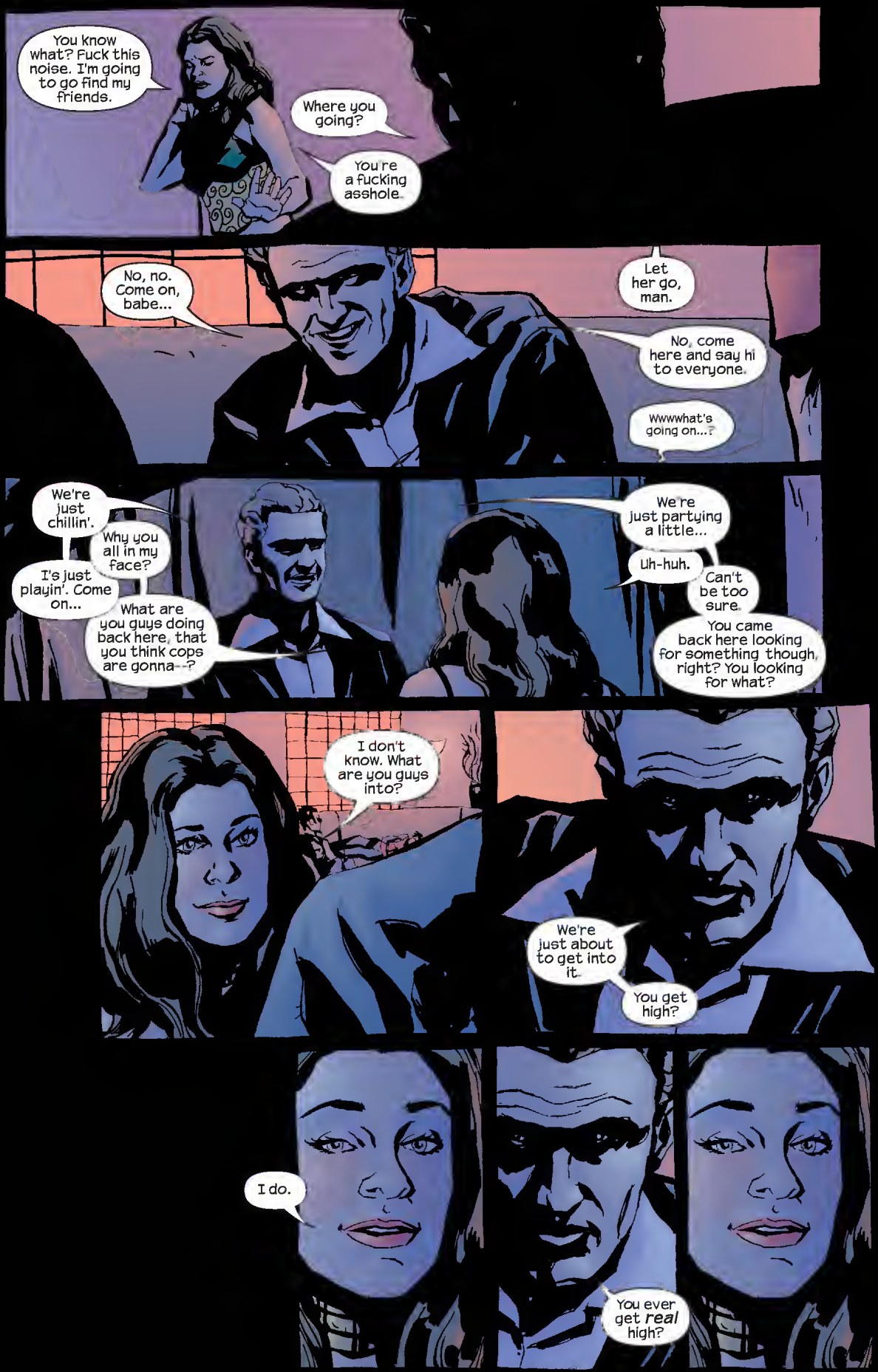
This isn't what I want. This isn't what I ***want*** in my life-- what the fuck am I ***doing*** here? I didn't have to do this! What the fuck am I thinking?

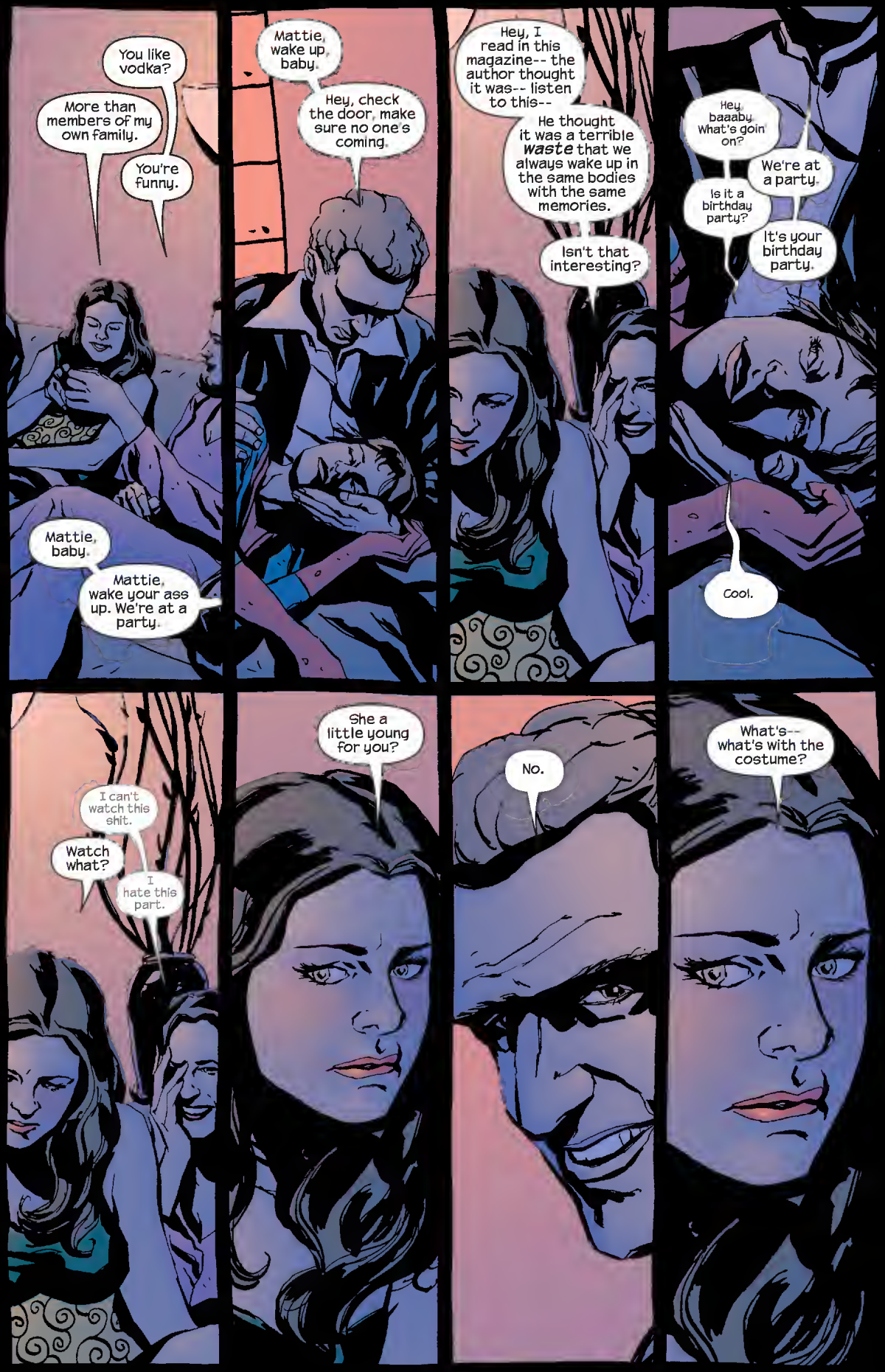
All the things I've done, and I'll be remembered as the broken-down super hero that killed a teenager in self-defense.

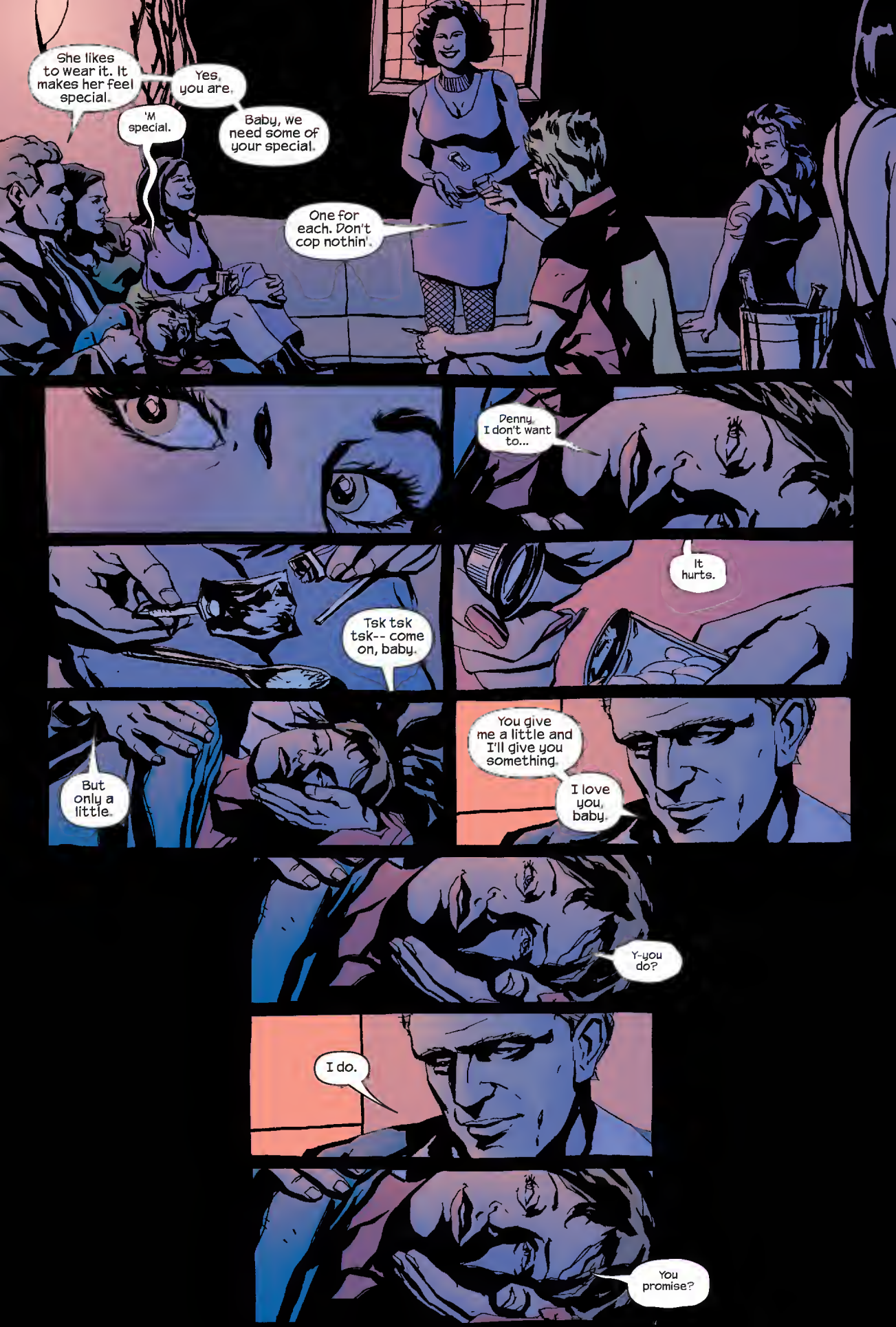
Matt Murdock. Why do I keep thinking about Matt Murdock? Oh, my God! I'm in love with Matt Murdock.

Fucker!!

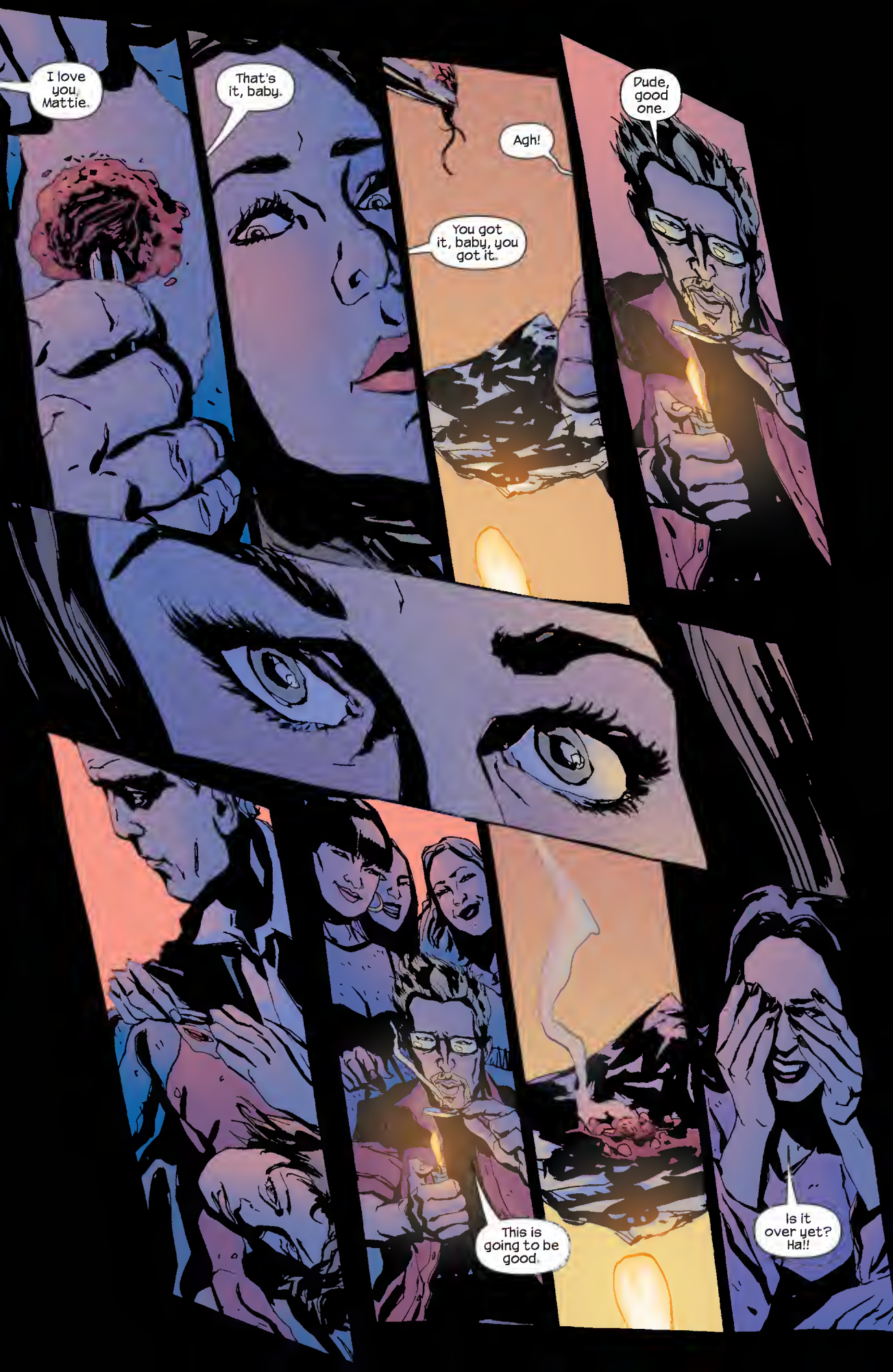

You a cop?
W-what?
Are-you-a-cop?
'Course not.
No.
Because, you know, if you are--
--you gotta tell me...
...or it's entrapment.
No, I didn't know that, 'cause I'm not, like, a cop.
We don't have to know things like that at the investment firm I temp at.
Okay? God!
You know what? Fuck it.
This is my shot to get out of here.
Regroup.
Figure it out.
Wait for them outside and then I'll grab her.


You know what? Fuck this noise. I'm going to go find my friends.
Where you going?
You're a fucking asshole.
No, no. Come on, babe...
Let her go, man.
No, come here and say hi to everyone.
Wwwwhat's going on...?
We're just chillin'.
Why you all in my face?
I's just playin'. Come on...
What are you guys doing back here, that you think cops are gonna--?
We're just partying a little...
Uh-huh.
Can't be too sure.
You came back here looking for something though, right? You looking for what?
I don't know. What are you guys into?
We're just about to get into it.
You get high?
I do.
You ever get *real* high?


You like vodka?
More than members of my own family.
You're funny.
Mattie, baby.
Mattie, wake your ass up. We're at a party.
Mattie, wake up, baby.
Hey, check the door, make sure no one's coming.
Hey, I read in this magazine-- the author thought it was-- listen to this--
He thought it was a terrible waste that we always wake up in the same bodies with the same memories.
Isn't that interesting?
Hey baaaby. What's goin' on?
We're at a party.
Is it a birthday party?
It's your birthday party.
Cool.
I can't watch this shit.
Watch what?
I hate this part.
She a little young for you?
No.
What's-- what's with the costume?


She likes to wear it. It makes her feel special.
Yes, you are.
'M special.
Baby, we need some of your special.
One for each. Don't cop nothin'.
Denny, I don't want to...
It hurts.
Tsk tsk tsk-- come on, baby.
But only a little.
You give me a little and I'll give you something.
I love you, baby.
Y-you do?
I do.
You promise?


My head's going to explode. I can't stand it.
You ever do a bullet?
The fuck?
What?
MGN?
What?
Take it now. It'll kick in just as you inhale.
Inhale what?


I love you, Mattie.
That's it, baby.
Agh!
You got it, baby, you got it.
Dude, good one.
This is going to be good.
Is it over yet? Ha!!


Fuck, that's it!! Fuuuck!
Share it, baby.
You fucking animals!!
CRACK
Gaagh!
Hey maan...
Cunt!
SMACK




My back is broken.
My neck is broken.
Matt.


This one here?
Get this crack whore out of here!!
Last thing we need is another OD on the premises.
Where should I dump her?
Ffsshh...
Don't care. Throw her in the river for all I care. Just get her the hell *out* of here.
Oh, my God! What happened to her?
Too much tequila. Don't worry.
Oh, man, what an idiot.
Excuse me.


Agghh, God!!
Jessica?
Jessica, it's me.
Ben Urich, from the Daily Bugle.
Remember? We did that--
Oh, no.
Are you all right?
Do I *look* all right?
Oh, man!
What are you doing here?
Jonah...


That fucker.
You've been following me? God.
He thinks you have his girl, Mattie...
I know.
...but I know you don't.
I just want to figure out exactly what--
Ow...
What happened?
I fucking had her. I had her.
Who?
Mattie Franklin. I found her.
She was here?
She was right in there.
I-- I was-- was-- was frozen in shock over what I saw and I--
She was with these guys and when I went to grab her they punched my fucking-- ow!
I thought you have powers.
I do.
They did too.
I guess. Ow.
I've never been punched that hard-- and I've been punched.
What was Mattie doing?
Oh, man, she's totally strung out.
She's-- they got her on something.
These guys-- they got her on something and they're popping pills and they-- oh, God.
Have they harmed her?
Yes.
>Sniff< God...
Did they have protruded foreheads? The guys?
Yes.


MGN.
They're fucking animals.
MGN? I don't know what that is.
(Ow.)
Mutant Growth Hormone. It's expensive shit. It's a street drug.
But supposedly, it temporarily-- for the length of the high-- it gives normal people not so normal abilities.
Oh, fuck me. Are you serious?
There's all kinds of different mixtures and ways to freebase it.
The pure stuff-- pure from the course-- is like gold.
Crazy fuckers.
The foreheads are the giveaway.
They're fucking up their genetic makeup with that shit. Their cell structure is damaged.
They cut her.
I know. It's sickening. It's cannibalistic.
This is going on?
There's been rumblings about a couple of B-level super heroes-- no offense-- selling parts of themselves, or trading it for who-knows-what.
I heard Darkhawk might be.
They are killing that girl. I lost her.
We have to-- we have to--
I thought you weren't a super hero anymore.
'M not.
Anybody paying you to find her?


EMERGENCY ENTRANCE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE
EXIT
God, this is going to suck.
Oh, you poor dear. Let me get you a towel.
Uh, is there anyone I can talk to about something?
What is it, dear?
Um...
I have a bit of a situation-- before I check myself in here.
Are you HIV positive?


No, no-- I'm... I have-- uh--
I used to be a super hero, and--
You're a mutant?
No. I just have... things I can do that--
It's okay if you are-- we're glad to help you.
We just have to know for insurance purposes, and we have certain tests we have to--
No. No. I just need to know if there's someone on staff who can help with my specific-- or if--
Just fill this out.
I'll see if Dr. Cirello is available.


That's quiet a bonk to the beezer you took, Jessica.
I feel so stupid.
It's OK. Your bleeding's stopped, and that's good.
I just want to make sure I didn't do any real damage.
No, no. You did the right thing, coming in here.
I feel so stupid.
So, Jessica, I was looking over your blood work, and...
She says she's a super hero.
Oh, yeaaah. She's the Scarlet Witch.
I recognize her.
She looks like shit.
She's on something. They're all on something. Their bodies can't take the stress.
I wonder if she knows Captain America.
Honey, look at her. She doesn't even know Quasar.
Stand by for confirmation, over. Cchhcckk
Jessica Jones?
Yes.
Can you tell us what happened to your face?


Short of being chopped in half and waking up to find out that I have been turned into a half woman/ half robot cyborg...
...I can't imagine how that little adventure could have gone any worse.
The cops were so goddamn condescending. Bunch o' fucking power-tripping motherfuckers.
I enjoyed every bullshit lie I told them about how I was mugged.
Fuckers.
Fuck them!
Treat a woman like she's a child that shouldn't be out after dark.
Jake's
Eff you, little-dick, badge-wearing assholes.
Do your job!!
That whole thing was fucking awful.
I hope that Urich guy finds out something about where Mattie is, and I hope he tells Jonah to leave me alone.
I just want to get that girl home safe. Then I want to be left alone.
My body can't take this kind of abuse. I'm not that kind of person. I don't have the--

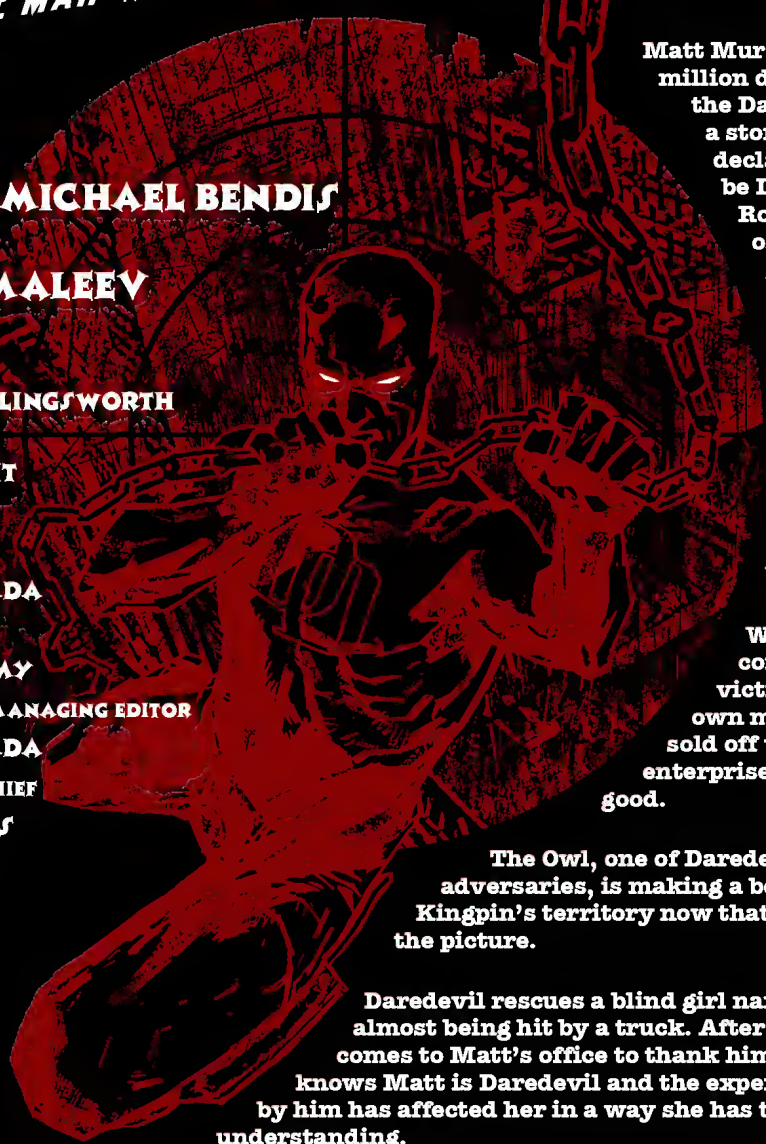

Aaiieee!!
Yeeeaarrggh!!
Gsssshh...
Aargh!


Listen up, bitchcakes. My name is Jessica Drew.
I'm the original Spider-Woman, and what you just got was a face-full of my spider-bite.
Where the fuck is Mattie Franklin?
To be continued...


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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
LOWLIFE
3 OF 5
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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock files a 400 million dollar lawsuit against the Daily Globe for printing a story declaring him to be Daredevil. Mr. Rosenthal, the owner of the paper, vows to go the distance with Murdock because he knows the story is true.

Matt's public struggle against the newspaper makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Wilson Fisk lies in a coma in Europe, a victim of a mutiny by his own men. His wife Vanessa sold off the organized crime enterprise and left the city for good.

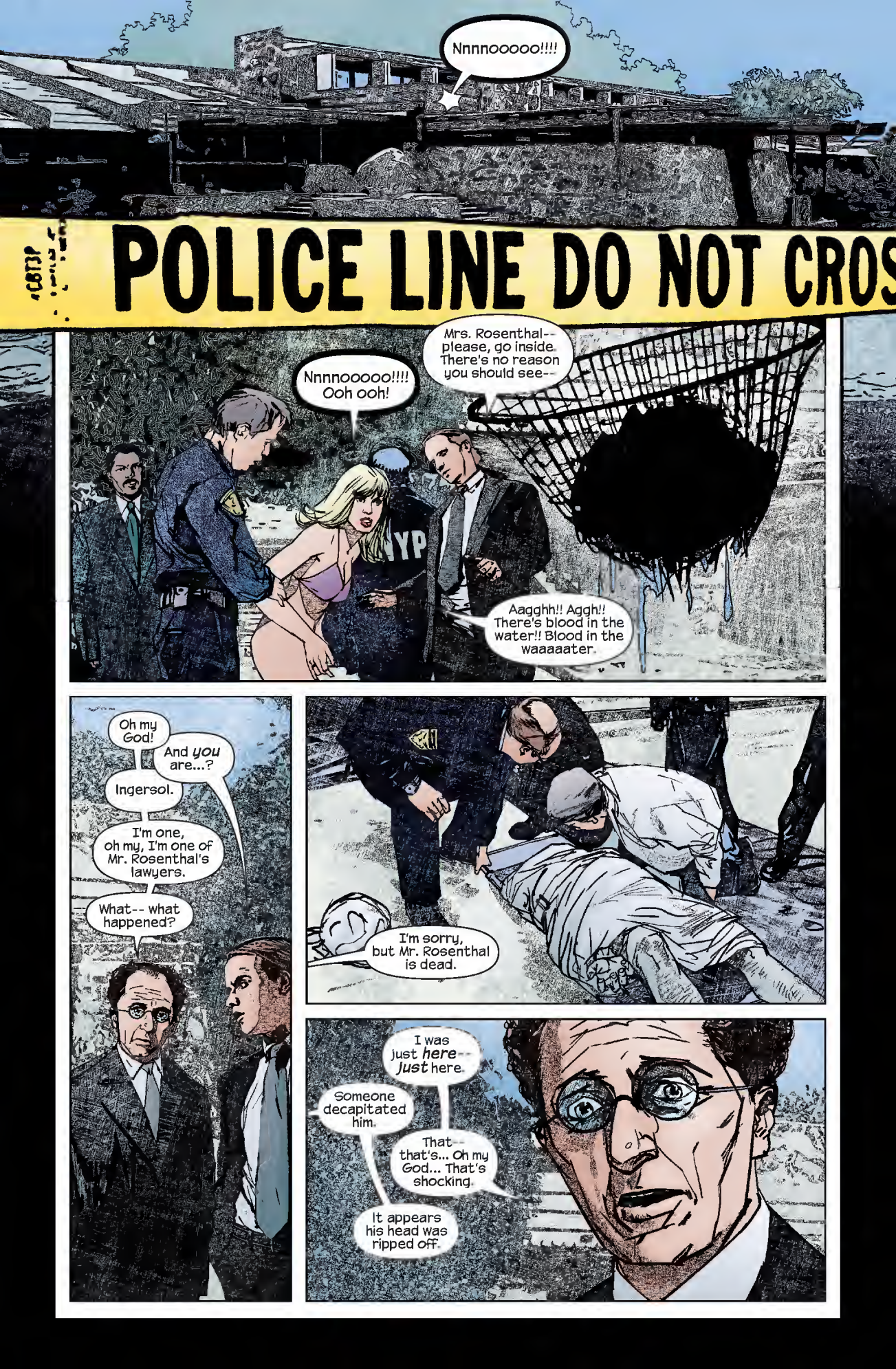
The Owl, one of Daredevil's oldest adversaries, is making a bold play for the Kingpin's territory now that Wilson Fisk is out of the picture.

Daredevil rescues a blind girl named Milla from almost being hit by a truck. After the accident, Milla comes to Matt's office to thank him for saving her. She knows Matt is Daredevil and the experience of being saved by him has affected her in a way she has trouble understanding.

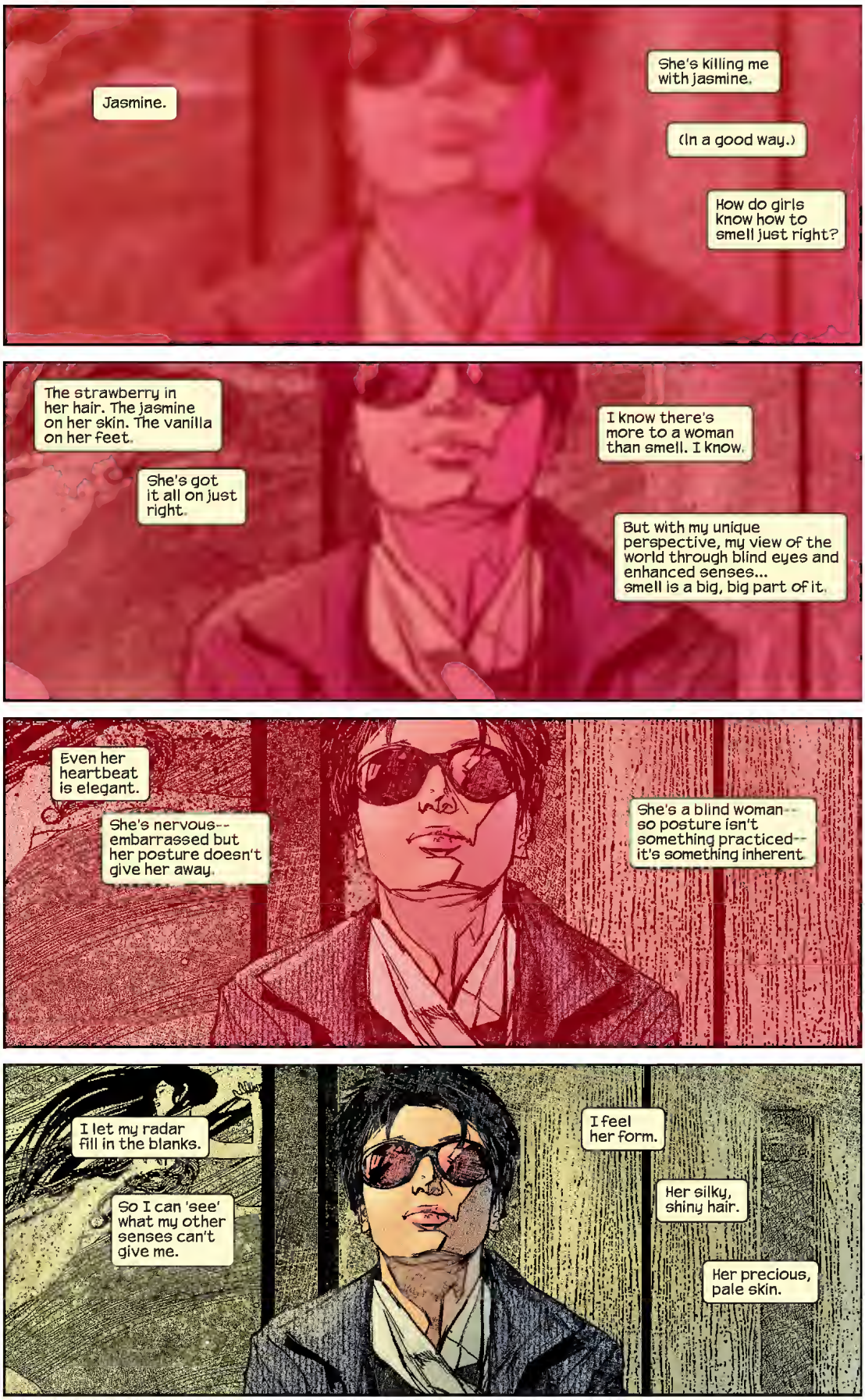
Mr. Rosenthal is murdered in his own home by a mysterious assailant.

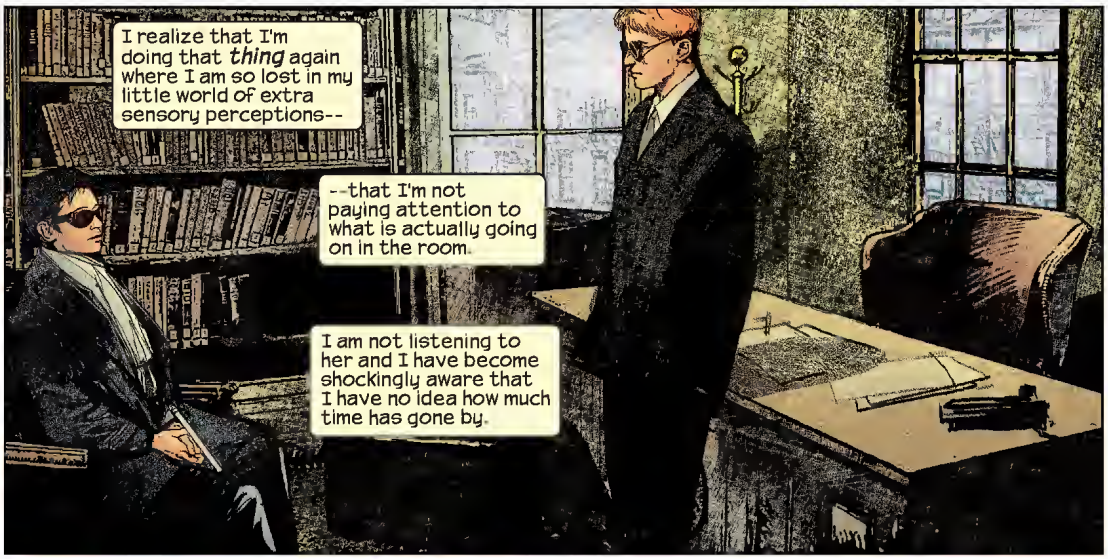
Lowlife • Part 3

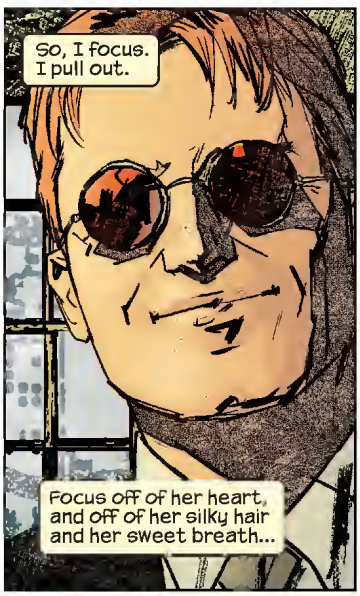
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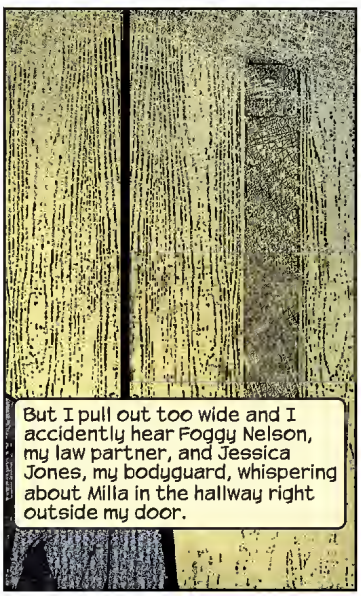

Nnnnooooo!!!!
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROS
Nnnnooooo!!!! Ooh ooh!
Mrs. Rosenthal-- please, go inside. There's no reason you should see--
NYP
Aagghh!! Aggh!! There's blood in the water!! Blood in the waaaaater.
Oh my God!
And you are...?
Ingersol.
I'm one, oh my, I'm one of Mr. Rosenthal's lawyers.
What-- what happened?
I'm sorry, but Mr. Rosenthal is dead.
I was just here-- just here.
Someone decapitated him.
That-- that's... Oh my God... That's shocking.
It appears his head was ripped off.

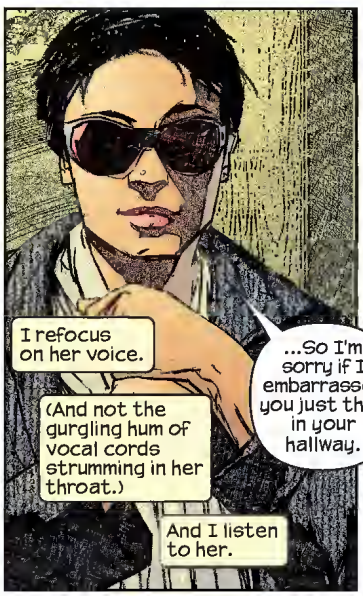

Ripped off?
Instead of cut off.
The maid found him.
Dear Lord.
What was your last conversation about?
Is there anyone you could think of...?
"Anyone I could think of?" How about half the city.
Have you ever met a nice, well-liked, rich person, detective?
I don't know *any* rich people.
This is shocking.
My head's swimming.
We were-- we were *just* talking-- standing right over there not an hour ago--
We were talking about the Murdock case and--
The Murdock case?
Yeah-- you probably heard about this--
One of Mr. Rosenthal's papers outed that blind lawyer, Matt Murdock.
So Murdock is suing him. Big mess.
The Daredevil thing.
You're talking about Daredevil.
Yeah...


Jasmine.
She's killing me with jasmine.
(In a good way.)
How do girls know how to smell just right?
The strawberry in her hair. The jasmine on her skin. The vanilla on her feet.
She's got it all on just right.
I know there's more to a woman than smell. I know.
But with my unique perspective, my view of the world through blind eyes and enhanced senses... smell is a big, big part of it.
Even her heartbeat is elegant.
She's nervous-- embarrassed but her posture doesn't give her away.
She's a blind woman-- so posture isn't something practiced-- it's something inherent.
I let my radar fill in the blanks.
So I can 'see' what my other senses can't give me.
I feel her form.
Her silky, shiny hair.
Her precious, pale skin.


I realize that I'm doing that *thing* again where I am so lost in my little world of extra sensory perceptions--
--that I'm not paying attention to what is actually going on in the room.
I am not listening to her and I have become shockingly aware that I have no idea how much time has gone by.

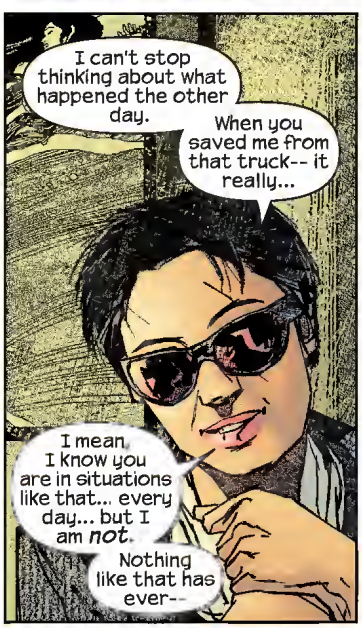

So, I focus. I pull out.
Focus off of her heart, and off of her silky hair and her sweet breath...

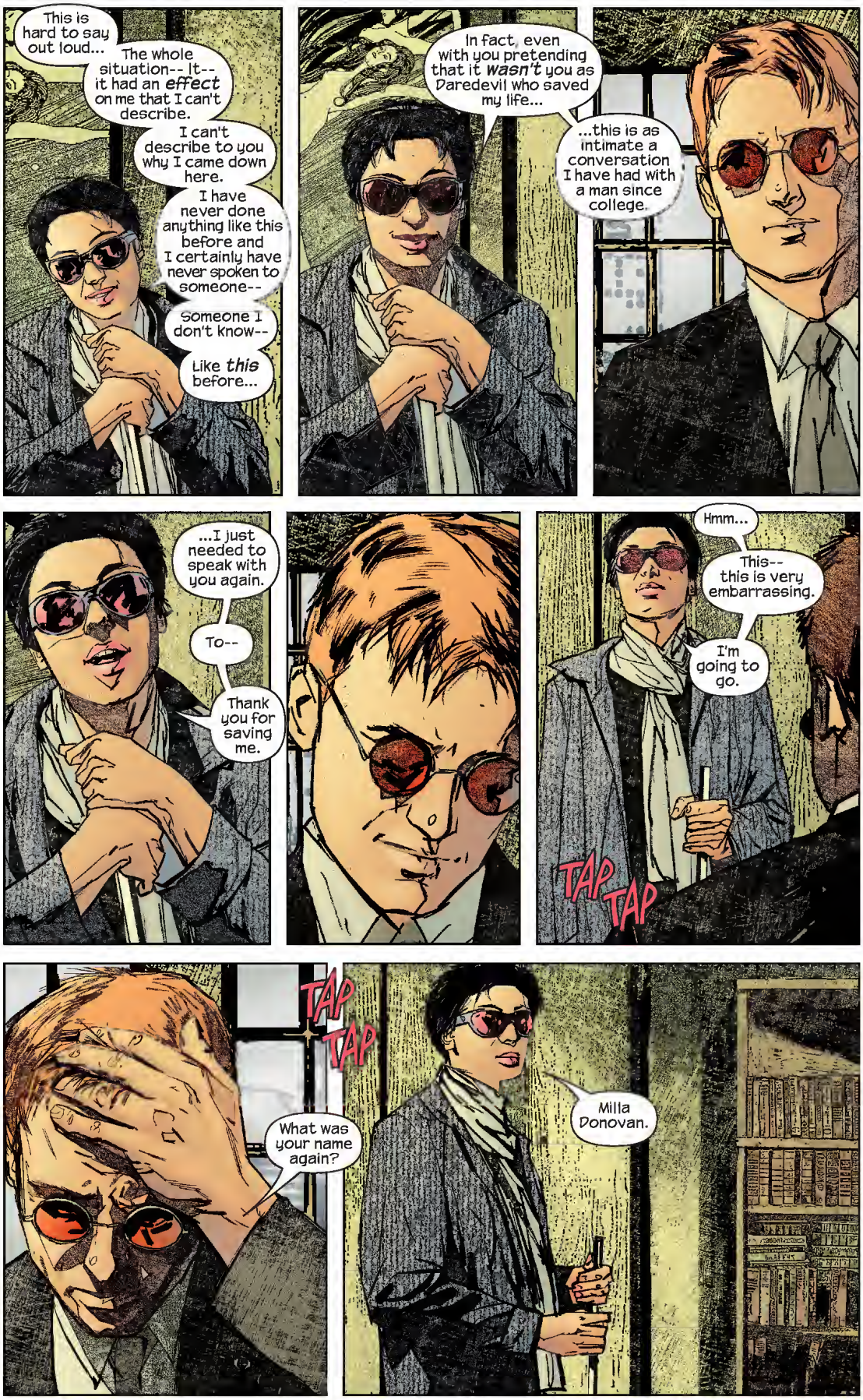

But I pull out too wide and I accidently hear Foggy Nelson, my law partner, and Jessica Jones, my bodyguard, whispering about Milla in the hallway right outside my door.

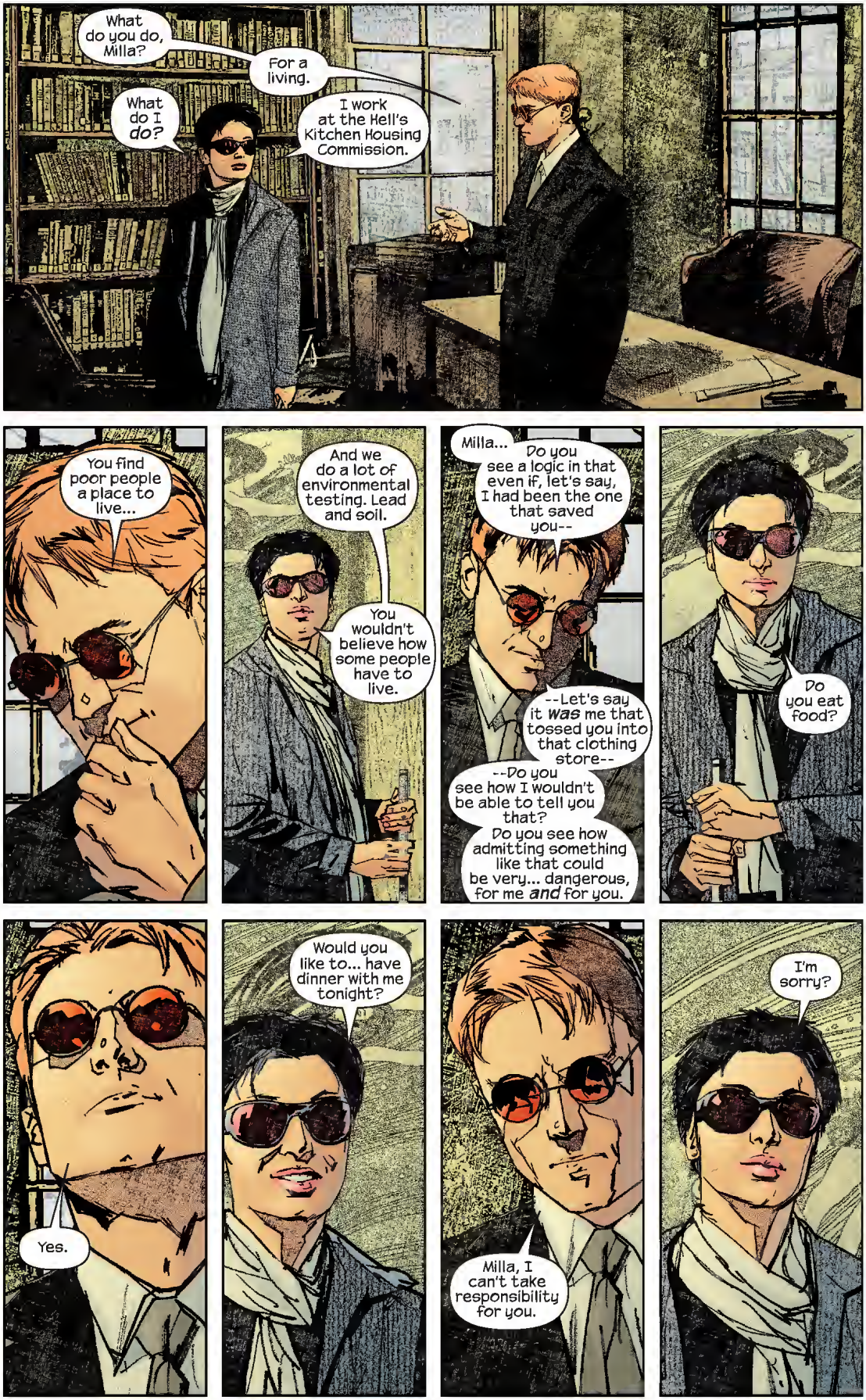

I refocus on her voice.
(And not the gurgling hum of vocal cords strumming in her throat.)
...So I'm sorry if I embarrassed you just then in your hallway.
And I listen to her.

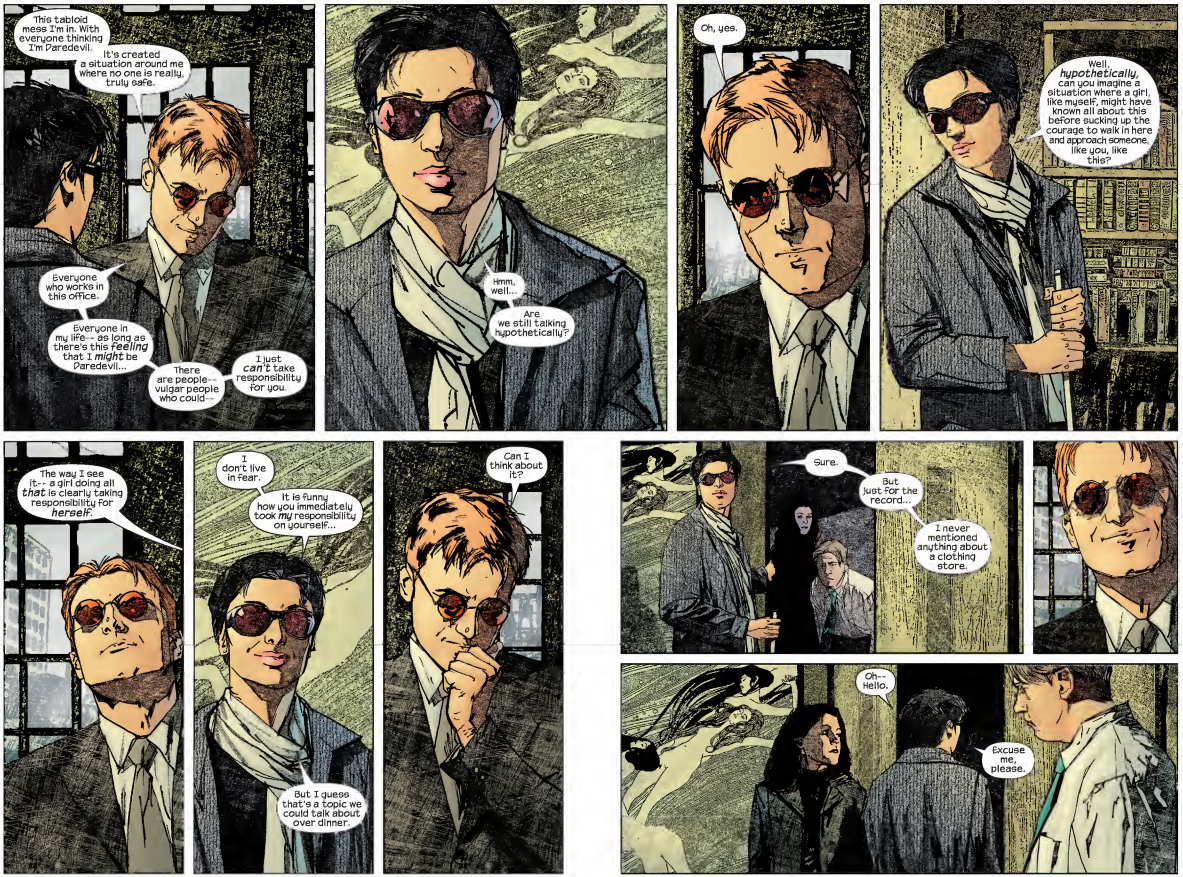

No, no.
I'm not trying to make you uncomfortable.


But I-- I just couldn't think of any way to approach you other than this.
It's just that you are mistaken about my being Daredevil. That story just isn't--

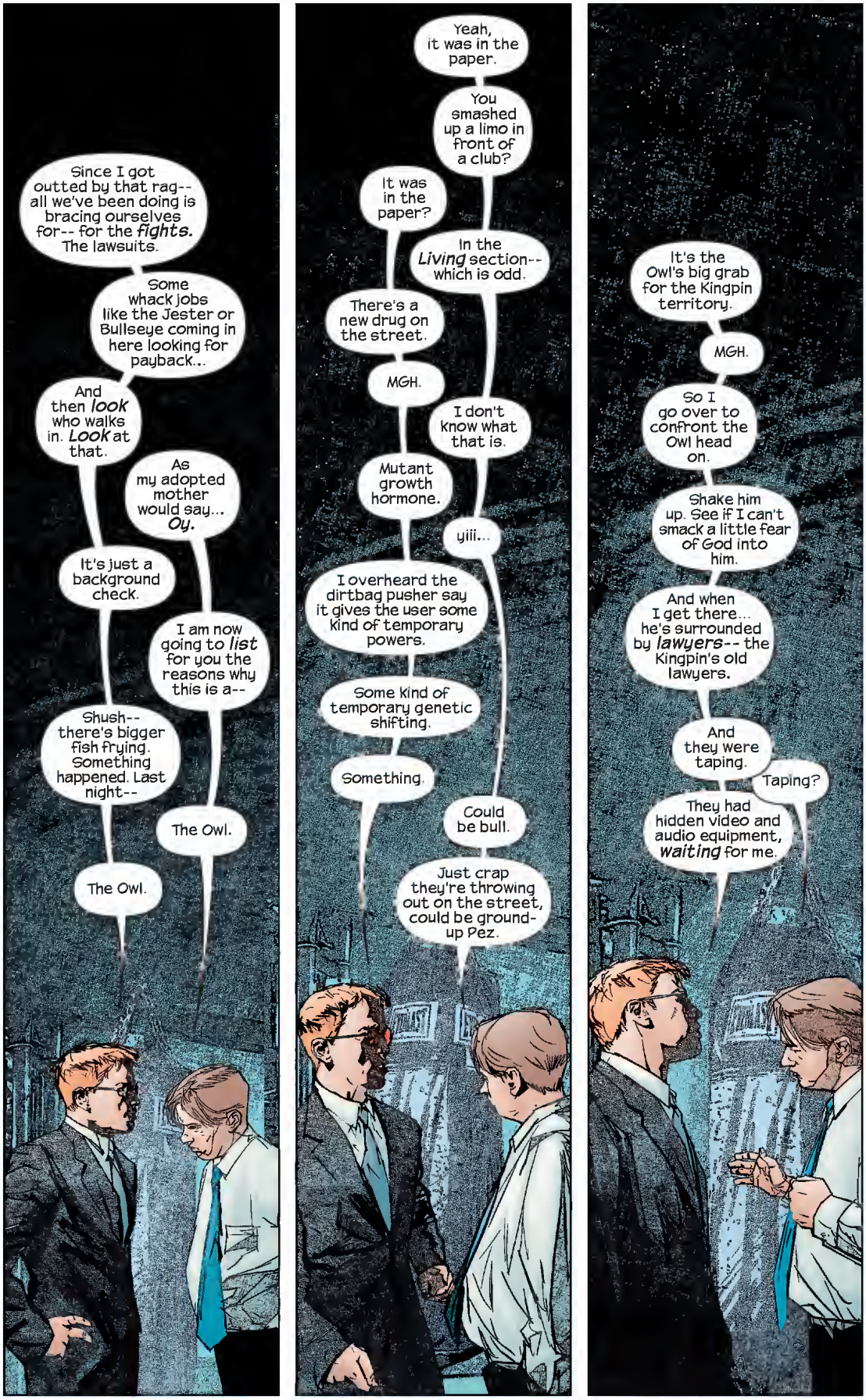

I can't stop thinking about what happened the other day.
When you saved me from that truck-- it really...
I mean, I know you are in situations like that... every day... but I am *not*.
Nothing like that has ever--

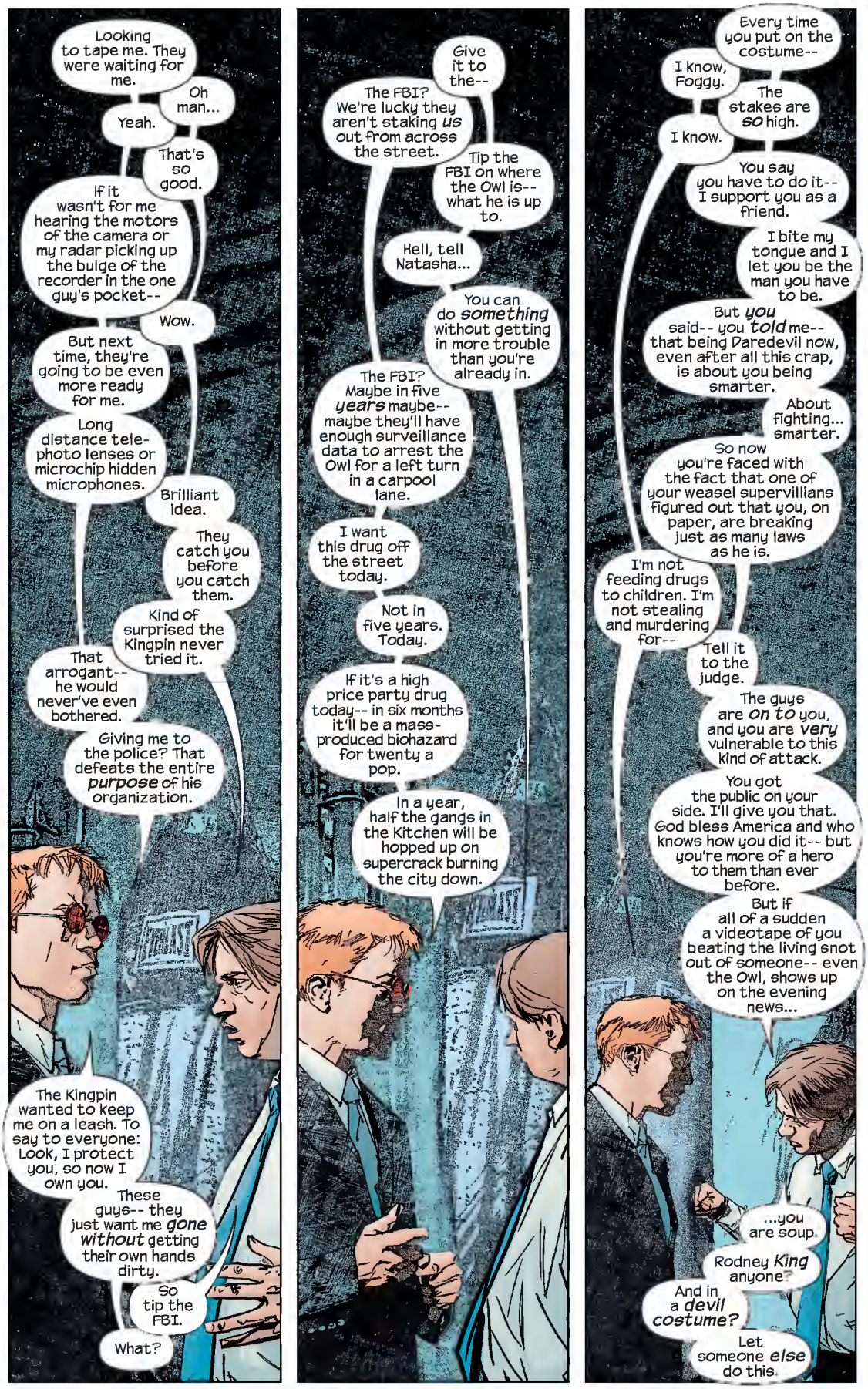

This is hard to say out loud...
The whole situation-- It-- it had an *effect* on me that I can't describe.
I can't describe to you why I came down here.
I have never done anything like this before and I certainly have never spoken to someone--
Someone I don't know--
Like *this* before...
In fact, even with you pretending that it *wasn't* you as Daredevil who saved my life...
...this is as intimate a conversation I have had with a man since college.
...I just needed to speak with you again.
To--
Thank you for saving me.
Hmm...
This-- this is very embarrassing.
I'm going to go.
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
What was your name again?
Milla Donovan.


What do you do, Milla?
For a living.
What do I *do*?
I work at the Hell's Kitchen Housing Commission.
You find poor people a place to live...
And we do a lot of environmental testing. Lead and soil.
You wouldn't believe how some people have to live.
Milla... Do you see a logic in that even if, let's say, I had been the one that saved you--
--Let's say it *was* me that tossed you into that clothing store--
--Do you see how I wouldn't be able to tell you that?
Do you see how admitting something like that could be very... dangerous, for me *and* for you.
Do you eat food?
Yes.
Would you like to... have dinner with me tonight?
Milla, I can't take responsibility for you.
I'm sorry?


This tabloid mess I'm in. With everyone thinking I'm Daredevil.
It's created a situation around me where no one is really, truly safe.
Everyone who works in this office.
Everyone in my life-- as long as there's this *feeling* that I *might* be Daredevil...
There are people-- vulgar people who could--
I just *can't* take responsibility for you.
Hmm, well...
Are we still talking hypothetically?
Oh, yes.
Well, *hypothetically*, can you imagine a situation where a girl, like myself, might have known all about this before sucking up the courage to walk in here and approach someone, like you, like this?
The way I see it-- a girl doing all *that* is clearly taking responsibility for *herself*.
I don't live in fear.
It is funny how you immediately took *my* responsibility on yourself...
But I guess that's a topic we could talk about over dinner.
Can I think about it?
Sure.
But just for the record...
I never mentioned anything about a clothing store.
Oh-- Hello.
Excuse me, please.


Wow.
No!!
Okay.
But, wow.
No.
Jessica, can you do me a favor?
No!
Can you run a background check from here or do you need to go back to Alias?
No!
I can do it from here. Need a computer, is all. Internet.
No!
Her name is Milla Donovan--lives here in "the Kitchen."
Got it.
I'm just running a check.
You suck!
I'm just running a check.
Oh, please.
Just curious.
You're insane.
Not here.
You're insane.
Not here.
Roof?
Basement.
What is she going to do, Foggy? Out me to the tabloids?
Oh, you *know* why this is a terrible idea.
How does she look?
I'm not telling you.
She smells great.
"Smells great."
How is it that, blind as you are, every one of your girlfriends ends up looking like a European supermodel?


Since I got outted by that rag-- all we've been doing is bracing ourselves for-- for the *fights.* The lawsuits.
Some whack jobs like the Jester or Bullseye coming in here looking for payback...
And then *look* who walks in. *Look* at that.
As my adopted mother would say... *Oy.*
It's just a background check.
I am now going to *list* for you the reasons why this is a--
Shush-- there's bigger fish frying. Something happened. Last night--
The Owl.
The Owl.
Yeah, it was in the paper.
You smashed up a limo in front of a club?
It was in the paper?
In the *Living* section-- which is odd.
There's a new drug on the street.
MGH.
I don't know what that is.
Mutant growth hormone.
yiii...
I overheard the dirtbag pusher say it gives the user some kind of temporary powers.
Some kind of temporary genetic shifting.
Something.
Could be bull.
Just crap they're throwing out on the street, could be ground-up Pez.
It's the Owl's big grab for the Kingpin territory.
MGH.
So I go over to confront the Owl head on.
Shake him up. See if I can't smack a little fear of God into him.
And when I get there... he's surrounded by *lawyers*-- the Kingpin's old lawyers.
And they were taping.
Taping?
They had hidden video and audio equipment, *waiting* for me.

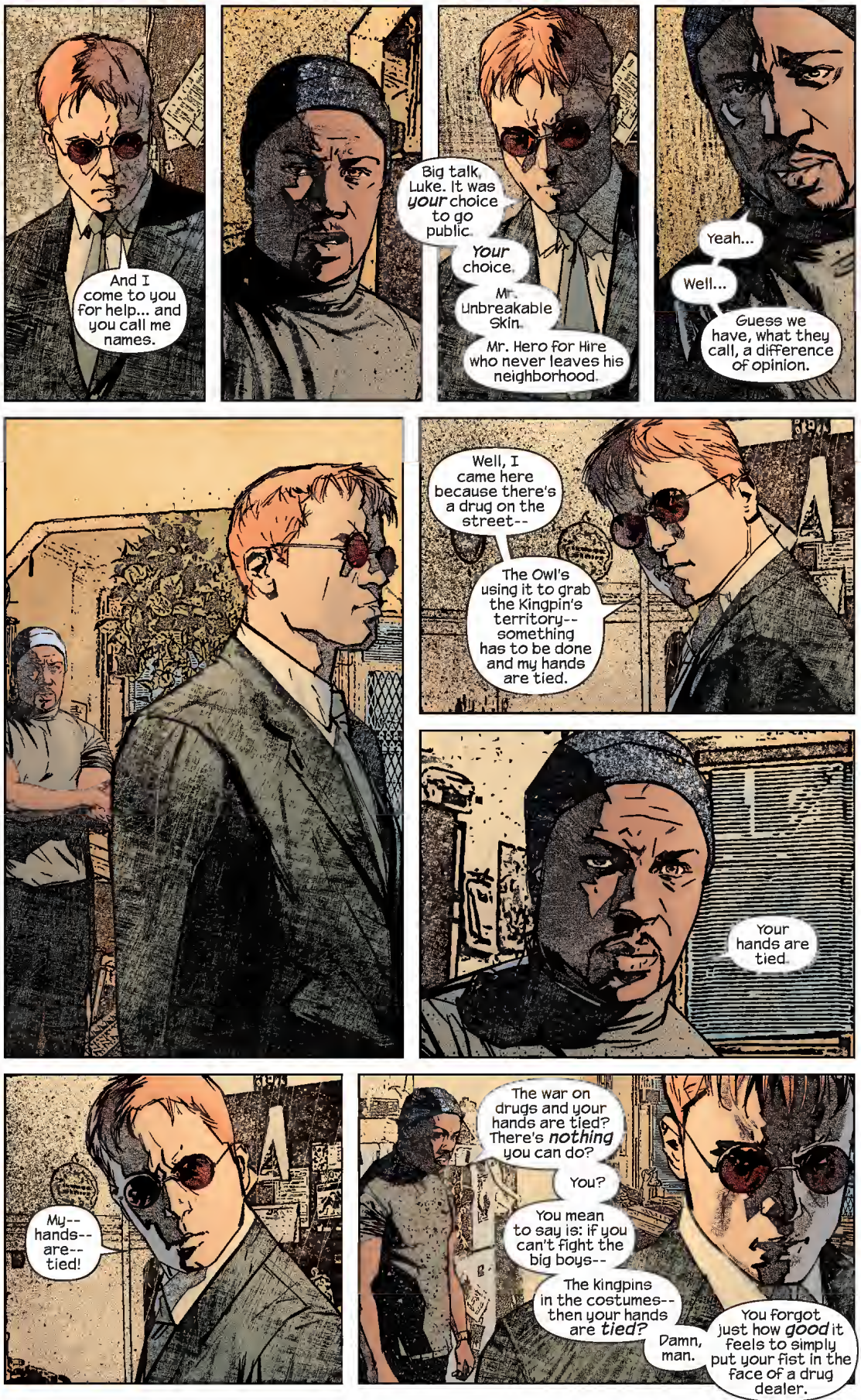

Looking to tape me. They were waiting for me.
Oh man...
Yeah.
That's so good.
If it wasn't for me hearing the motors of the camera or my radar picking up the bulge of the recorder in the one guy's pocket--
Wow.
But next time, they're going to be even more ready for me.
Long distance telephoto lenses or microchip hidden microphones.
Brilliant idea.
They catch you before you catch them.
Kind of surprised the Kingpin never tried it.
That arrogant-- he would never've even bothered.
Giving me to the police? That defeats the entire purpose of his organization.
The Kingpin wanted to keep me on a leash. To say to everyone: Look, I protect you, so now I own you.
These guys-- they just want me gone without getting their own hands dirty.
So tip the FBI.
What?
Give it to the--
The FBI? We're lucky they aren't staking us out from across the street.
Tip the FBI on where the Owl is-- what he is up to.
Hell, tell Natasha...
You can do something without getting in more trouble than you're already in.
The FBI? Maybe in five years maybe-- maybe they'll have enough surveillance data to arrest the Owl for a left turn in a carpool lane.
I want this drug off the street today.
Not in five years. Today.
If it's a high price party drug today-- in six months it'll be a mass-produced biohazard for twenty a pop.
In a year, half the gangs in the Kitchen will be hopped up on supercrack burning the city down.
Every time you put on the costume--
I know, Foggy.
The stakes are so high.
I know.
You say you have to do it-- I support you as a friend.
I bite my tongue and I let you be the man you have to be.
But you said-- you told me-- that being Daredevil now, even after all this crap, is about you being smarter.
About fighting... smarter.
So now you're faced with the fact that one of your weasel supervillians figured out that you, on paper, are breaking just as many laws as he is.
I'm not feeding drugs to children. I'm not stealing and murdering for--
Tell it to the judge.
The guys are on to you, and you are very vulnerable to this kind of attack.
You got the public on your side. I'll give you that. God bless America and who knows how you did it-- but you're more of a hero to them than ever before.
But if all of a sudden a videotape of you beating the living snot out of someone-- even the Owl, shows up on the evening news...
...you are soup.
Rodney King anyone?
And in a devil costume?
Let someone else do this.

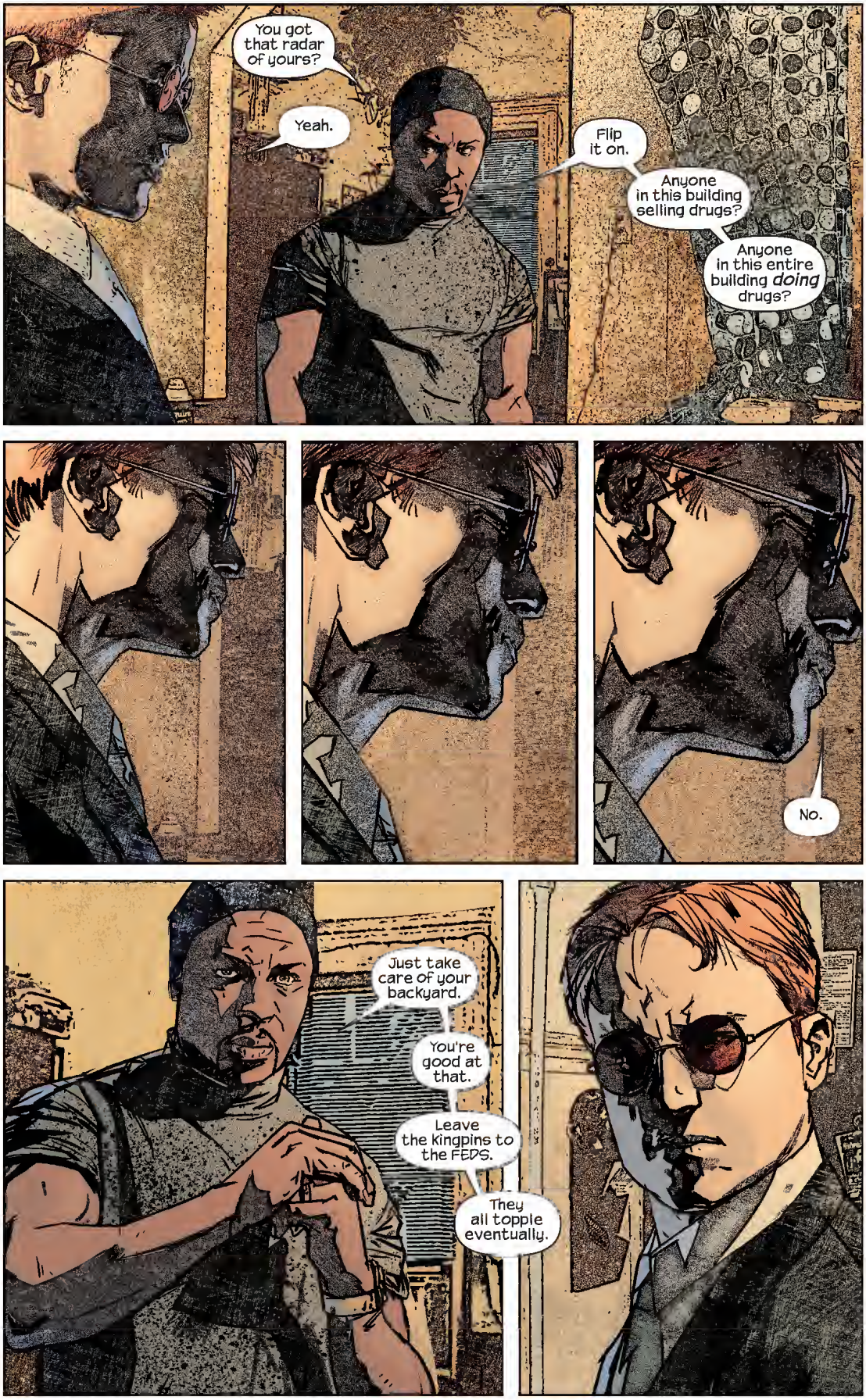

Spider-Man.
He's out of town.
Who else are you buddies with?
Luke Cage could do this.
Luke would be perfect.
He's not returning my calls.
Since when?
Since the White Tiger trial.
He can't blame you for that.
Sure he could.
Matt...
Sure he could.
He trusted me to help him and now his friend is dead.
Don't do that behind my back.
Sorry.
Jessica is coming--shush.
I can't believe that's the kind of man Luke Cage is.
Here...
That was fast.
No criminal record, no military record. It was easy.
You'll uh--you'll be buying the dinners though...
She makes less money than I do and I don't make #$%!!
Do you know where Luke Cage lives?
Uh, why?

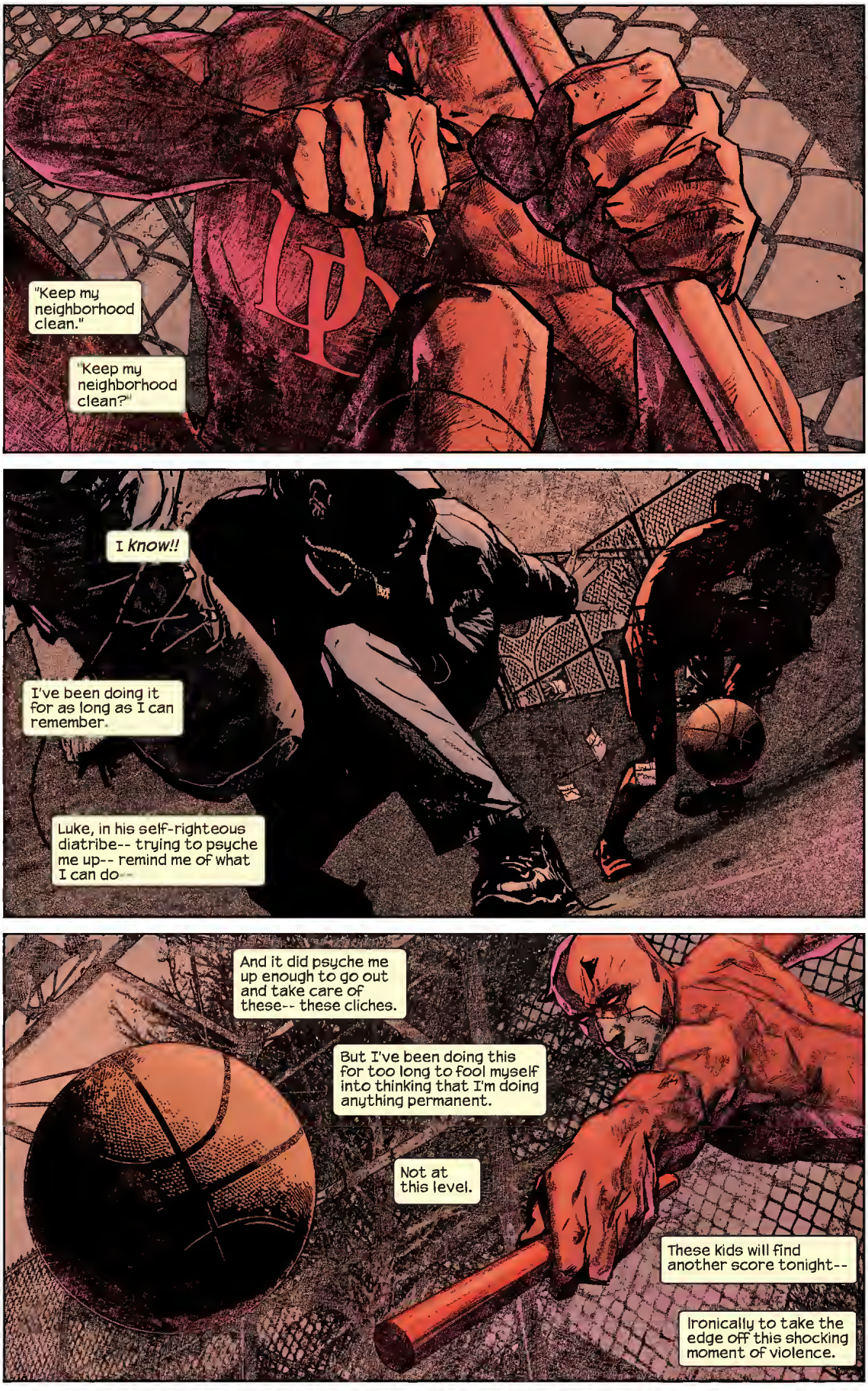

es Square
Street
KNOCK
So, I guess "taking a hint" isn't one of your powers.
Is this about Hector-- The White Tiger?
Nah, man.
That went down the way it went down.
You done everything you could.
What *is* it then?
What it *is* is... You turned into a lowlife piece of garbage.
"I'm not Daredevil. That's an outrage!!"
This "deny deny deny" thing.
The lawsuits, the lying... It's skeevy, shyster lawyer $%#€! and I don't want no part of it.
I don't *agree* with it and I don't want my face in the paper... standing next to *you*... so it *looks* like I do.
At first I felt bad for you...
But now that the, you know-- the *tumult* has died down...
In the clear light of day...


You're lying.
When it comes down to it-- you're just a liar.
My thing is--
Our entire existence, we put on the outfit-- all the crap we been through--
What puts us apart from the lowlifes is how we behaved with the crap we didn't ask for.
You could just as easily admit to who and what you are--
Because, yo, man, who you are means a lot more to people than you realize...
You are an inspiration to handicapped people... and it ain't got nothin' to do with your costume and it's nothing to be ashamed of.
Be a man! Stand for something more than just a pair of tights.
'Cuz- what's goin on now?
Just don't want no part of it.
This is you, Matt. This is your life.
And we both know that every story has a %$#&bag in it.
And right now, it's you


Uh-huh.
You know what really burns me up--
Is that after *all* that we've been through...
After all the things you've seen me do...
...and I don't have *any* credit in the bank with you?
I don't even know what that means, man.
My dad--
My dumb palooka of a father--
Who, truth be told, could barely read--
Wanted me to be a lawyer. He might have died to make sure it happened.
...and now I *am* one.
I stand in a courtroom and I make an argument-- I serve the system.
You're saying-- I should *give up* the dreams of my father, because some down-on-his-luck fed-- I don't even know-- sells me out to a tabloid?
I should lose my license to practice law and chance *jail* time?
I should have to give up my life? Become a Letterman punchline?
You think I *like* this? I *hate* this!!
You think I went to bed one night and said: "Please Lord-- please let me drown in a sea of *compromise* so thick and convoluted that I don't even know what the right thing to do is anymore."?


And I come to you for help... and you call me names.
Big talk, Luke. It was *your* choice to go public.
Your choice.
Mr. Unbreakable Skin.
Mr. Hero for Hire who never leaves his neighborhood.
Yeah...
Well...
Guess we have, what they call, a difference of opinion.
Well, I came here because there's a drug on the street--
The Owl's using it to grab the Kingpin's territory-- something has to be done and my hands are tied.
Your hands are tied.
My-- hands-- are-- tied!
The war on drugs and your hands are tied? There's *nothing* you can do?
You?
You mean to say is: if you can't fight the big boys--
The kingpins in the costumes-- then your hands are *tied?*
Damn, man.
You forgot just how *good* it feels to simply put your fist in the face of a drug dealer.


You got that radar of yours?
Yeah.
Flip it on.
Anyone in this building selling drugs?
Anyone in this entire building *doing* drugs?
No.
Just take care of your backyard.
You're good at that.
Leave the kingpins to the FEDS.
They all topple eventually.


"Keep my neighborhood clean."
"Keep my neighborhood clean?"
I know!!
I've been doing it for as long as I can remember.
Luke, in his self-righteous diatribe-- trying to psyche me up-- remind me of what I can do--
And it did psyche me up enough to go out and take care of these-- these cliches.
But I've been doing this for too long to fool myself into thinking that I'm doing anything permanent.
Not at this level.
These kids will find another score tonight--
Ironically to take the edge off this shocking moment of violence.


I know the kind of man who pulls these idiots' strings.
I know how far up the money falls!
I know what kind of man killed my father.
It was one thing when I didn't know-- but now that I do--
Change your life!!
How can I go back to just this?
It's hollow.
It's fake.
It's--
not--
--enough.
It's--
not--
--enough.


Who is it?
Matt Murdock.
Uh, oh! I'll be right down.
Uh... hey.
Are you okay?
I'm-- I'm not exactly sure what I am doing here.
Come inside...
KEVIN VONG
GE GRACE


This will be a nightmare.
Well, you look very nice, Mr. Nelson.
Nelson & Murdock Law Office
Uh, Thank you...
Crow.
Your first name is Crow?
Talk to my mom.
Staying late?
I came late, so...
Enjoying your internship, Crow?
I live to Xerox.
Well, I live for black tie ACLU fund--
Who-- at this time of night?
BIZZZCOK
Matthew Murdock?
No, I'm Foggy Nelson, his-- his law partner.
Can I, uh, help you?
We need to question Mr. Murdock.
We have a search and seizure warrant.
There's been a murder.



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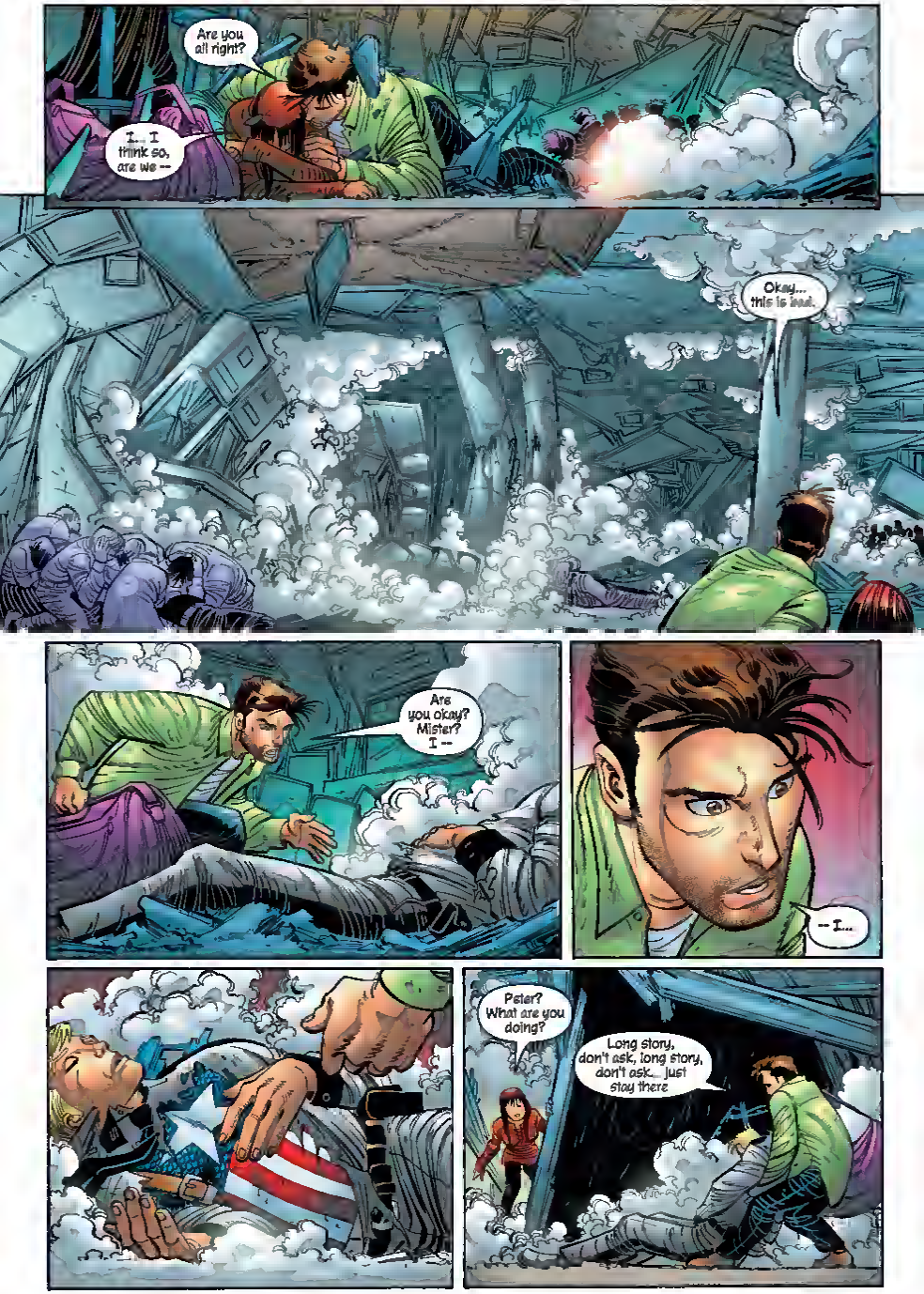
DOOMED AFFAIRS



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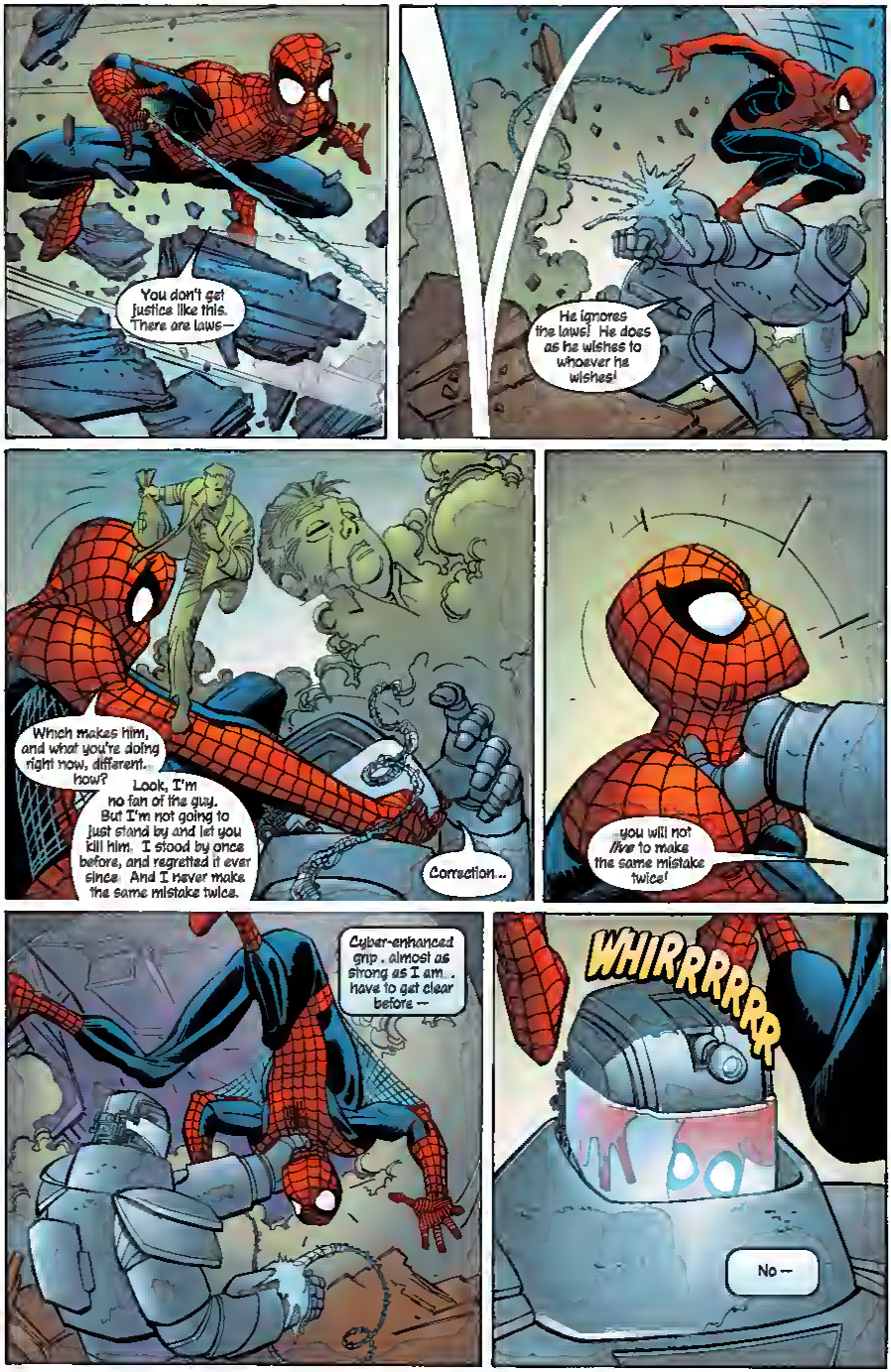

This accursed conference would not even be necessary if your country's industries were not spewing forth enough particulate matter to cause the planet to warm, melting your own Glacier Park, breaking off whole portions of the Arctic, and causing climate changes in my home country
Problems that can only be addressed by working in concert with other countries! It is an affront to our dignity! Latveria works alone. Latveria needs no one else to form our destiny!
Yeah, it's just a hard-knock life with you, isn't it?
So that's Doctor Doom, I --
MJ, something's wrong... my spider-sense is going nuts --
Well, yeah...I mean, Doctor Doom, walking right by --
No... it's something else, it's --
EEEEEEEEEE!
TAXI
EXIT
BAGGA
Doom!
Free Latveria!


Down with tyrants! Free Latveria!
FREE LATVERIA!
Down!
UNNNGH...

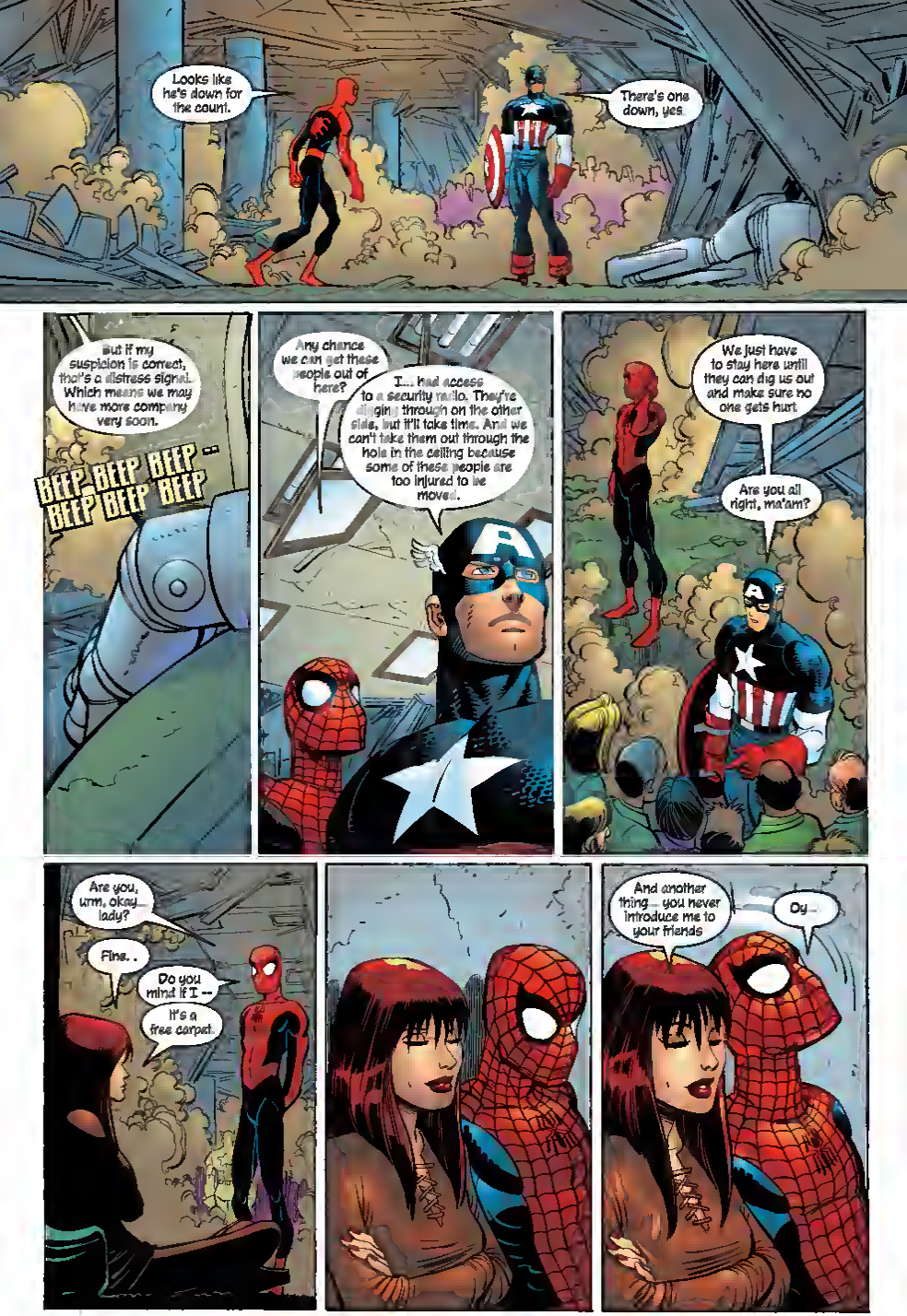

Are you all right?
I... I think so, are we --
Okay... this is bad.
Are you okay? Mister? I --
-- I...
Peter? What are you doing?
Long story, don't ask, long story, don't ask... just stay there

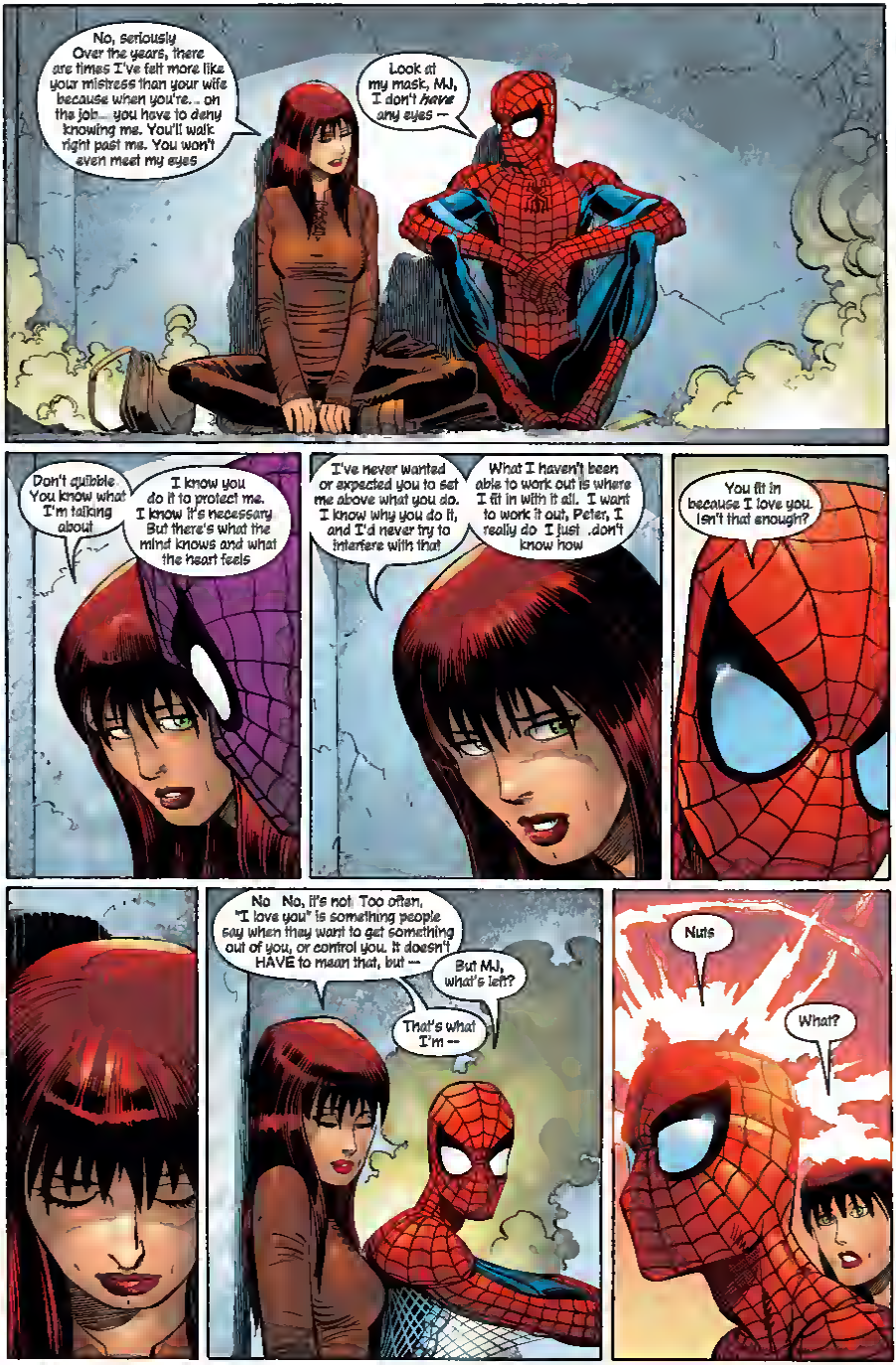

Have to move fast....
you...
DIA
...listen closely --
Don't try to move, it's --
No . no time... Avengers had me on to keep an eye on things... afraid there might be trouble --
it's going to be okay, it's over
DIA
No... it's just starting.
DIA
BOOOM
Uh, oh...
DIA


Doom! We have come for you! If the blast was not enough, we will kill you with our bare hands!
Millions of dollars and years of planning, all for this supreme moment
Doom's unconscious, nothing he can do to stop this
Die, tyrant!
Sorry --
-- not today!
WHAMMM
Close quarters. Civilians. A bad combination.
He's after Doom and he doesn't care who gets hurt along the way. But I do.
Which puts me at a tactical disadvantage
Why do you protect him? He is a murderer. A tyrant. We demand justice!


You don't get justice like this. There are laws—
He ignores the laws! He does as he wishes to whoever he wishes!
Which makes him, and what you're doing right now, different. how?
Look, I'm no fan of the guy. But I'm not going to just stand by and let you kill him. I stood by once before, and regretted it ever since. And I never make the same mistake twice.
Correction...
you will not live to make the same mistake twice!
Cyber-enhanced grip. almost as strong as I am... have to get clear before —
WHIRRRRRR
No —

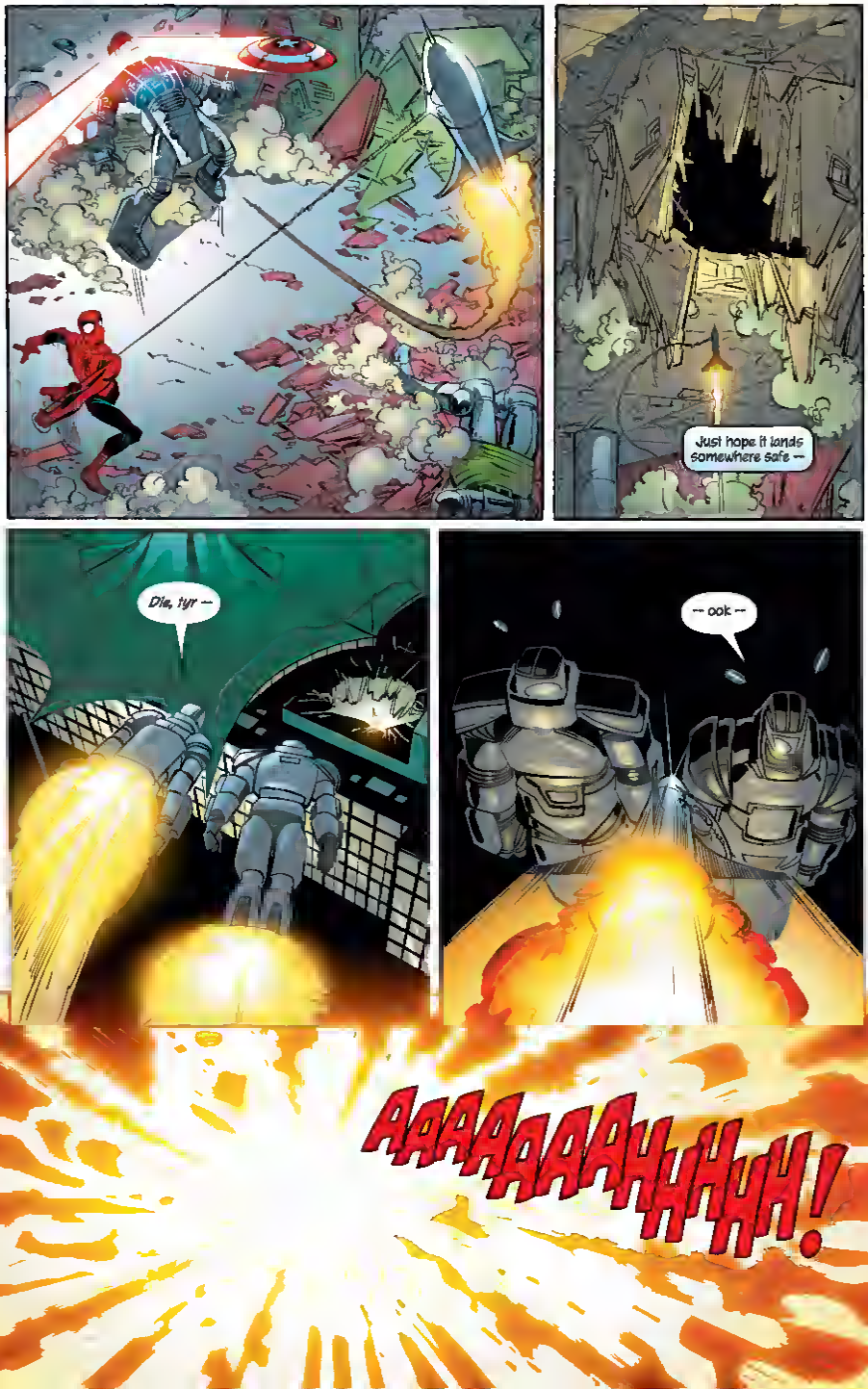

Can't get clear —
Target locked.
SPANG
What —
Mind if I cut in?
Not at all.
SLAMM


Looks like he's down for the count.
There's one down, yes.
But if my suspicion is correct, that's a distress signal. Which means we may have more company very soon.
BEEP BEEP BEEP -- BEEP BEEP BEEP
Any chance we can get these people out of here?
I... had access to a security radio. They're digging through on the other side, but it'll take time. And we can't take them out through the hole in the ceiling because some of these people are too injured to be moved.
We just have to stay here until they can dig us out and make sure no one gets hurt.
Are you all right, ma'am?
Are you, um, okay... lady?
Fine..
Do you mind if I --
It's a free carpet.
And another thing... you never introduce me to your friends
Oy...


No, seriously. Over the years, there are times I've felt more like your mistress than your wife because when you're... on the job... you have to deny knowing me. You'll walk right past me. You won't even meet my eyes
Look at my mask, MJ, I don't *have* any eyes --
Don't quibble. You know what I'm talking about
I know you do it to protect me. I know it's necessary. But there's what the mind knows and what the heart feels
I've never wanted or expected you to set me above what you do. I know why you do it, and I'd never try to interfere with that
What I haven't been able to work out is where I fit in with it all. I want to work it out, Peter, I really do. I just .don't know how
You fit in because I love you. Isn't that enough?
No. No, it's not. Too often, "I love you" is something people say when they want to get something out of you, or control you. It doesn't HAVE to mean that, but --
But MJ, what's left?
That's what I'm --
Nuts
What?


We've got company.
Die, tyrant! Free Latveria!
...sigh.
You'd think they could at least get some fresh material once in a while.
Oh, well... as Ben likes to say --
-- IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!


No —
Got to stop it —
Got it!


Just hope it lands somewhere safe --
Die, tyr --
-- ook --
AAAAAAAHHHHH!


THWP
KRAKOOM


Any of them getting up?
No.
Good
Okay... where were we?
This is so ridiculous I can't believe we're having this conversation here. I was thinking dinner, flowers, wine —
I'm pretty sure I saw some peanuts over there —
Okay. Sorry. I'm just trying to —
You know how I —
Damn it, MJ...
You just don't understand, y'know? I mean, end of the day, you really don't understand
Understand what? What is it that I don't understand? We've come all this way .. talk to me, because this... this may be our last chance.
I —
No. I don't want to talk to the spider
I want to talk to Peter.
Yes, ma'am, well, I think you'll be safe from debris over here.
...sigh....
That's right, no need to be alarmed, everything's under control.


Meshugge.
What I want to say —
What I want to say .. is you're right. It's not enough to say that I love you. You can love more than one person. You can love in more than one way. You can love somebody as a friend
It's not just that I love you, MJ
I need you.
You don't need me, Peter. You've got all these powers, you were out there doing all these things —
You're wrong
I can do "all these things" because you believe in me. Because you give me the strength and the will to get them done. Everything's easier when you're there and harder when you're not. Without you, nothing works the way it should.
But when I know you're there, in my life, I feel like I can do anything, MJ.
Anything.
MJ...?
When I left... when I went away...
...it was because I was so far outside your life, I could never do anything to help, I could never be a part of what you do, and you could do it so well, that I just...
I didn't think you needed me, Peter. That's all I wanted to know, that's all I needed to hear, that you needed me, that you..

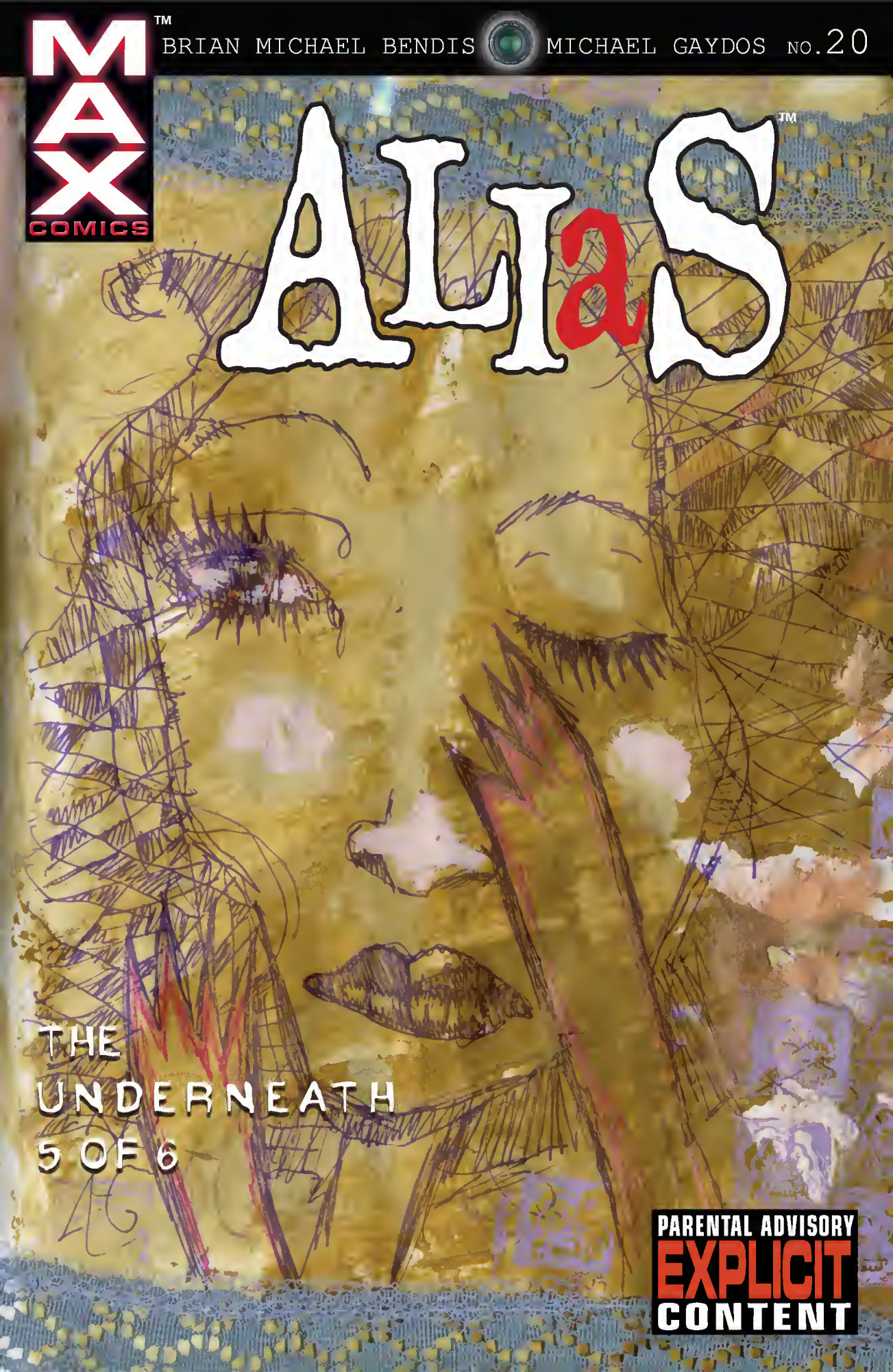

I was so afraid you didn't need me anymore.
I do. I love you, MJ.
I need you.
I'm nothing without you.
Come home.
Come home to me.


Okay... okay, Peter, I'll --
Did the ground just move?
It always does.
That's it . a little more. okay, you're clear.
Looks like everything's under control.
Mostly. We had one distraction while you were --
Doctor Doom is not a distraction.
He came to a few minutes ago.
It is my understanding that you took it upon yourself to prevent harm from befalling me.
You mean did I save your sorry butt? Yeah. I did. I'm not happy about it, but I did it.


Nonetheless, I owe you a debt, and --
Keep it. The reason those guys came after you, the reason all this happened, is that you are a tyrant, and I can't wait for the day when I can turn on CNN and watch you trying to defend yourself in front of a jury in The Hague.
So take your thanks and stick it.
It is well that I owe you a debt, because I would kill anyone else who spoke those words to me.
Yeah, yeah, tell it to the Marines.
Sir...?
We're ready to escort you to another part of the airport where you can continue your journey.
Good. It is well that I was on my way
Your countrymen have much to learn about manners
Well, sir, you know, we can't all be Canadians.
Well, at least that's over. Anything else?
No, I... guess not
BAGGAGE
Well, there is one thing...


This is... a friend of mine. A very, very dear friend of mine. MJ, Captain America. Captain America, MJ.
Hello.
Hi. I mean, hello. Sir. I mean --
It's all right.
A word to the wise from someone who's been down this road for a while.
The mask is supposed to hide your face. Don't let it hide your heart.
Who was that masked man?
I'm so going to hurt you.
I need to find a place to change. Then we're going for a long walk while your travel agent books you on a flight to New York...
"...I don't want anything to get in the way of us again."
Please empty your pockets of anything metal.
CLINK CLINK
Oh, my...


Now, tell the truth, isn't this better than hanging around with the Amazing Lobster-Boy?
That's the Amazing Lobster-Man.
Not in those tights.
God, but I missed you, MJ. I missed you so much.
This won't be easy, you know that.
I know. But it's worth it.
You're worth it.
You're worth it and I love you and I need you. Welcome back, MJ.
Welcome back.


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.20
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
5 OF 6
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

CORY PETIT
letters

C.B CEBULSKI
editor

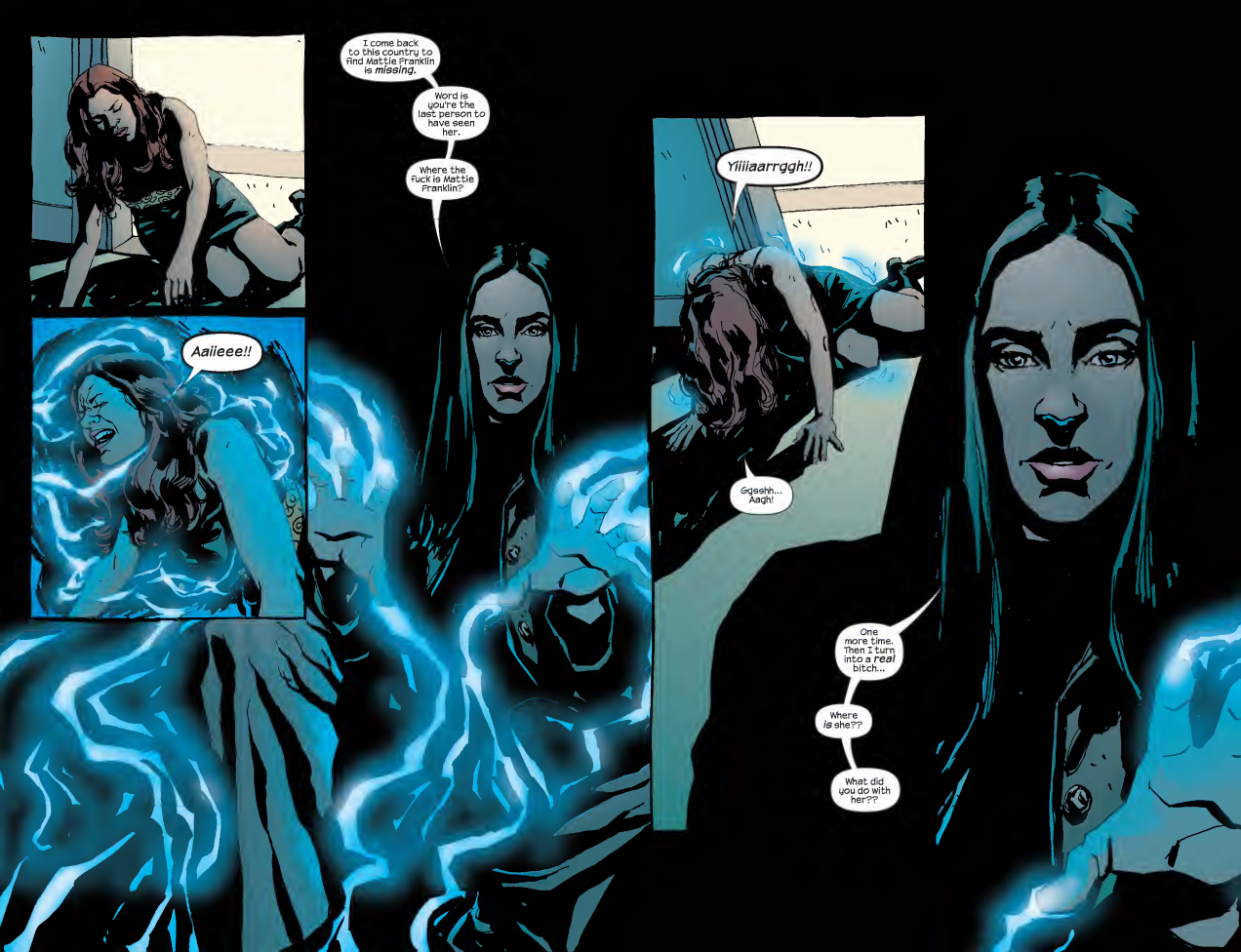
JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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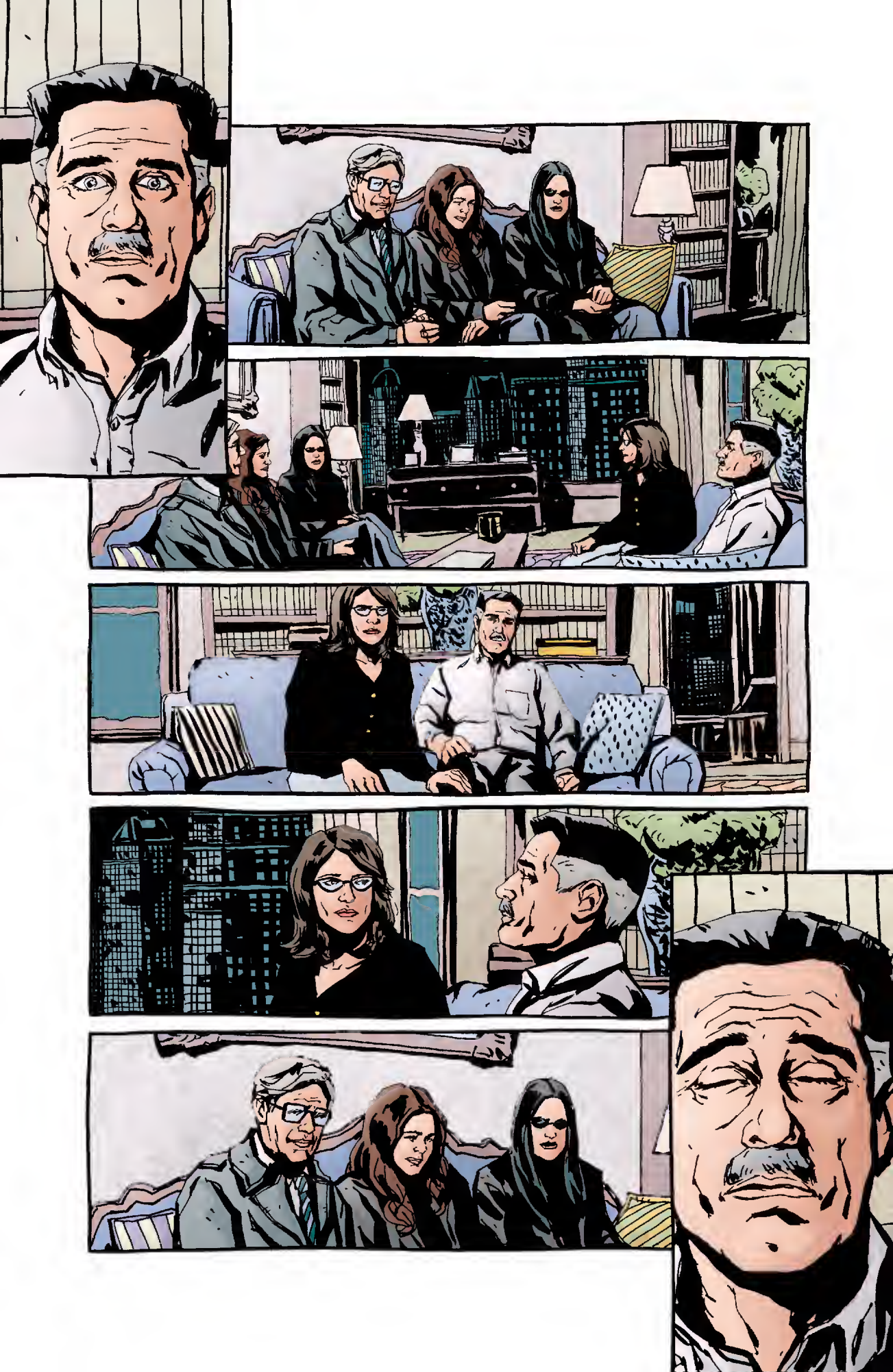

I come back to this country to find Mattie Franklin is *missing*.
Word is you're the last person to have seen her.
Where the fuck is Mattie Franklin?
Aaiieee!!
Yiiiiaarrggh!!
Gqsshh... Aagh!
One more time. Then I turn into a ***real*** bitch...
Where *is* she??
What did you do with her??

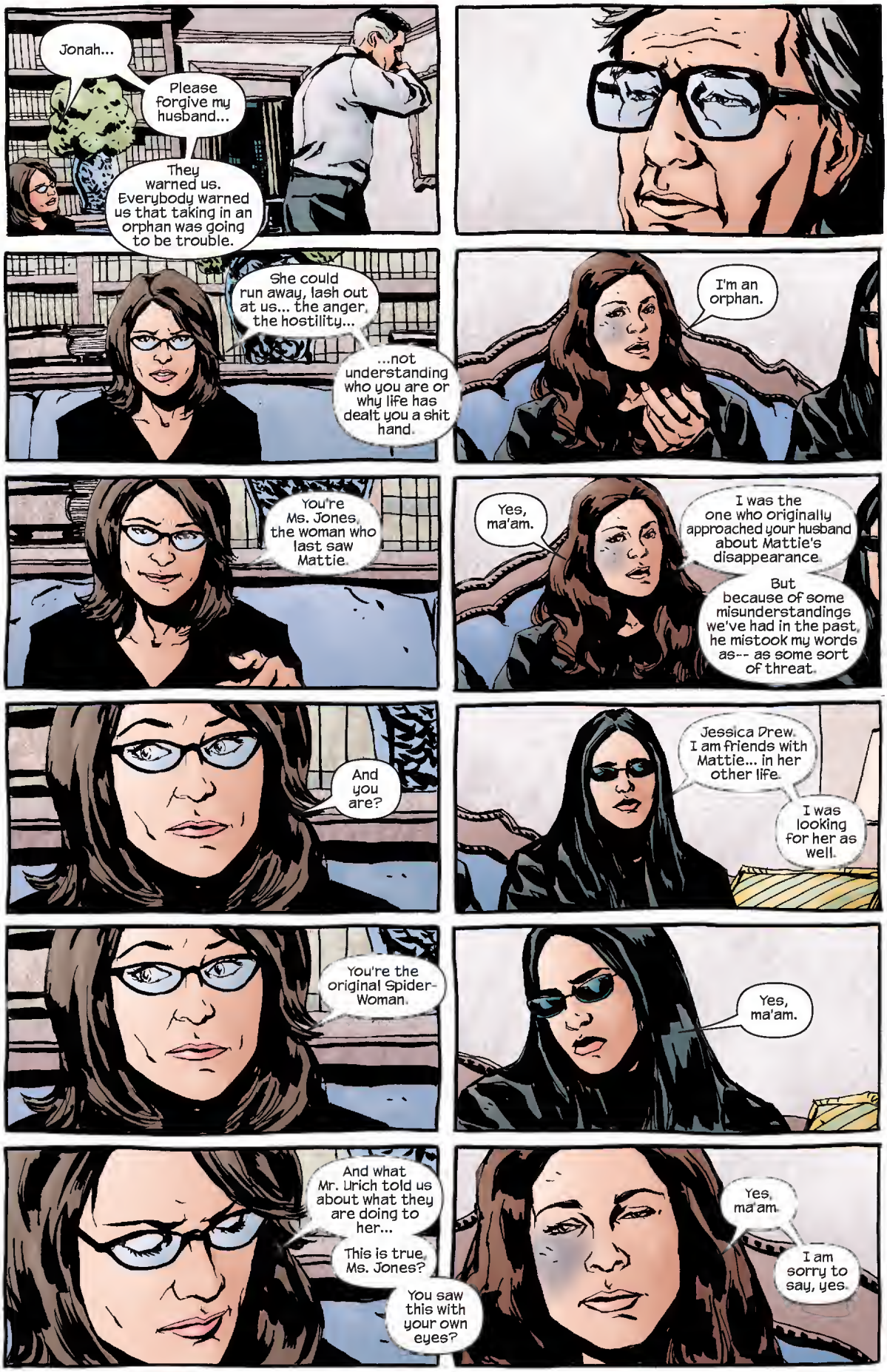

I didn't do anything...
I am looking for her, too.
I fucking called you.
What?
Check your answering machine, you bitch!!
BEEP
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BEEP

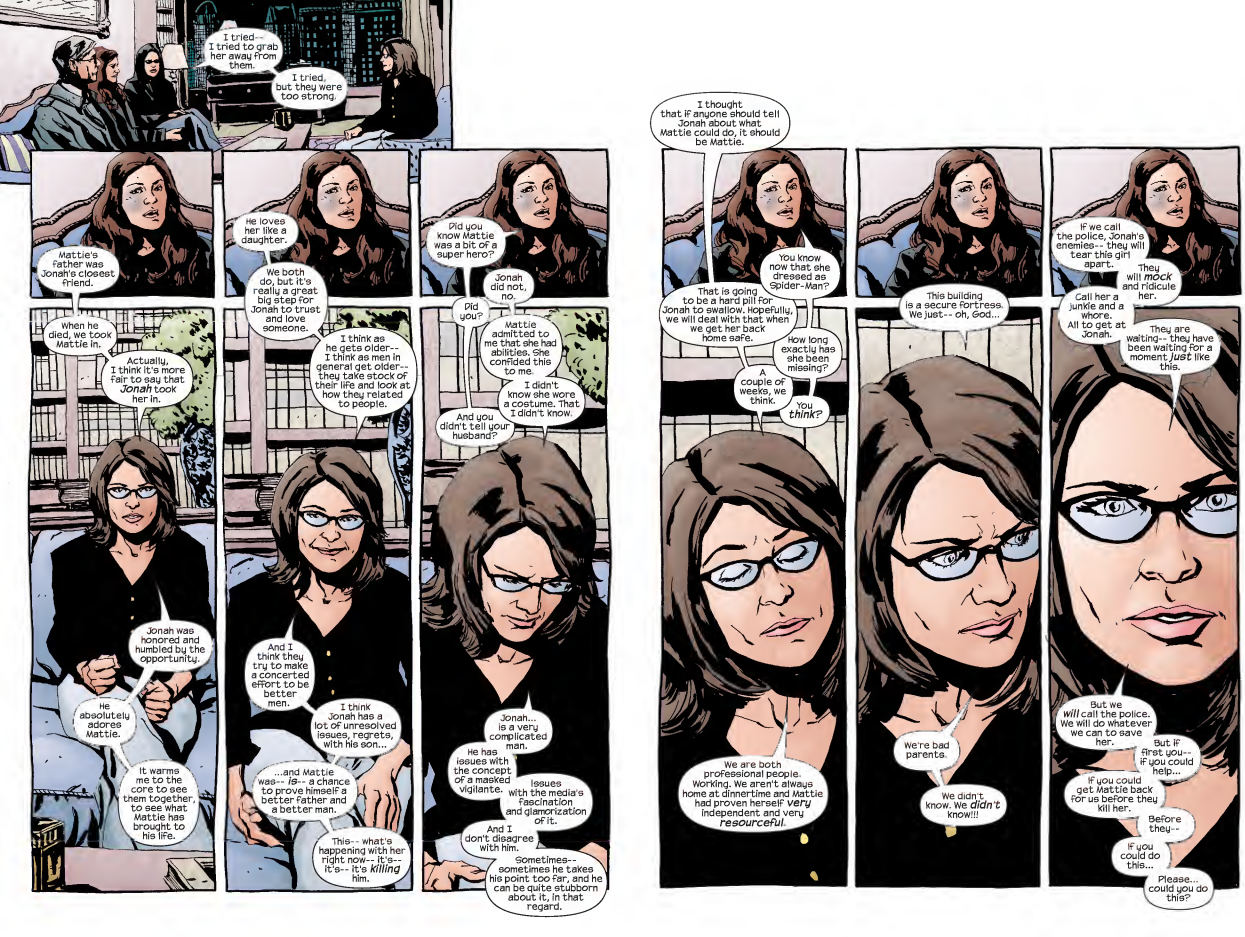

Sniff...
You called me.
Yes.
Huh.
So, uh, what happened here, exactly?
So, you're Jessica Drew...
And you're Jessica Jones.

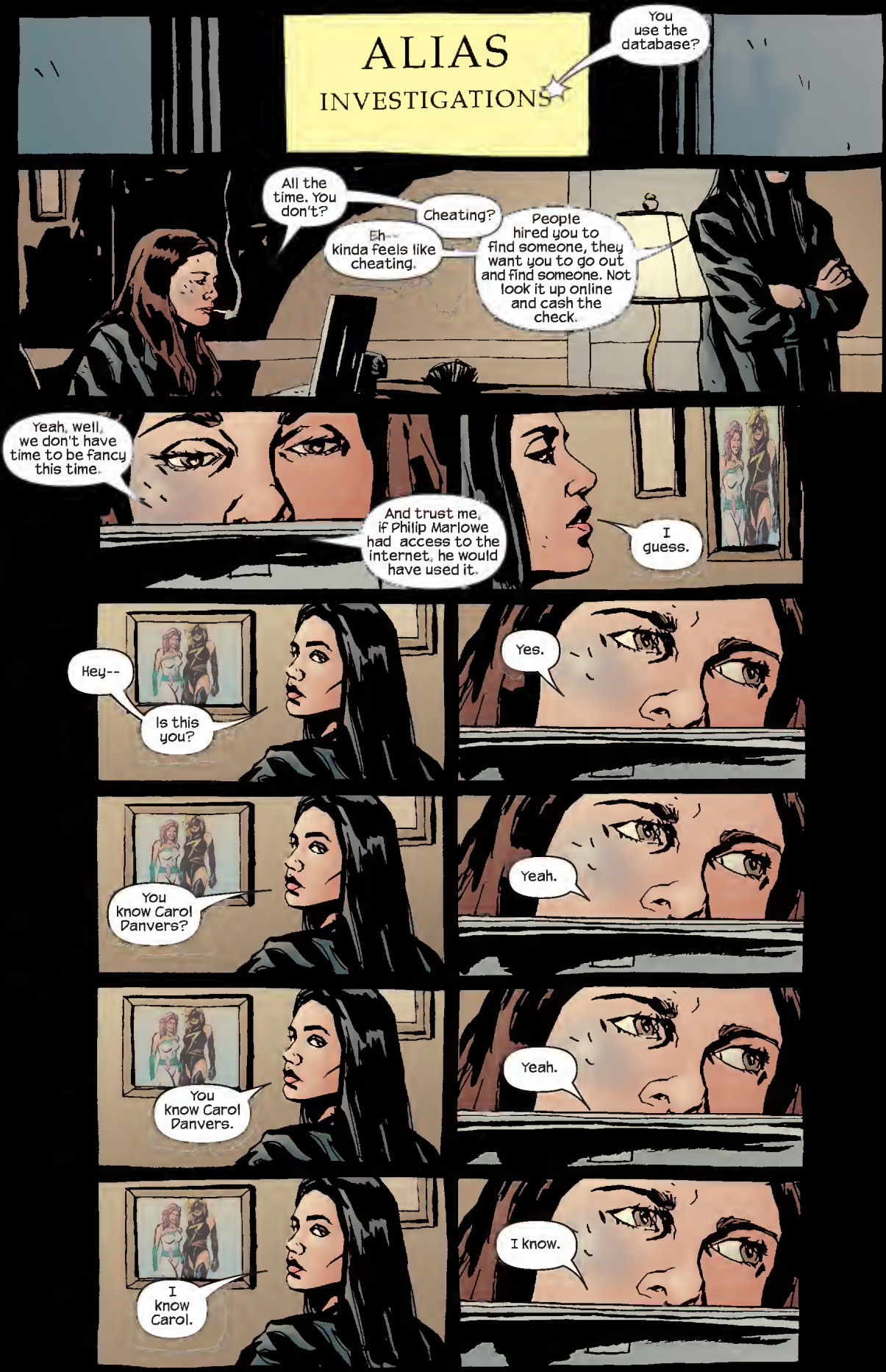

CRASH
Tsk-- I shouldn't have done that.
Broke my kitchen table.
GLEE GLEE GLEE
Fuck-- my nose is bleeding.
GLEE GLEE GLEE

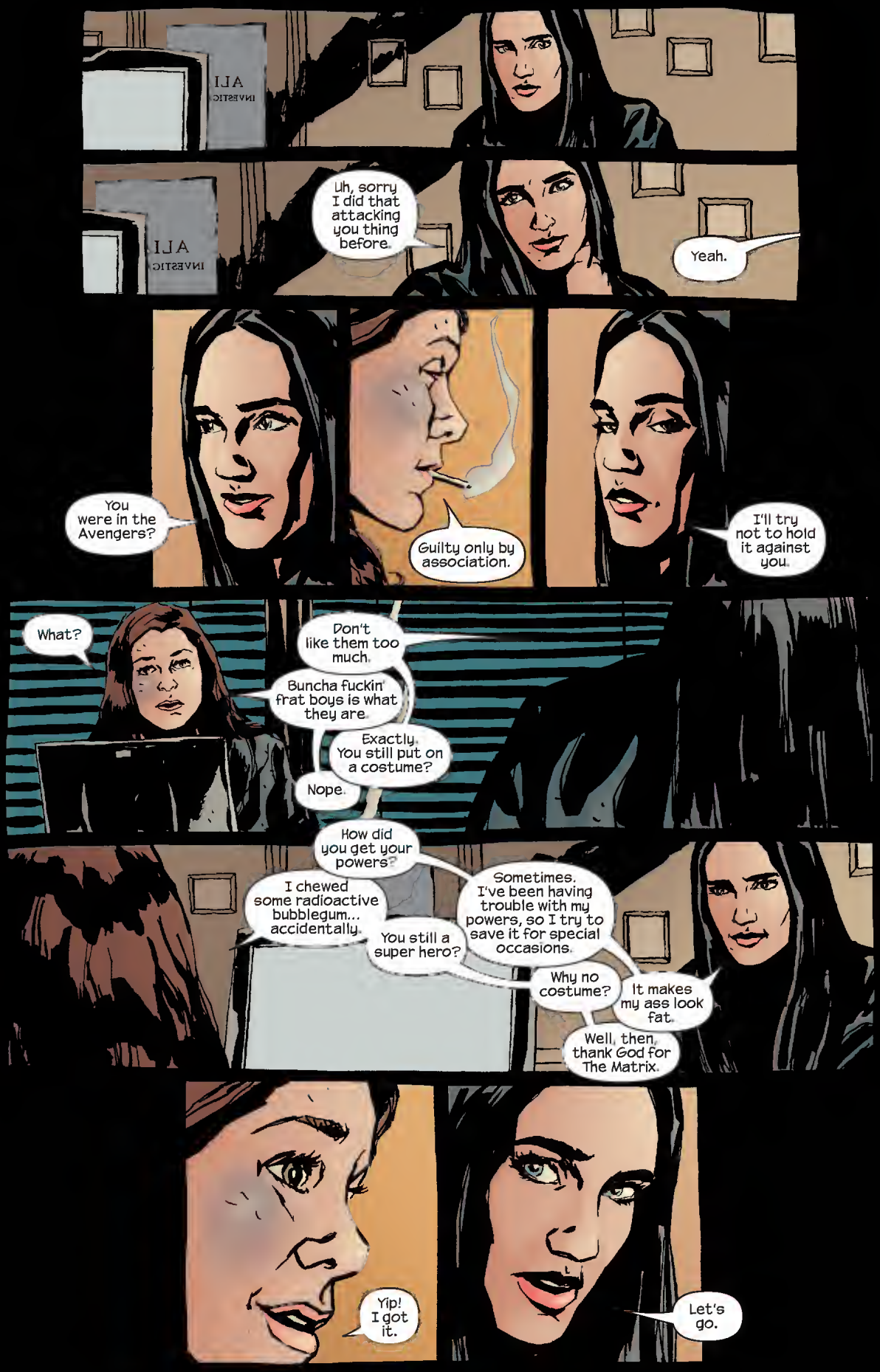

GLEE
GLEE
GLEE
GLEE
GLEE
GLEE
PRIVATE CALLER
SEND
ENTER
END
CLEAR
Private caller.
I'm not in the mood for any more surprises tonight. Swear to God.
I hope I don't have nerve damage.
Hello?
Jessica, it's Ben Urich, investigative reporter from the Daily Bugle.
Yeah?
Mr. Jameson would like to speak with you.
He would?
Yes.
Now?
Now.
Oy...
Okay... but tell him I'm not coming alone.

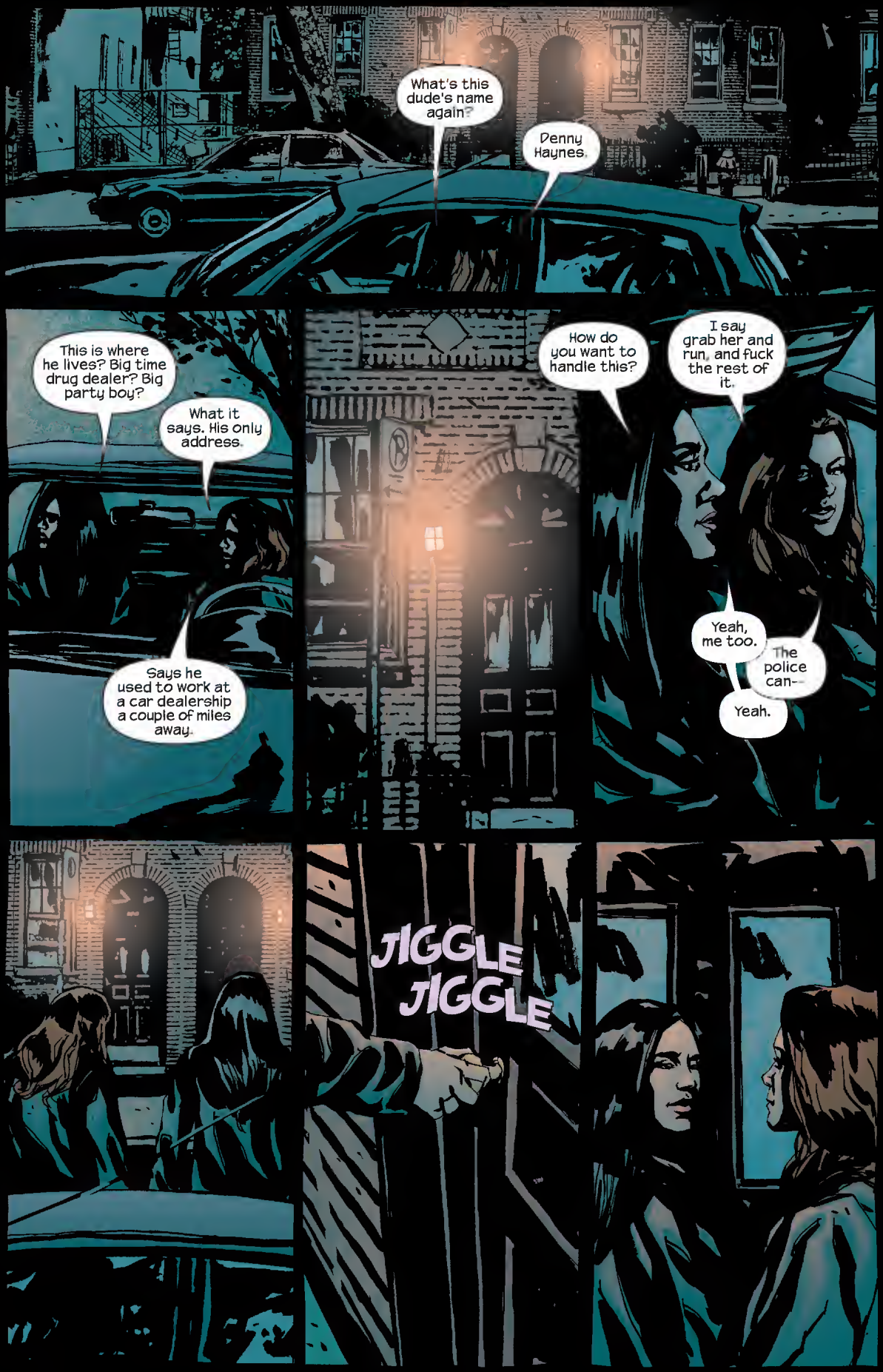



Jonah...
Please forgive my husband...
They warned us. Everybody warned us that taking in an orphan was going to be trouble.
She could run away, lash out at us... the anger, the hostility...
...not understanding who you are or why life has dealt you a shit hand.
I'm an orphan.
You're Ms. Jones, the woman who last saw Mattie.
Yes, ma'am.
I was the one who originally approached your husband about Mattie's disappearance.
But because of some misunderstandings we've had in the past, he mistook my words as-- as some sort of threat.
And you are?
Jessica Drew. I am friends with Mattie... in her other life.
I was looking for her as well.
You're the original Spider-Woman.
Yes, ma'am.
And what Mr. Urich told us about what they are doing to her...
This is true, Ms. Jones?
You saw this with your own eyes?
Yes, ma'am.
I am sorry to say, yes.


I tried-- I tried to grab her away from them.
I tried, but they were too strong.
Mattie's father was Jonah's closest friend.
He loves her like a daughter.
We both do, but it's really a great big step for Jonah to trust and love someone.
Did you know Mattie was a bit of a super hero?
Jonah did not, no.
Did you?
When he died, we took Mattie in.
Actually, I think it's more fair to say that Jonah took her in.
I think as he gets older-- I think as men in general get older-- they take stock of their life and look at how they related to people.
Mattie admitted to me that she had abilities. She confided this to me.
I didn't know she wore a costume. That I didn't know.
And you didn't tell your husband?
Jonah was honored and humbled by the opportunity.
He absolutely adores Mattie.
It warms me to the core to see them together, to see what Mattie has brought to his life.
And I think they try to make a concerted effort to be better men.
I think Jonah has a lot of unresolved issues, regrets, with his son...
...and Mattie was-- is-- a chance to prove himself a better father and a better man.
This-- what's happening with her right now-- it's-- it's-- it's killing him.
Jonah... is a very complicated man.
He has issues with the concept of a masked vigilante.
Issues with the media's fascination and glamorization of it.
And I don't disagree with him.
Sometimes-- sometimes he takes his point too far, and he can be quite stubborn about it, in that regard.
I thought that if anyone should tell Jonah about what Mattie could do, it should be Mattie.
That is going to be a hard pill for Jonah to swallow. Hopefully, we will deal with that when we get her back home safe.
You know now that she dressed as Spider-Man?
How long exactly has she been missing?
A couple of weeks, we think.
You think?
We are both professional people. Working. We aren't always home at dinnertime and Mattie had proven herself very independent and very resourceful.
This building is a secure fortress. We just-- oh, God...
We're bad parents.
We didn't know. We didn't know!!!
If we call the police, Jonah's enemies-- they will tear this girl apart.
They will mock and ridicule her.
Call her a junkie and a whore. All to get at Jonah.
They are waiting-- they have been waiting for a moment just like this.
But we will call the police. We will do whatever we can to save her.
But if first you-- if you could help...
If you could get Mattie back for us before they kill her.
Before they--
If you could do this...
Please... could you do this?


ALIAS
INVESTIGATIONS
You use the database?
All the time. You don't?
Cheating?
Eh-- kinda feels like cheating.
People hired you to find someone, they want you to go out and find someone. Not look it up online and cash the check.
Yeah, well, we don't have time to be fancy this time.
And trust me, if Philip Marlowe had access to the internet, he would have used it.
I guess.
Hey--
Is this you?
Yes.
You know Carol Danvers?
Yeah.
You know Carol Danvers.
Yeah.
I know Carol.
I know.


Uh, sorry I did that attacking you thing before.
Yeah.
You were in the Avengers?
Guilty only by association.
I'll try not to hold it against you.
What?
Don't like them too much.
Buncha fuckin' frat boys is what they are.
Exactly. You still put on a costume?
Nope.
How did you get your powers?
I chewed some radioactive bubblegum... accidentally.
You still a super hero?
Sometimes. I've been having trouble with my powers, so I try to save it for special occasions.
Why no costume?
It makes my ass look fat.
Well, then, thank God for The Matrix.
Yip! I got it.
Let's go.


What's this dude's name again?
Denny Haynes.
This is where he lives? Big time drug dealer? Big party boy?
What it says. His only address.
Says he used to work at a car dealership a couple of miles away.
How do you want to handle this?
I say grab her and run, and fuck the rest of it.
Yeah, me too.
The police can--
Yeah.
JIGGLE JIGGLE

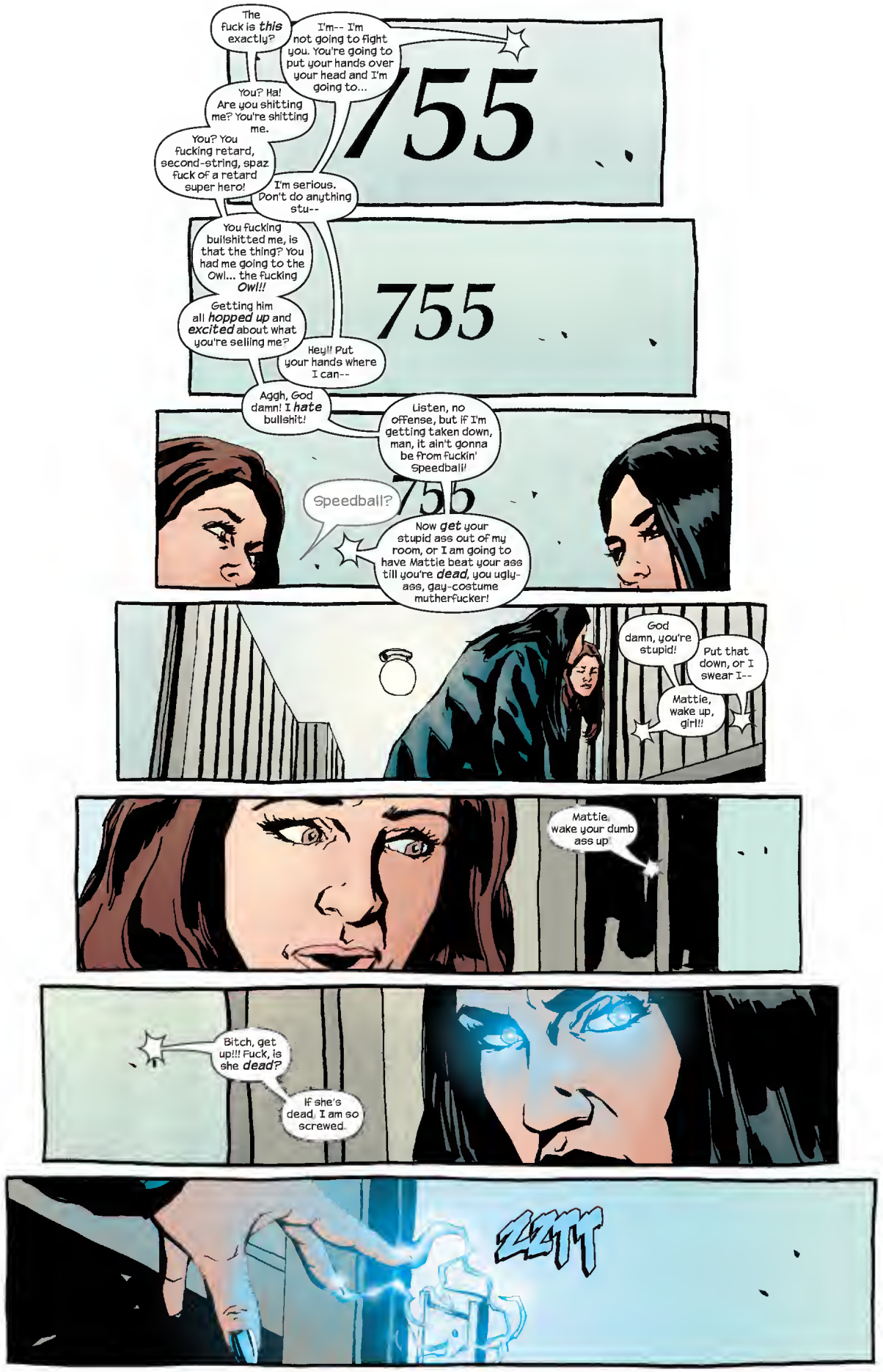

CACKUNK
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP
BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
Yo, this is Denny. Leave it after the beep.
Yo, this is Denny. Leave it after the beep.
BEEEEEEEEEEEEP
BEEEEEEEEEEEEP
CRACK

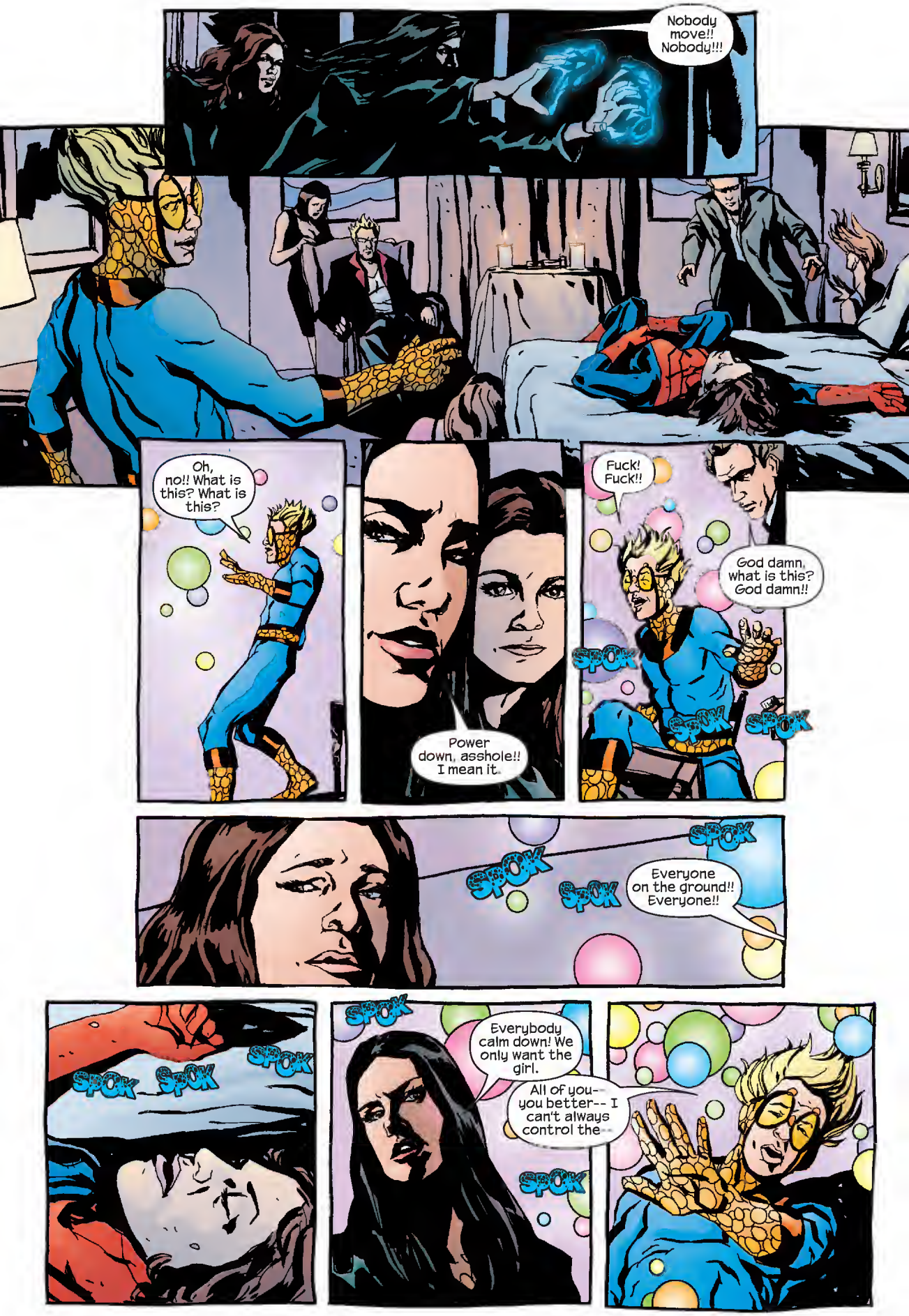



There's no one here.
Looks like.
Check under the bed?
You.
Check.
You check.
I'll check the closet.
I am going to have a stroke. I hate this.
Hhaaa!
Oh.
They're going to kill her.
BEEP
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BEEP
Special Agent Hunt, please.
Jessica Drew.


Hi, Jeff.
Yeah, I know. I know.
Listen, I'm in a real situation here with a couple of scumbags.
I need to know the last time a guy named... uh... Denny Haynes-- Denny Haynes--
Guy in the New York area named Denny Haynes-- when was the last time he used a credit card?
I'm looking for anything like a plane ticket or a car rental or--
Yeah, hotel is great! Hotel?
Is that here in Manhattan?
The Matador? In Manhattan? Is that a strip club or-- a hotel? You sure? Okay. Okay.
No, it's-- this was really nice of you.
I *promise* I will.
Okay.
That *wasn't* cheating?
The guy checked himself into a hotel in the city last night.
Hasn't checked out.
The Matador.
The Matador.


Hi.
Denny Haynes's room number, please.
Uh... what was the name?
Denny Haynes.
That's-- uh-- 755.
Should I call up and tell them you're-- ?
Oh, no, sweetie... we're a surprise.
Can we call down to you if we need anything from you personally?
I'll-- I'll be right here.


The fuck is this exactly?
I'm-- I'm not going to fight you. You're going to put your hands over your head and I'm going to...
755
You? Ha! Are you shitting me? You're shitting me.
You? You fucking retard, second-string, spaz fuck of a retard super hero!
I'm serious. Don't do anything stu--
You fucking bullshitted me, is that the thing? You had me going to the Owl... the fucking Owl!!
Getting him all hopped up and excited about what you're selling me?
Hey!! Put your hands where I can--
755
Aggh, God damn! I hate bullshit!
Listen, no offense, but if I'm getting taken down, man, it ain't gonna be from fuckin' Speedball!
Speedball?
755
Now get your stupid ass out of my room, or I am going to have Mattie beat your ass till you're dead, you ugly-ass, gay-costume mutherfucker!
God damn, you're stupid!
Put that down, or I swear I--
Mattie, wake up, girl!!
Mattie, wake your dumb ass up!
Bitch, get up!!! Fuck, is she dead?
If she's dead, I am so screwed.
ZZTT


Nobody move!! Nobody!!!
Oh, no!! What is this? What is this?
Power down, asshole!! I mean it.
Fuck! Fuck!!
God damn, what is this? God damn!!
SPOK
Everyone on the ground!! Everyone!!
Everybody calm down! We only want the girl.
All of you-- you better-- I can't always control the--


To be concluded...

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PG 44 424

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

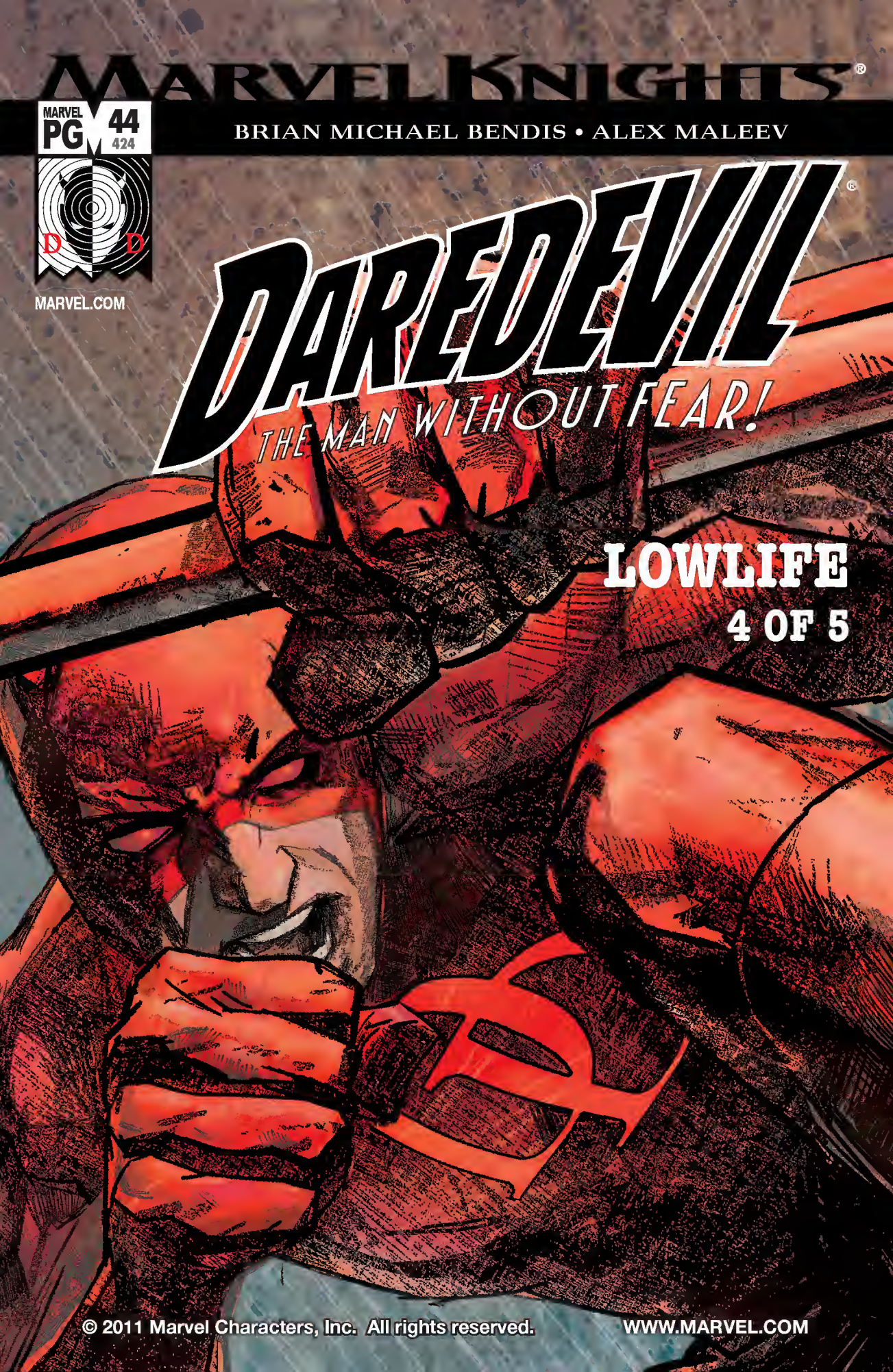
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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

LOWLIFE

4 OF 5

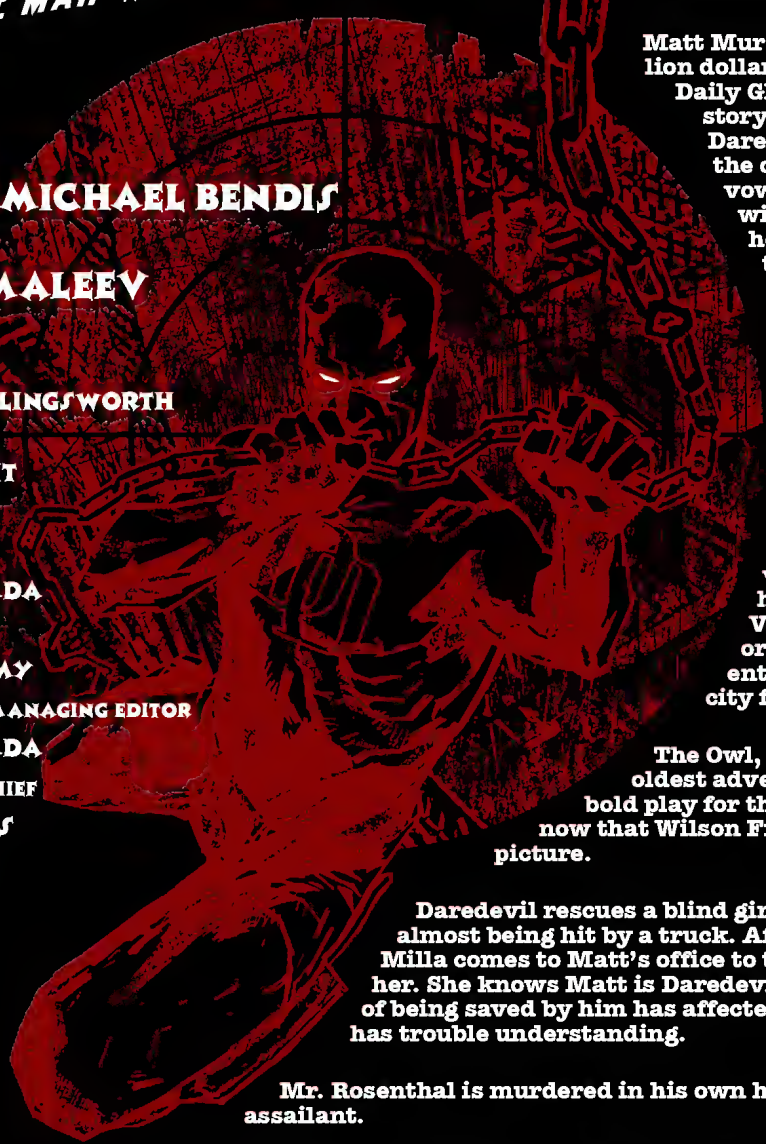


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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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Previously in Daredevil...

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock files a 400 million dollar lawsuit against the Daily Globe for printing a story declaring him to be Daredevil. Mr. Rosenthal, the owner of the paper, vows to go the distance with Murdock because he knows the story is true.

Matt's public struggle against the newspaper makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Wilson Fisk lies in a coma in Europe, a victim of a mutiny by his own men. His wife Vanessa sold off the organized crime enterprise and left the city for good.

The Owl, one of Daredevil's oldest adversaries, is making a bold play for the Kingpin's territory now that Wilson Fisk is out of the picture.

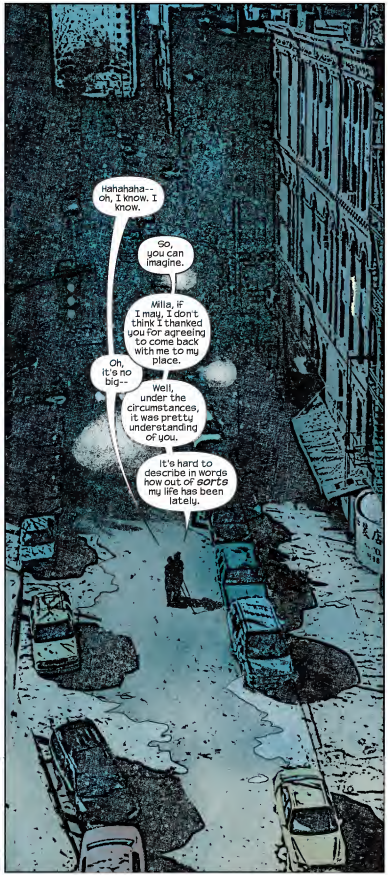
Daredevil rescues a blind girl named Milla from almost being hit by a truck. After the accident, Milla comes to Matt's office to thank him for saving her. She knows Matt is Daredevil and the experience of being saved by him has affected her in a way she has trouble understanding.

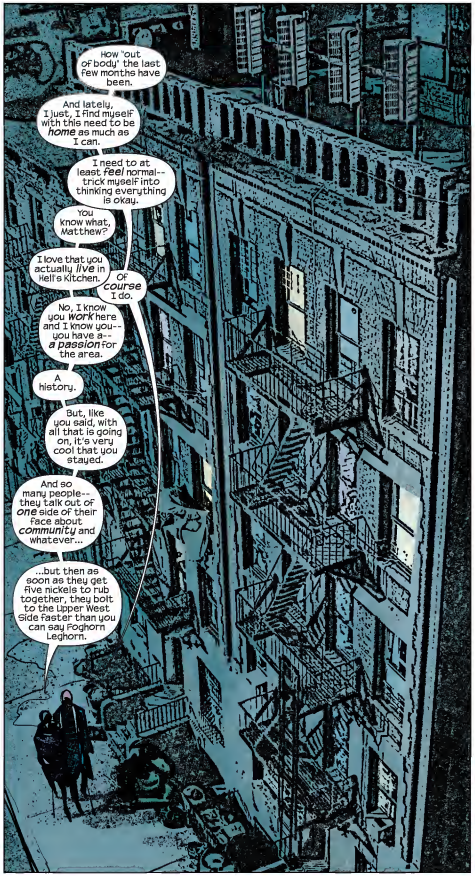
Mr. Rosenthal is murdered in his own home by a mysterious assailant.

Homicide detectives, investigating the murder of Mr. Rosenthal, descend on Matt's law office with a search warrant as Matt comes to Milla looking for a friend.

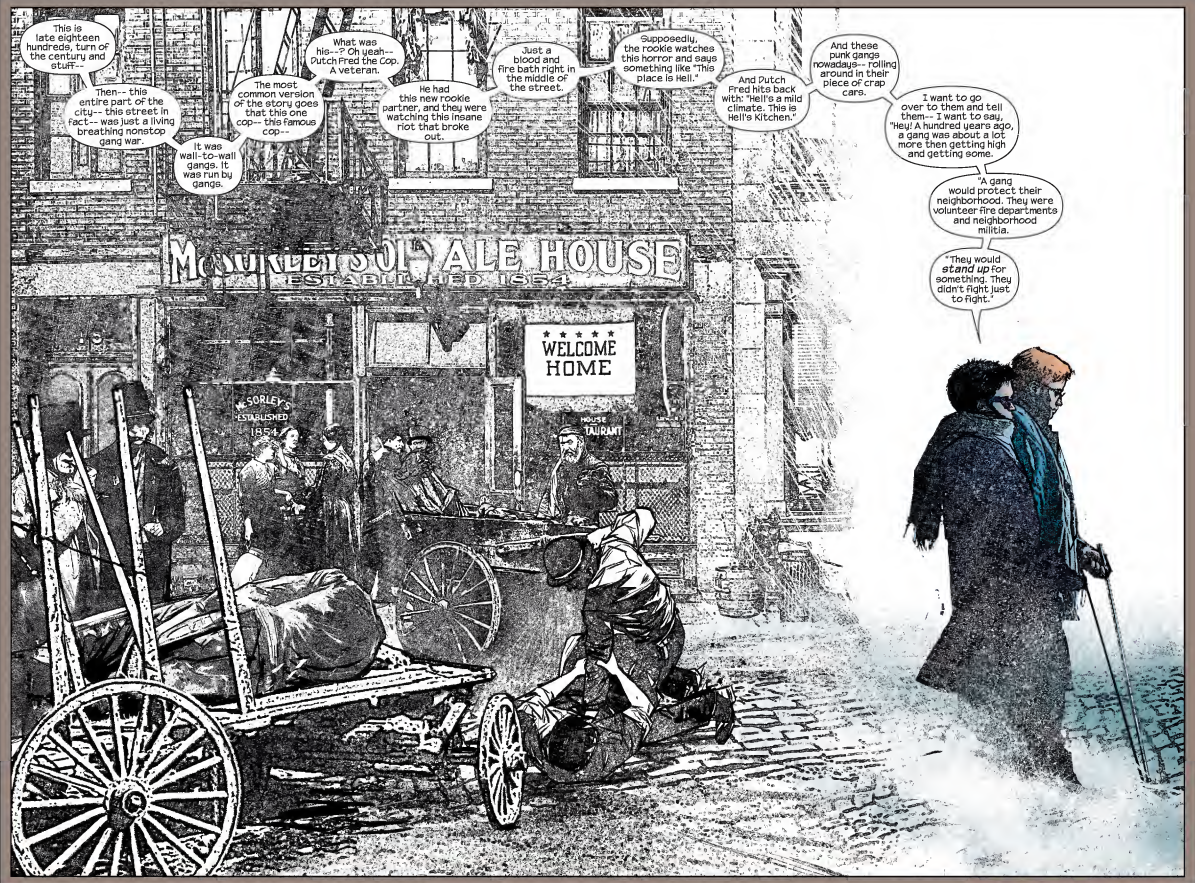
Lowlife • Part 4

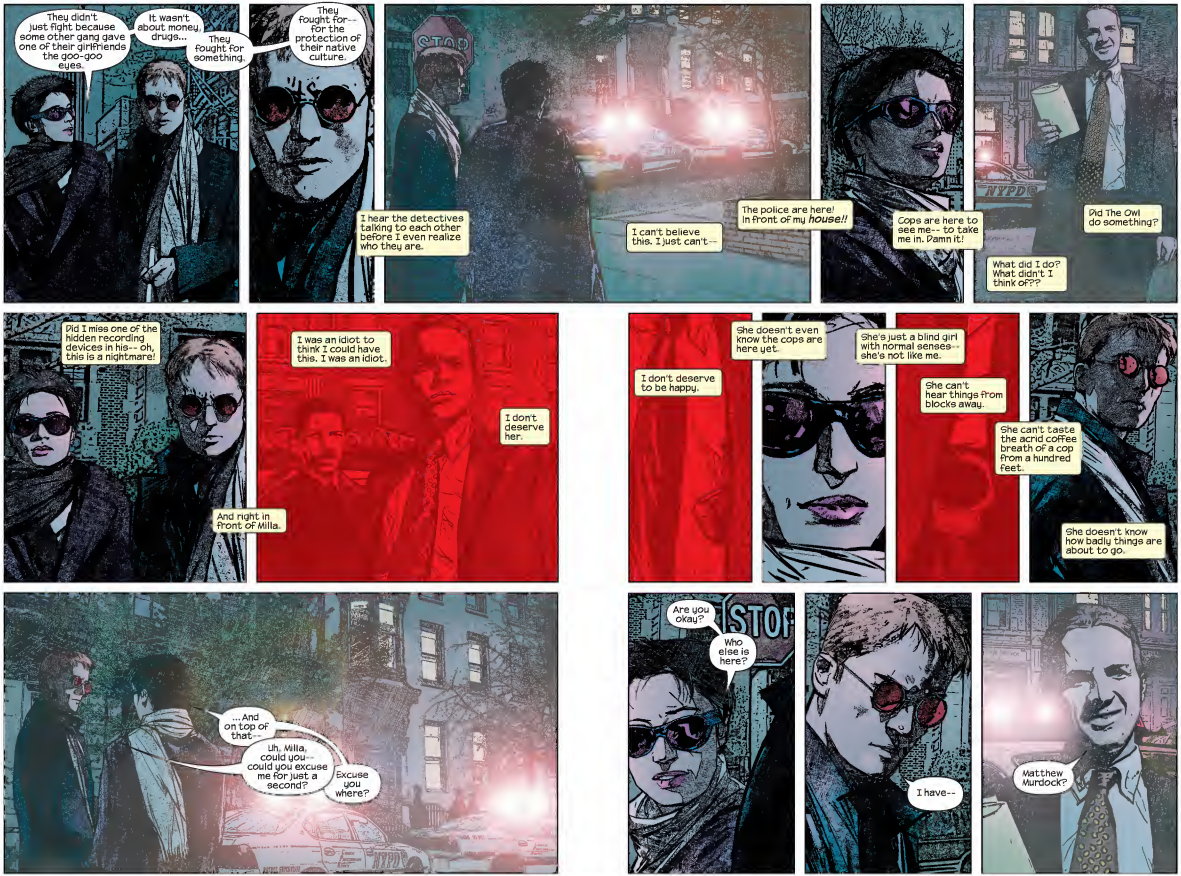
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Hahahaha--Oh, I know. I know.
So you can imagine.
Wills, if I may, I don't think I thanked you for agreeing to come back with me to my place.
Oh, it's no big--
Well, under the circumstances, it was pretty understanding of you.
It's hard to describe in words how out of sorts my life has been lately.

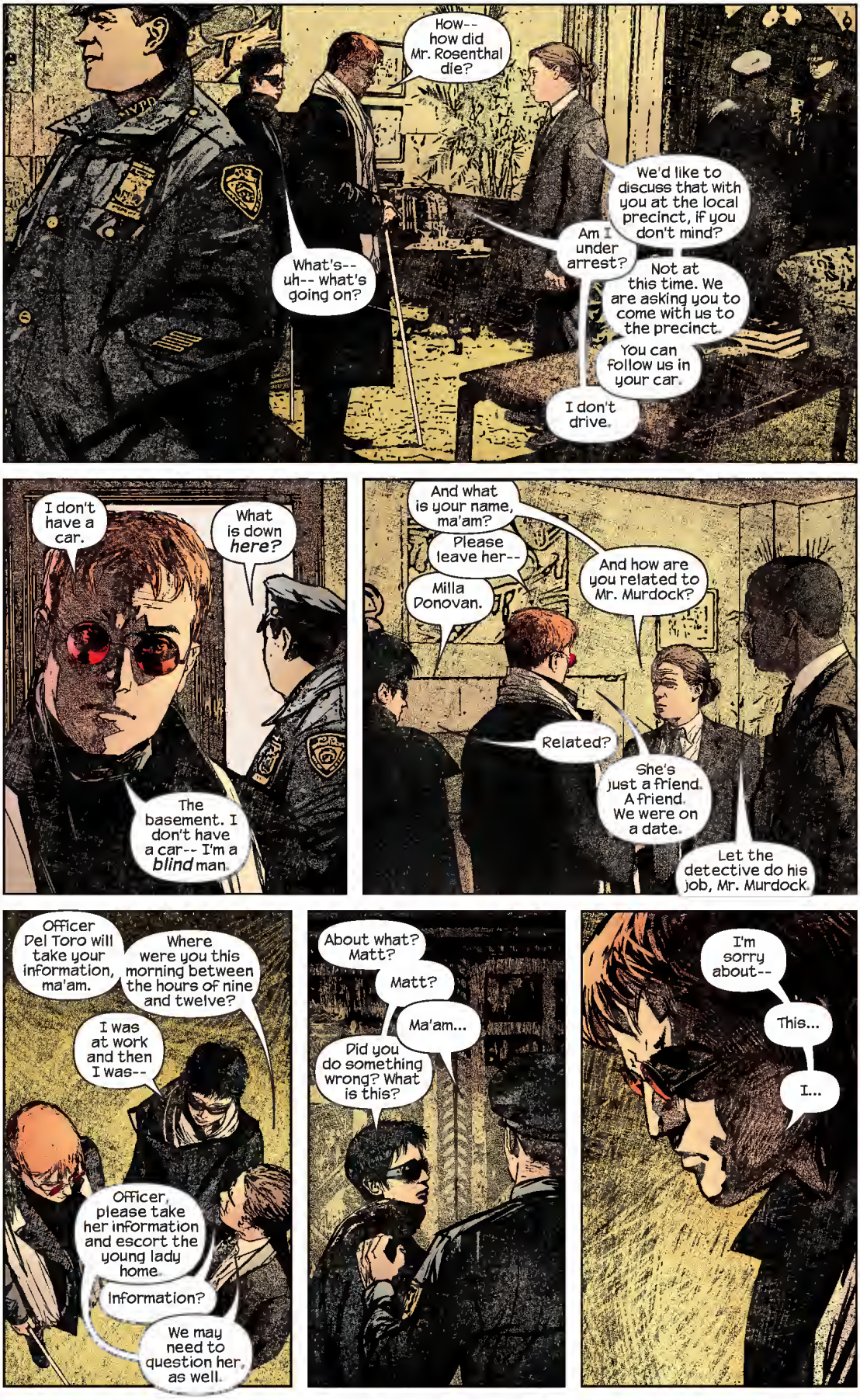

How 'out of body' the last few months have been.
And lately, I just, I find myself with this need to be home as much as I can.
I need to at least feel normal--trick myself into thinking everything is okay.
You know what, Matthew?
I love that you actually live in Hell's Kitchen.
Of course I do.
No, I know you work here and I know you--you have a--a passion for the area.
A history.
But, like you said, with all that is going on, it's very cool that you stayed.
And so many people--they talk out of one side of their face about community and whatever...
...but then as soon as they get five nickels to rub together, they bolt to the Upper West Side faster than you can say Foghorn Leghorn.


I moved to the West Coast for awhile, once, and I felt like I lost an appendage.
People. They're such snobs.
They don't even know their history.
This area--it has one of the most colorful histories of any place in America. Seriously.
I mean, colorful, violent characters that built and destroyed and rebuilt this entire neighborhood.
You know, at my job--it drives me crazy, at the Housing Commission, they work all day, every day, trying to improve the neighborhood...
To rebuild it and at the same time preserve it--but they don't even know the history of the place.
Like why they call it Hell's Kitchen.
Do you know why they call it Hell's Kitchen?
Something about a reporter...
No. No, it was a cop.


This is late eighteen hundreds, turn of the century and stuff--
Then-- this entire part of the city-- this street in fact-- was just a living, breathing nonstop gang war.
It was wall-to-wall gangs. It was run by gangs.
The most common version of the story goes that this one cop-- this famous cop--
What was his--? Oh yeah-- Dutch Fred the Cop. A veteran.
He had this new rookie partner, and they were watching this insane riot that broke out.
Just a blood and fire bath right in the middle of the street.
Supposedly, the rookie watches this horror and says something like "This place is Hell."
And Dutch Fred hits back with: "Hell's a mild climate. This is Hell's Kitchen."
And these punk gangs nowadays-- rolling around in their piece of crap cars.
I want to go over to them and tell them-- I want to say, "Hey! A hundred years ago, a gang was about a lot more then getting high and getting some.
"A gang would protect their neighborhood. They were volunteer fire departments and neighborhood militia.
"They would stand up for something. They didn't fight just to fight."
ESTABLISHED 1854
WELCOME HOME
SORLEY'S ESTABLISHED 1854
HOUSE TAURANT


They didn't just fight because some other gang gave one of their girlfriends the goo-goo eyes.
It wasn't about money, drugs...
They fought for something.
They fought for-- for the protection of their native culture.
I hear the detectives talking to each other before I even realize who they are.
I can't believe this. I just can't--
The police are here! In front of my house!!
Cops are here to see me -- to take me in. Damn it!
What did I do? What didn't I think of??
Did The Owl do something?
Did I miss one of the hidden recording devices in his-- oh, this is a nightmare!
I was an idiot to think I could have this. I was an idiot.
I don't deserve her.
And right in front of Milla.
I don't deserve to be happy.
She doesn't even know the cops are here yet.
She's just a blind girl with normal senses-- she's not like me.
She can't hear things from blocks away.
She can't taste the acrid coffee breath of a cop from a hundred feet.
She doesn't know how badly things are about to go.
...And on top of that--
Uh, Milla, could you-- could you excuse me for just a second?
Excuse you where?
Are you okay?
Who else is here?
I have--
Matthew Murdock?


Are you Matthew Murdock?
Yes.
We have a search and seizure warrant for these premises. Are these your premises?
I'm blind. I can't read the warrant.
Do you know Mr. Uri Rosenthal?
He owns the Daily Globe. Yes, I know him.
You're suing him?
He printed something slanderous and untruthful about me in his paper.
That you're Daredevil.
Yes.
He was *murdered* this morning at his home in Connecticut.
My name is Detective Love--this is Detective Reznor.
We are working in cooperation with the N.Y.P.D.
This warrant gives us the right to search your home and workplace. May we have your keys, please?
What are you *looking* for?
Evidence.


How-- how did Mr. Rosenthal die?
What's-- uh-- what's going on?
We'd like to discuss that with you at the local precinct, if you don't mind?
Am I under arrest?
Not at this time. We are asking you to come with us to the precinct.
You can follow us in your car.
I don't drive.
I don't have a car.
What is down *here?*
The basement. I don't have a car-- I'm a *blind* man.
And what is your name, ma'am?
Please leave her--
Milla Donovan.
And how are you related to Mr. Murdock?
Related?
She's just a friend. A friend. We were on a date.
Let the detective do his job, Mr. Murdock.
Officer Del Toro will take your information, ma'am.
Where were you this morning between the hours of nine and twelve?
I was at work and then I was--
Officer, please take her information and escort the young lady home.
Information?
We may need to question her, as well.
About what? Matt?
Matt?
Ma'am...
Did you do something wrong? What is this?
I'm sorry about--
This...
I...



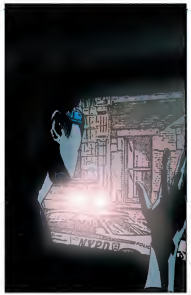




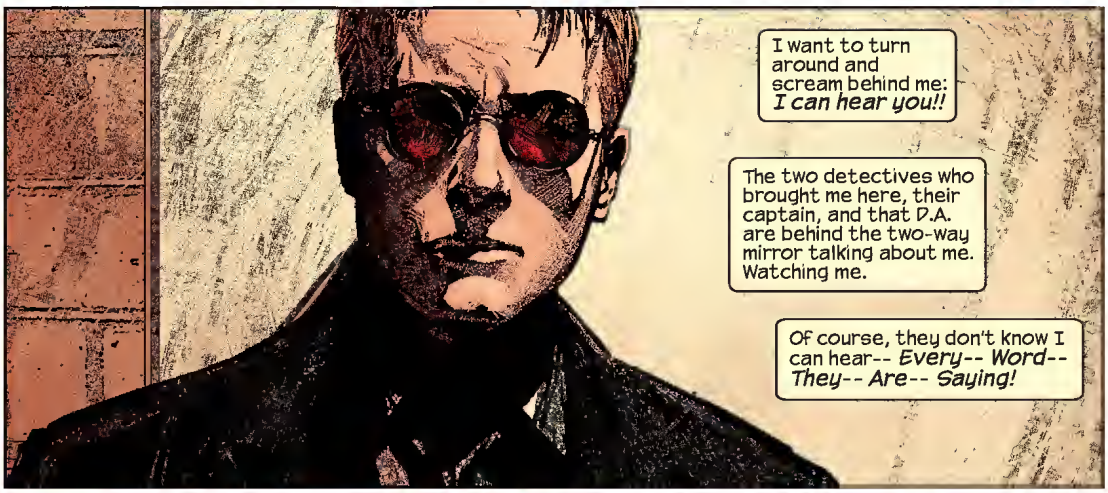
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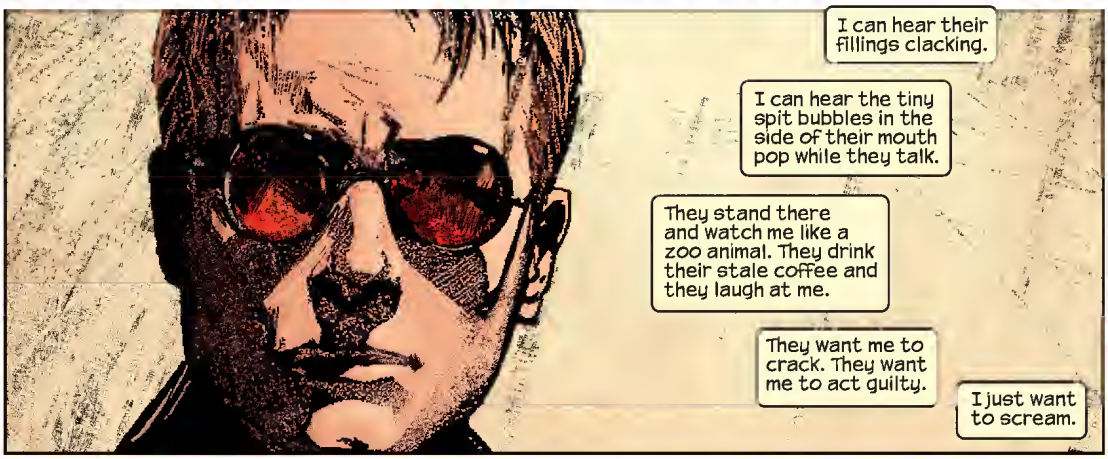

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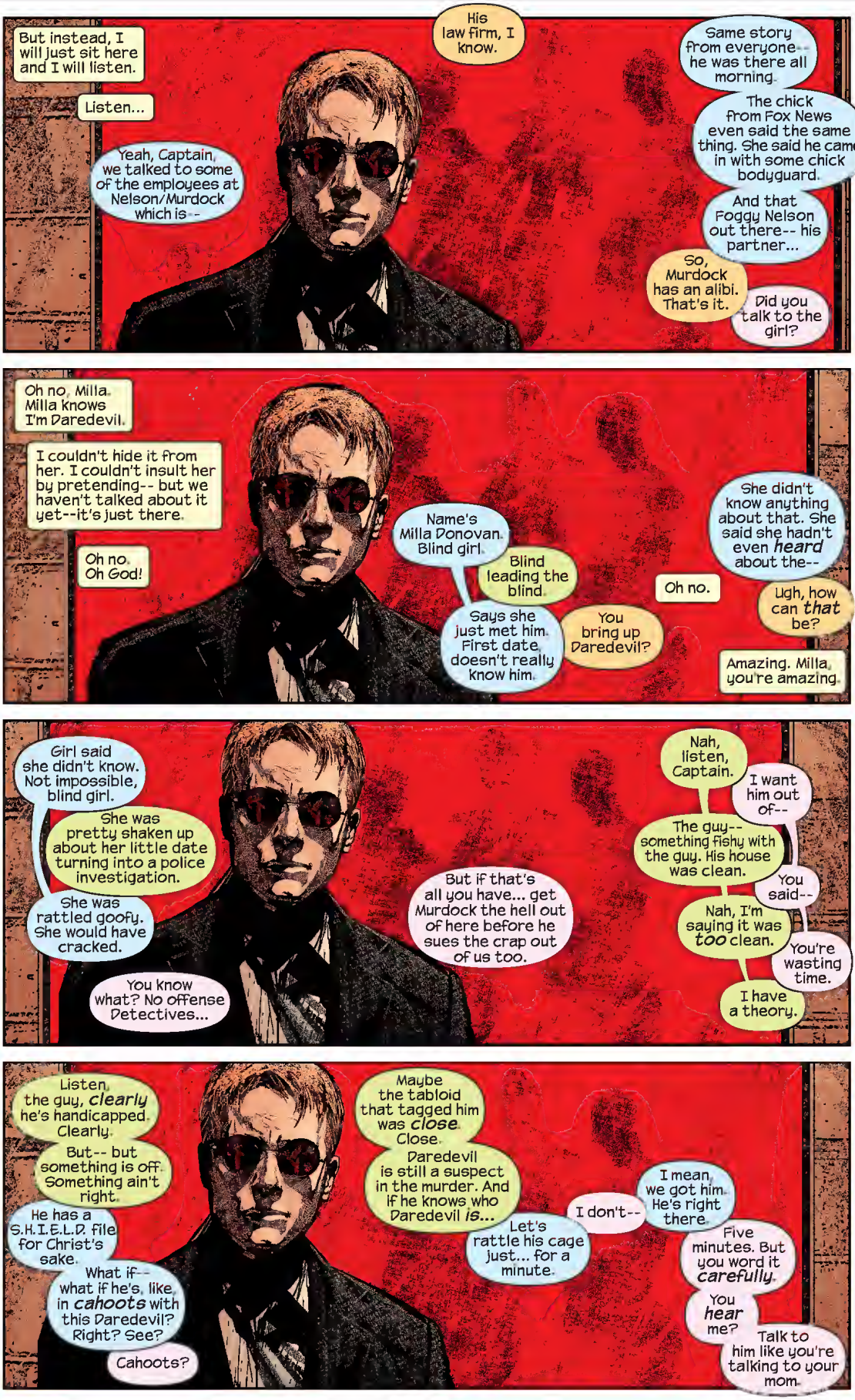





I want to scream.

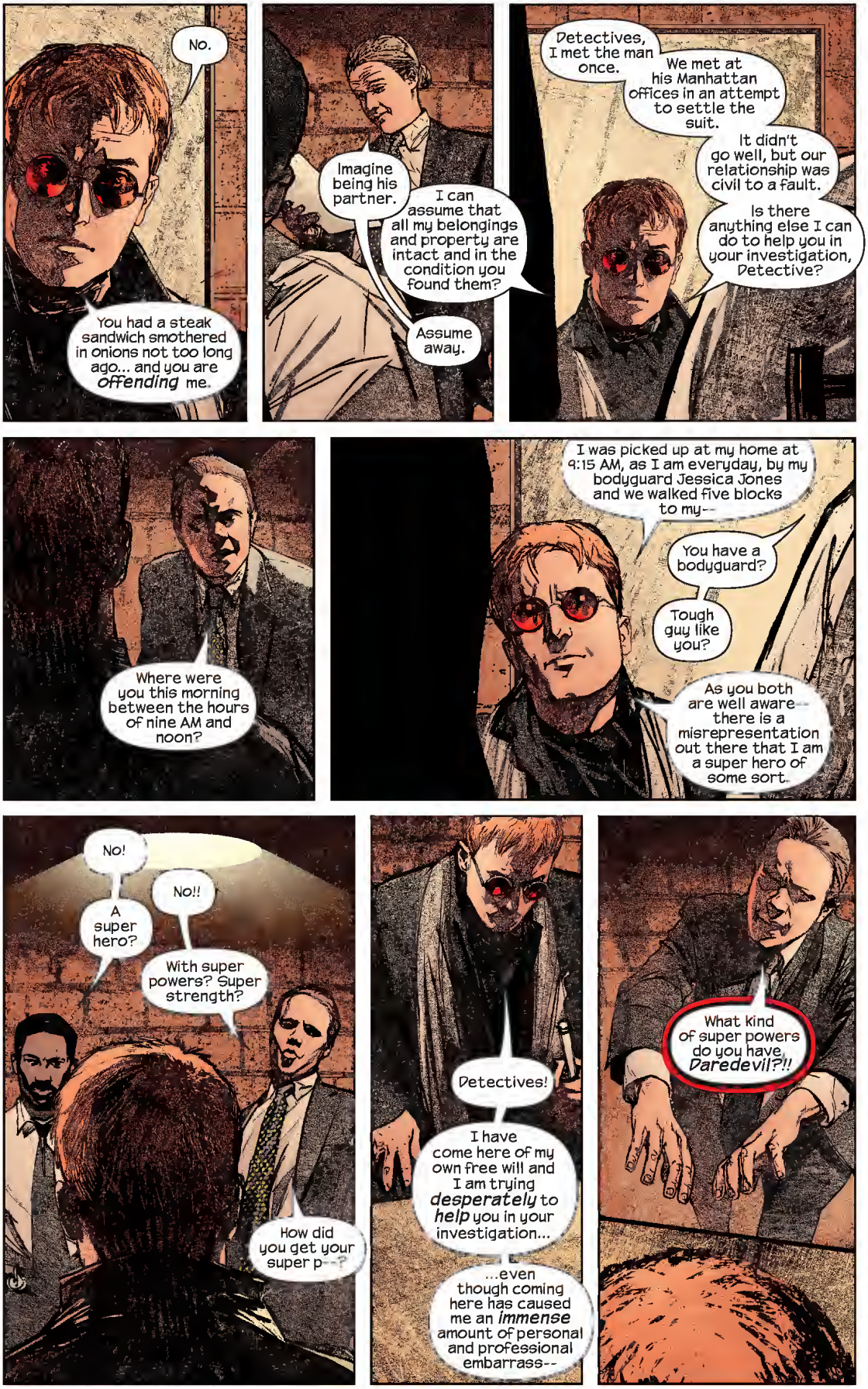

I want to turn around and scream behind me: *I can hear you!!*
The two detectives who brought me here, their captain, and that D.A. are behind the two-way mirror talking about me. Watching me.
Of course, they don't know I can hear-- *Every-- Word-- They-- Are-- Saying!*


I can hear their fillings clacking.
I can hear the tiny spit bubbles in the side of their mouth pop while they talk.
They stand there and watch me like a zoo animal. They drink their stale coffee and they laugh at me.
They want me to crack. They want me to act guilty.
I just want to scream.


But instead, I will just sit here and I will listen.
Listen...
Yeah, Captain, we talked to some of the employees at Nelson/Murdock which is--
His law firm, I know.
Same story from everyone-- he was there all morning.
The chick from Fox News even said the same thing. She said he came in with some chick bodyguard.
And that Foggy Nelson out there-- his partner...
So, Murdock has an alibi. That's it.
Did you talk to the girl?
Oh no, Milla. Milla knows I'm Daredevil.
I couldn't hide it from her. I couldn't insult her by pretending-- but we haven't talked about it yet--it's just there.
Oh no. Oh God!
Name's Milla Donovan. Blind girl.
Blind leading the blind.
Says she just met him. First date doesn't really know him.
You bring up Daredevil?
Oh no.
She didn't know anything about that. She said she hadn't even heard about the--
Ugh, how can that be?
Amazing. Milla, you're amazing.
Girl said she didn't know. Not impossible, blind girl.
She was pretty shaken up about her little date turning into a police investigation.
She was rattled goofy. She would have cracked.
You know what? No offense Detectives...
But if that's all you have... get Murdock the hell out of here before he sues the crap out of us too.
Nah, listen, Captain.
I want him out of--
The guy-- something fishy with the guy. His house was clean.
You said--
Nah, I'm saying it was too clean.
You're wasting time.
I have a theory.
Listen, the guy, clearly he's handicapped. Clearly.
But-- but something is off. Something ain't right.
He has a S.H.I.E.L.D. file for Christ's sake.
What if-- what if he's, like, in cahoots with this Daredevil? Right? See?
Cahoots?
Maybe the tabloid that tagged him was close. Close.
Daredevil is still a suspect in the murder. And if he knows who Daredevil is...
Let's rattle his cage just... for a minute.
I don't--
I mean, we got him. He's right there.
Five minutes. But you word it carefully.
You hear me?
Talk to him like you're talking to your mom.


Foggy...
I said I didn't want any.
Yeah, yeah.
So, do you not understand the concept of the cell phone?
I didn't have it with me.
So you don't understand the concept of the cell phone.
Foggy.
I'm trying to be here for you Matt, but I swear to God...
It's Cur
I know.
I'll handle the detectives when they...
I can handle it.
I'm sorry?
I can handle it.
Wow.
That's pretty stubborn on many levels.
I have nothing to hide, Foggy.
I can represent myself in this simple misunderstanding.
You understand...
Of course you can, Matt.
You want me to hang around to take you home?
Would you?
Of course, pal.
Foggy?
Thank you.
It's Cur
Sorry.
You


Sorry, for the wait, counsellor.
So...
You finished the search of my office and residence?
You know what we found so far?
Nothing.
A lot of nothing.
Too much nothing.
So much nothing that you know what I said?
He said, "This is the kind of nothing that *used* to be something."
You don't even have a personal *computer*.
I don't own one personally, but my office has a network.
No computer?
You detectives seem to have a hard time grasping the concept that I'm a *blind* man.
It makes it hard to see the screen.
They don't make computers for blind people?
My office has a network.
And that basement of yours.
Nothing down there.
Not a thing.
No tools.
No laundry.
Nothing.
Just an old, smelly punching bag.
It was my father's.
Would you mind sitting back?
Am I making you nervous?

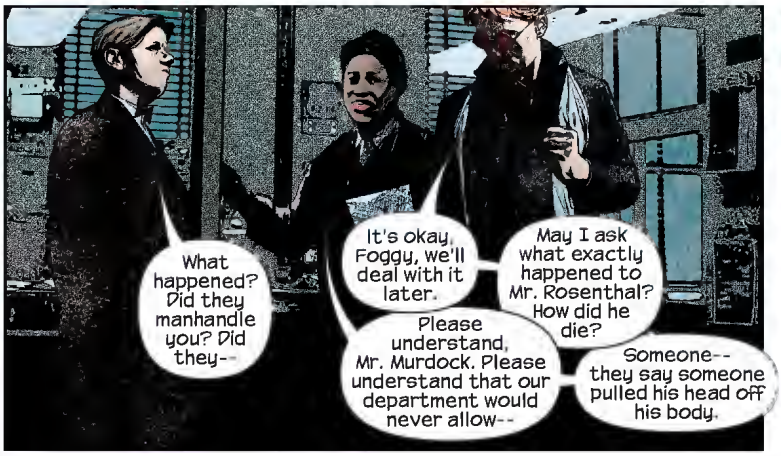

No.
You had a steak sandwich smothered in onions not too long ago... and you are *offending* me.
Imagine being his partner.
I can assume that all my belongings and property are intact and in the condition you found them?
Assume away.
Detectives, I met the man once.
We met at his Manhattan offices in an attempt to settle the suit.
It didn't go well, but our relationship was civil to a fault.
Is there anything else I can do to help you in your investigation, Detective?
Where were you this morning between the hours of nine AM and noon?
I was picked up at my home at 9:15 AM, as I am everyday, by my bodyguard Jessica Jones and we walked five blocks to my--
You have a bodyguard?
Tough guy like you?
As you both are well aware-- there is a misrepresentation out there that I am a super hero of some sort.
No!
No!!
A super hero?
With super powers? Super strength?
How did you get your super p--?
Detectives!
I have come here of my own free will and I am trying *desperately* to *help* you in your investigation...
...even though coming here has caused me an *immense* amount of personal and professional embarrass--
What kind of super powers do you have, *Daredevil*?!!




Oh God! Mr. Murdock, I am Precinct Captain Mannheim.
I am so sorry. Please--
I thank you for lending us your support in this matter, but you are free to go.
What?


Thank you, Captain.
But--
Shut up!
But--
Detective!!


I can't apologize to you enough.
Those detectives-- they're just visiting.
They-- they are in no way connected to us or our-- I will talk to their captain.

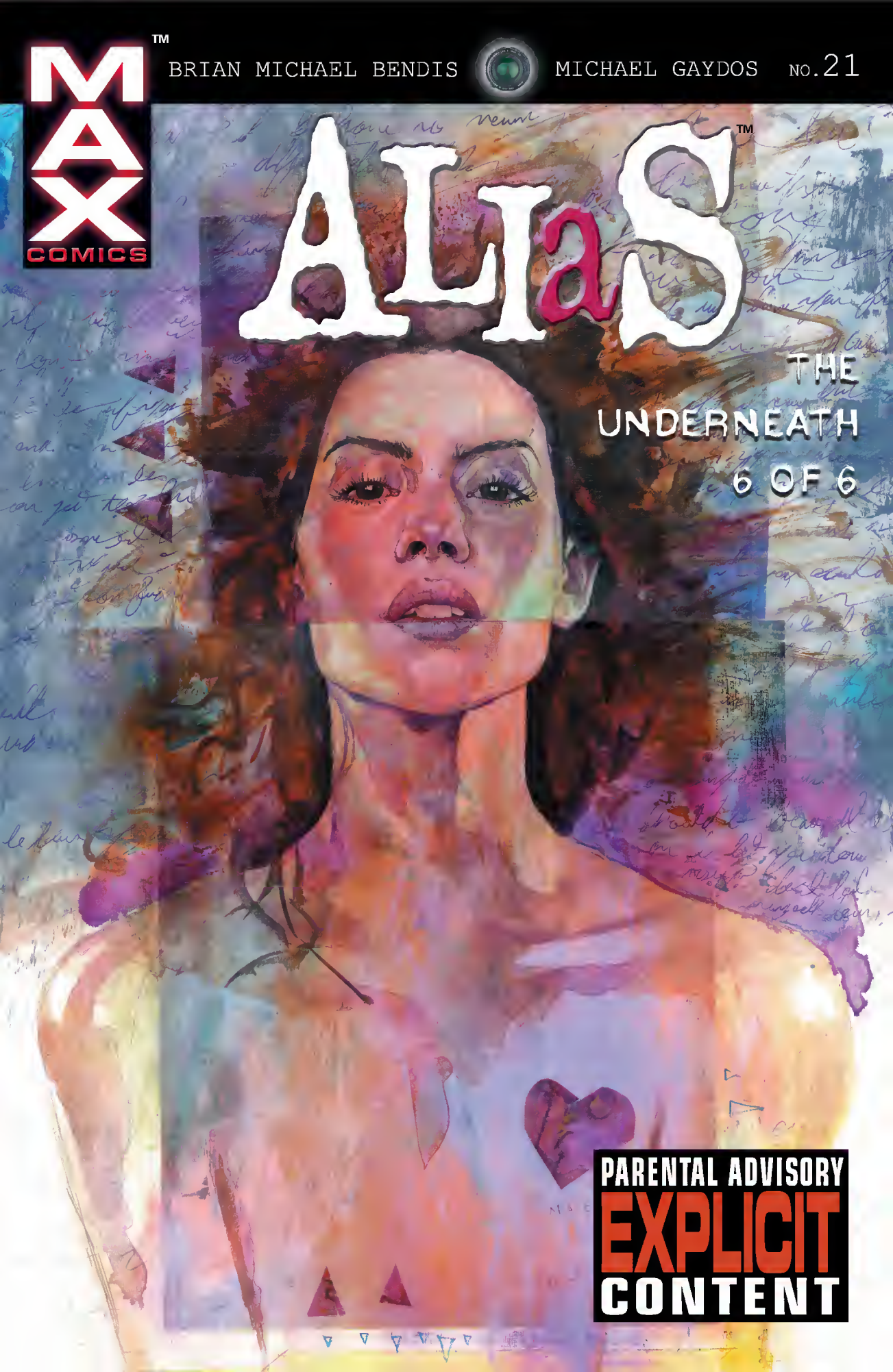

What happened? Did they manhandle you? Did they--
It's okay, Foggy, we'll deal with it later.
May I ask what exactly happened to Mr. Rosenthal? How did he die?
Please understand, Mr. Murdock. Please understand that our department would never allow--
Someone-- they say someone pulled his head off his body.


That is terrible.
Matt, they're here.
Already?



Murdock!
Are you Daredevil?
What did they ask you?
Murdock!
What motive--?
Are you Daredevil?
Nelson, do you ever--?
Murdock!!
Are you Daredevil?
Murdock!!
What did they ask you?
Nelson, do you ever--?
Murdock!
Murdock!
Are you Daredevil?
What motive--?
Murdock!!
What did they ask you?
Murdock!
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Murdock!!
Murdock!!
What did they ask you?
Are you Daredevil?
What motive--?
Murdock!
Nelson, do you ever--?
Murdock!
Murdock!!
What did they ask you?
What motive--?
Nelson, do you ever--?
What did they ask you?
Murdock!
What they ask you?
Murdock!!
Murdock!
Murdock!!
Murdock!
Murdock!!
Murdock!
Murdock!
Murdock!!
Mr. Murdock-- listen-- Mr. Murdock has not been charged with any crime.
He was simply helping the police in their investigation.
The law office of Nelson and Murdock sends its sympathies to the friends and family of Uri Rosenthal and sincerely hope that justice is served.
Well that was close.
So, when did you clean house?
Day the tabloids hit.
Smarter than the average bear.
Yeah... real smart.


Owl! Did you do this?
What?
This.
BLIND LAWYER, MURDER SUSPECT
VIOLENT MURDER SENDS SHOCKWA
This is today's paper?
Did you have anything to do with this?
Maybe...
Maybe?
This is a dream come-- I literally *dream* of things like this happening to Murdock.
Did you have anything to do with this or not?
Mr. Anad, this is what we were talking about-- this headline--
This is it. Murdock is out of our hair.
For good.
He's done. Paredevil is done.
Get word out.
The Kingpin's old crew-- tell them we took care of Murdock.
Tell them the Owl did what the Kingpin never could.
Tell them we're officially open for business.


MAX
COMICS
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
MICHAEL GAYDOS
NO.21
ALIAS
THE UNDERNEATH
6 OF 6
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Previously in

ALIAS

created by
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
colors

MARK BAGLEY, AL VEY and DEAN WHITE
dream sequence

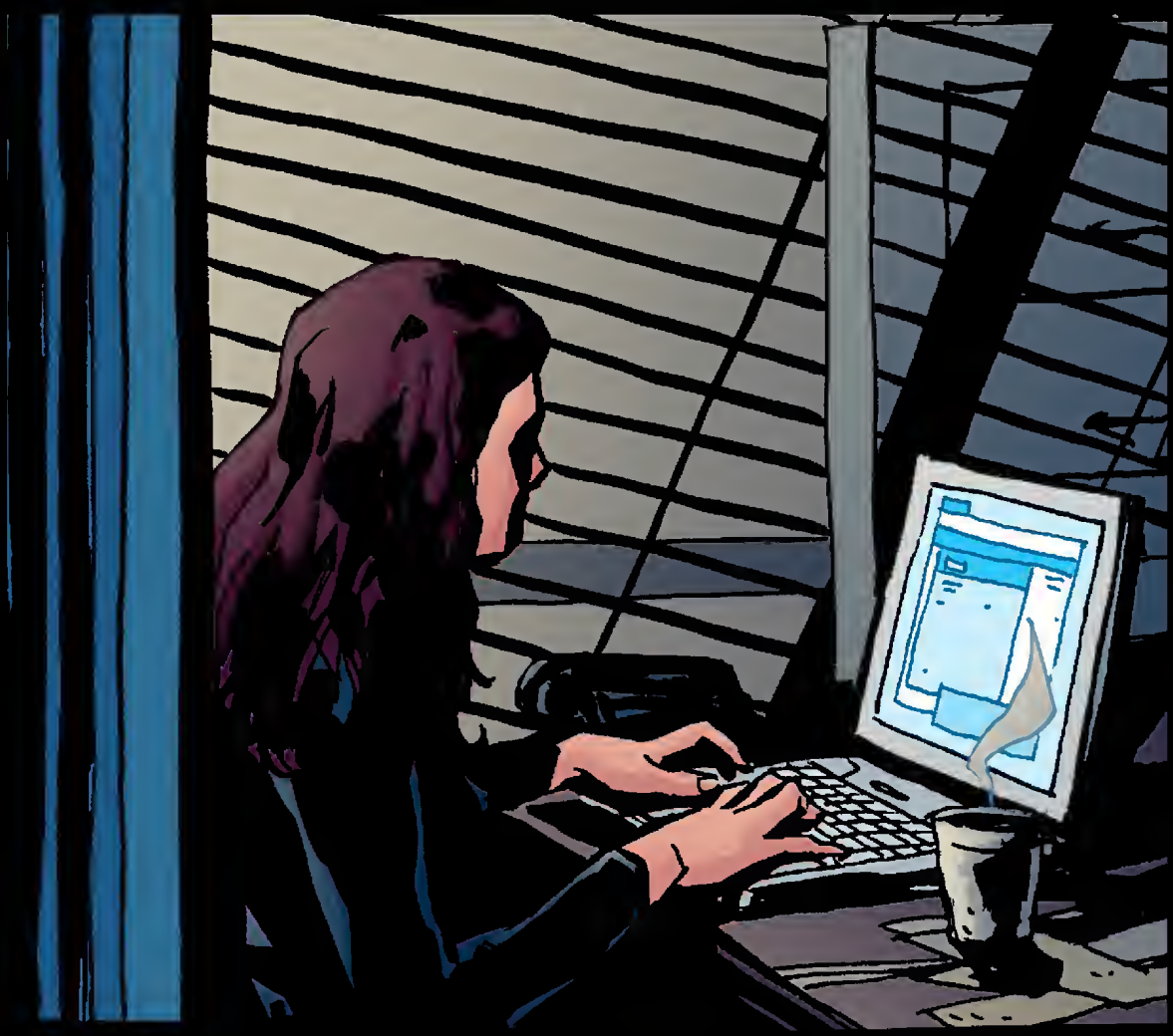
CORY PETIT
letters

C.B CEBULSKI
editor

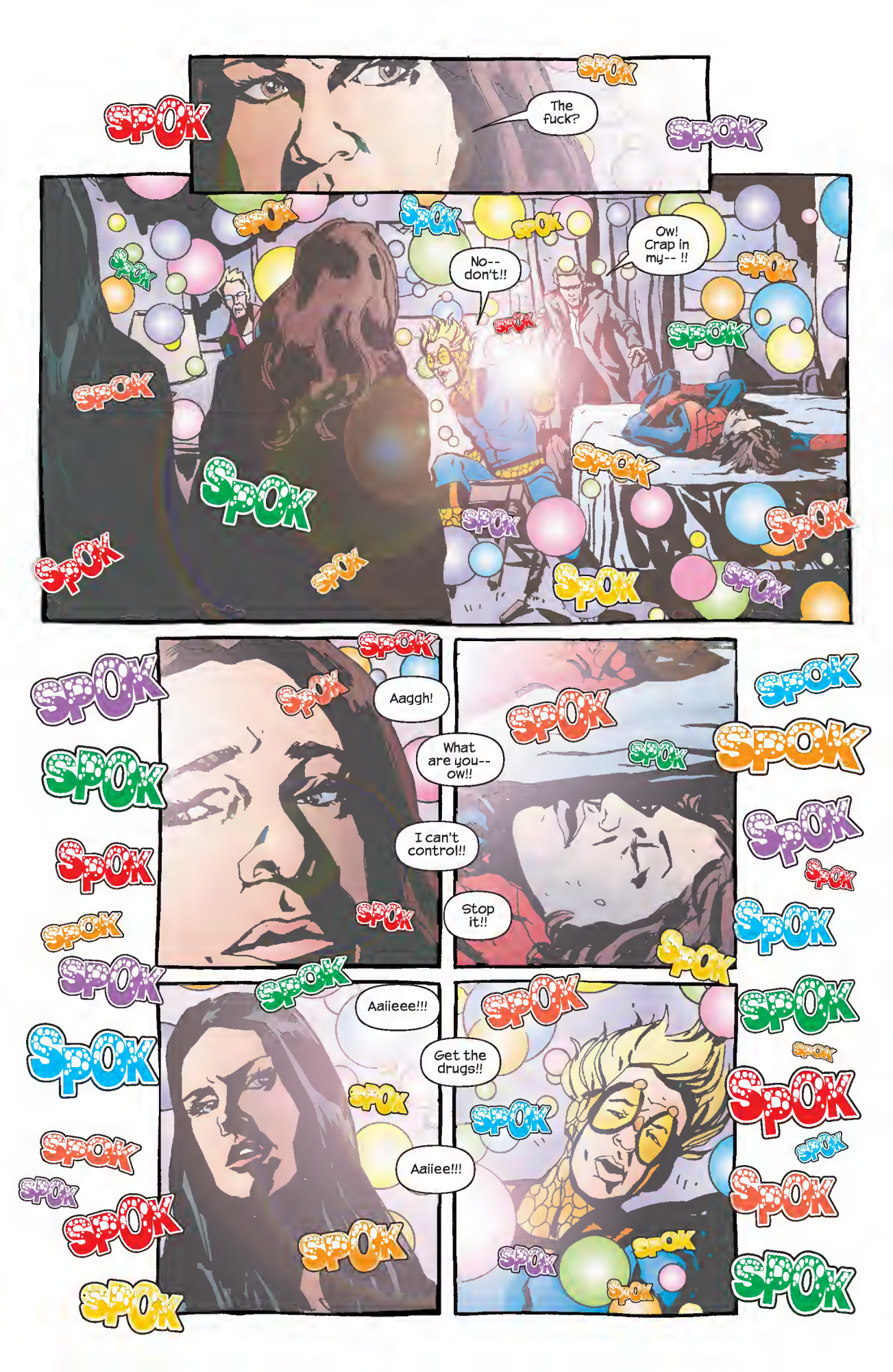
JOE QUESADA
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



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SPOK
The fuck?
No-- don't!!
Ow! Crap in my-- !!
Aaggh!
What are you-- ow!!
I can't control!!
Stop it!!
Aaiieee!!!
Get the drugs!!
Aaiiee!!!

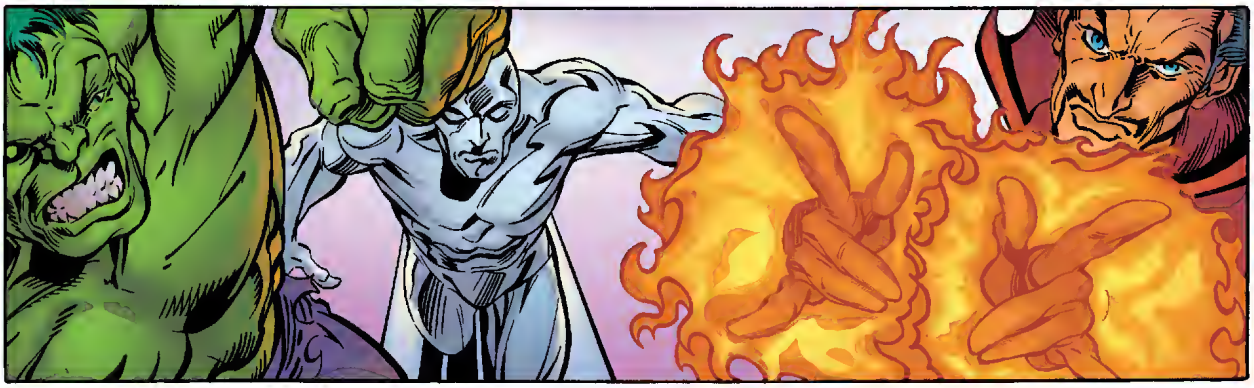




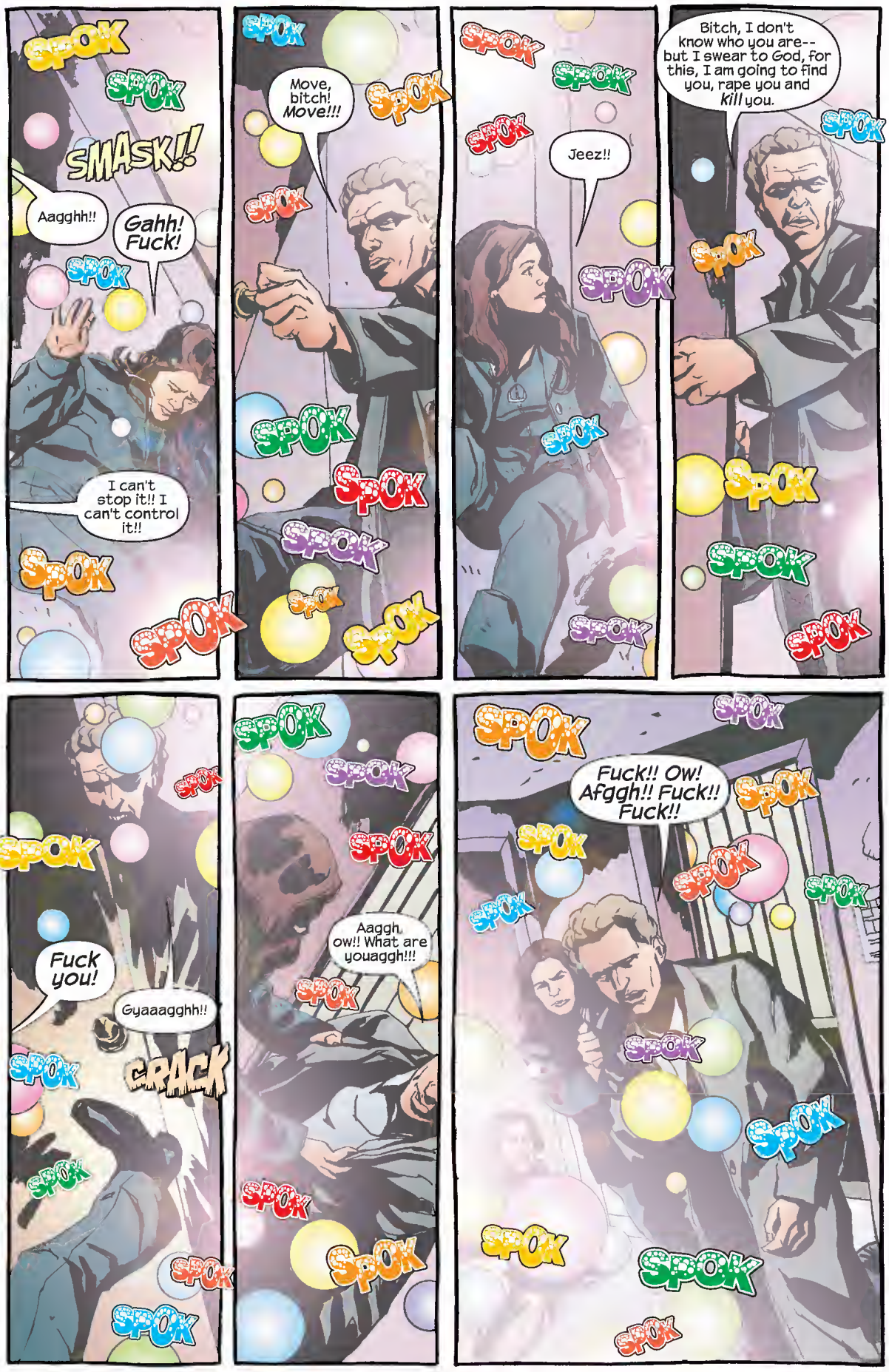








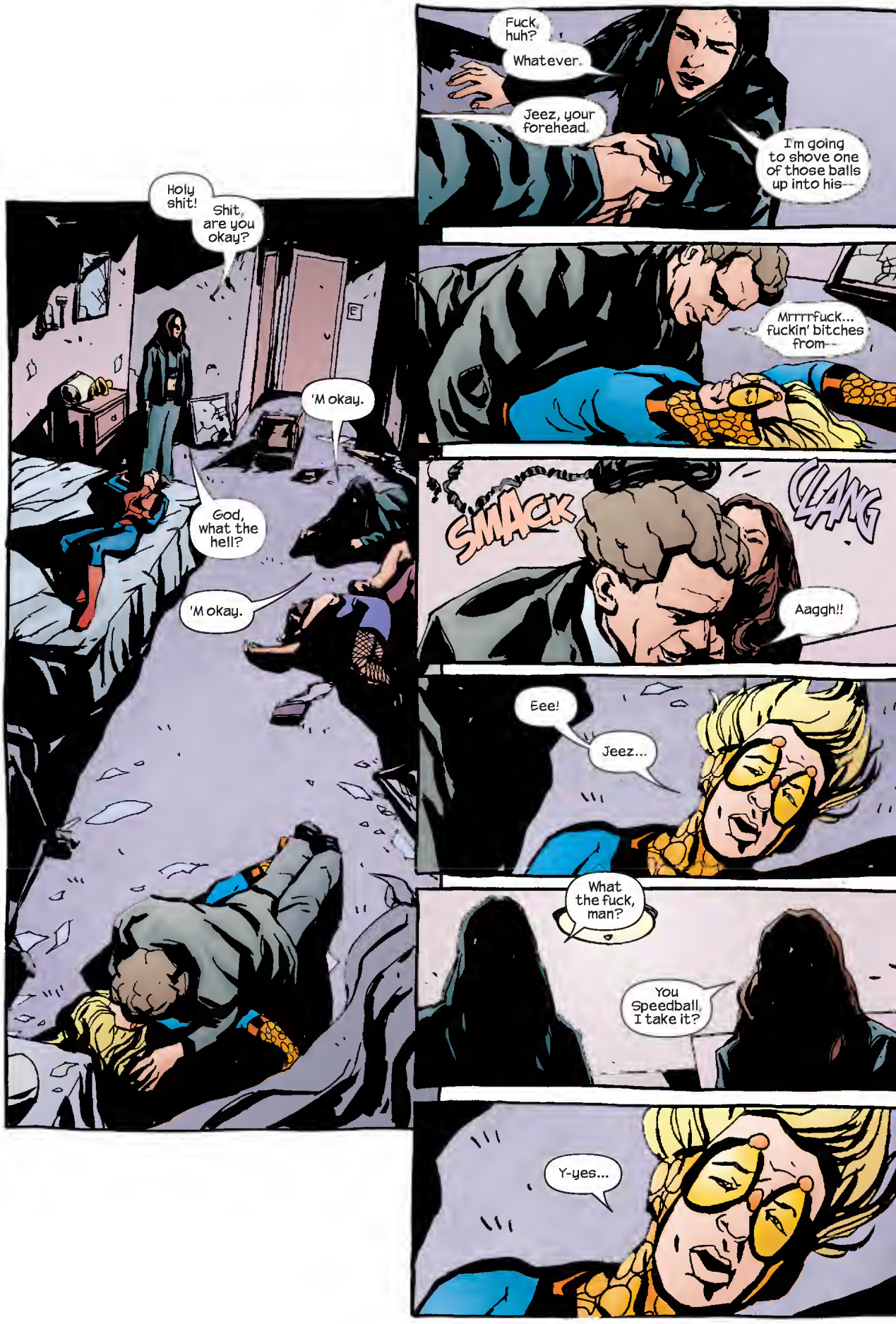


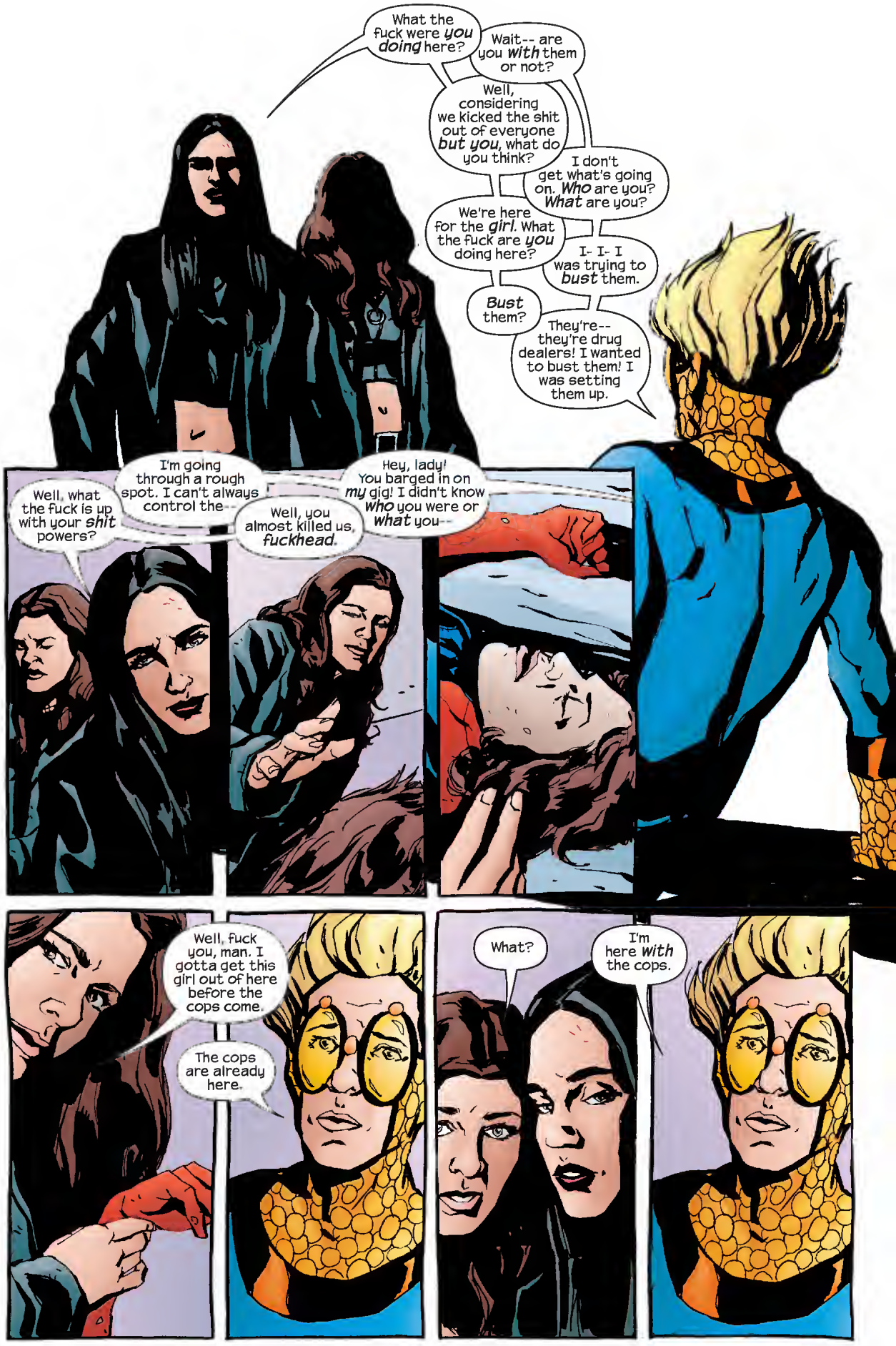

SPOK
SMASK!!
Aagghh!!
Gahh! Fuck!
I can't stop it!! I can't control it!!
Move, bitch! Move!!!
Jeez!!
Bitch, I don't know who you are-- but I swear to God, for this, I am going to find you, rape you and kill you.
Fuck you!
Gyaaagghh!!
CRACK
Aaggh ow!! What are youaggh!!!
Fuck!! Ow! Afggh!! Fuck!! Fuck!!

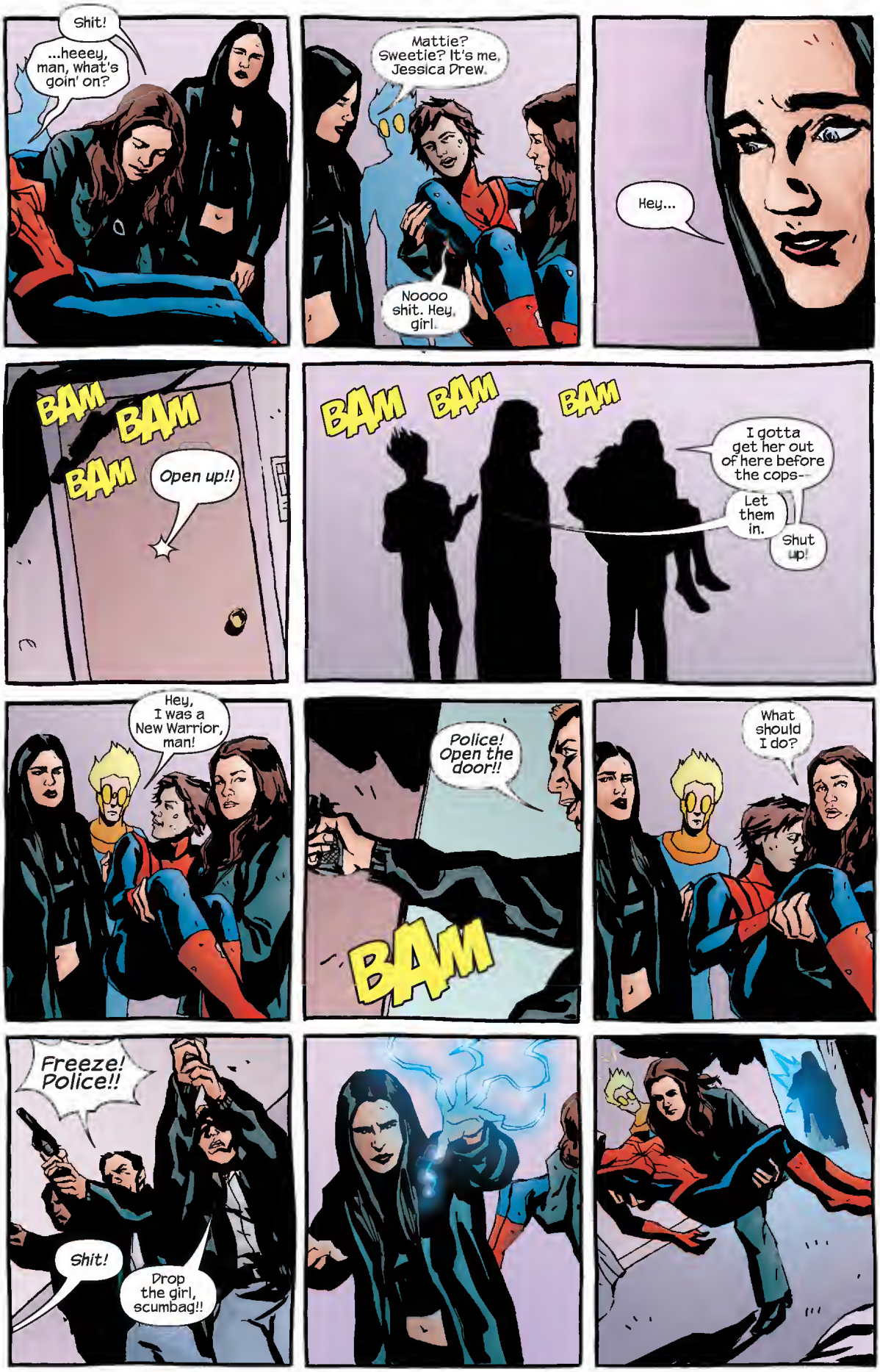

SPOOK
Aagghh!!
Keep it together. Keep it together. Keep it together. Keep it together. Keep it together.
SMASH
SPOOK
SPOOK
SPOOK
Keep it together. Keep it together. Keep it to-getheaaaggh!!!
SPOOK
SPOOK
WHUMP
Wait a minute, I-- Ggyyaggh!!
SPOOK
Shit!!
WHUMPS
Aaggh!
SMASH
SPOOK
Shoulda fucking killed you last time!
Agyyaahh!!
Gunk!
POOK
Heerrggh!
Harrgh!!
SMASH
God! Fuck!
You don't even know what I can do. You don't even know!!
Fucking-- aggh!!


Aaggh!!
FZZTTCK
ZZTTCGTTT
Kkkkkill you!! Aagghh!! Gaagghh!!
THUNK
Aagghh!!
SMACK
Kill you...
Aaagghh!!
CLANG


You are-- fuck!!
Ffftt!!
KRREEECCC
SMASSHHKKH
SMACCCHH
WHUMP


Holy shit!
Shit, are you okay?
'M okay.
God, what the hell?
'M okay.
Fuck, huh?
Whatever.
Jeez, your forehead.
I'm going to shove one of those balls up into his--
Mrrrrfuck... fuckin' bitches from--
SMACK
CLANG
Aaggh!!
Eee!
Jeez...
What the fuck, man?
You Speedball, I take it?
Y-yes...


What the fuck were you doing here?
Wait-- are you with them or not?
Well, considering we kicked the shit out of everyone but you, what do you think?
I don't get what's going on. Who are you? What are you?
We're here for the girl. What the fuck are you doing here?
I- I- I was trying to bust them.
Bust them?
They're-- they're drug dealers! I wanted to bust them! I was setting them up.
Well, what the fuck is up with your shit powers?
I'm going through a rough spot. I can't always control the--
Well, you almost killed us, fuckhead.
Hey, lady! You barged in on my gig! I didn't know who you were or what you--
Well, fuck you, man. I gotta get this girl out of here before the cops come.
The cops are already here.
What?
I'm here with the cops.


Shit!
...heeey, man, what's goin' on?
Mattie? Sweetie? It's me, Jessica Drew.
Noooo shit. Hey, girl.
Hey...
BAM BAM BAM
Open up!!
BAM BAM BAM
I gotta get her out of here before the cops--
Let them in.
Shut up!
Hey, I was a New Warrior, man!
Police! Open the door!!
BAM
What should I do?
Freeze! Police!!
Shit!
Drop the girl, scumbag!!

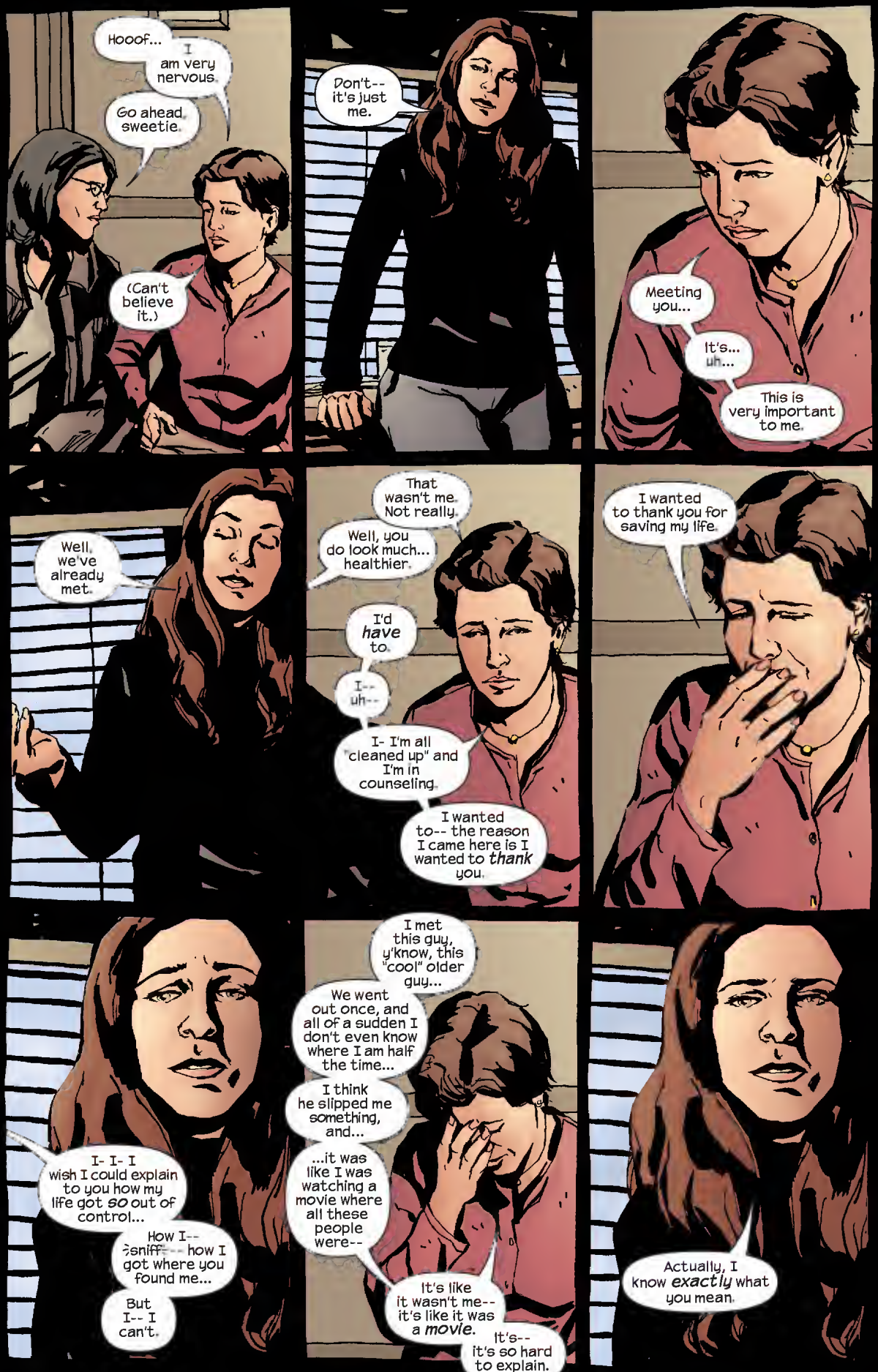



SMASSSH
Hey, what'sss going on?
...the shit I gotta do.


VWHUMP
Taxi!


MASERATI
ERNST & YOUNG
CHASE


Six weeks later...
ALIAS
INVESTIGATIONS
KNOCK
KNOCK
Hi, Ms. Jones?
Yes...?
I'm— I'm Mattie Franklin.
Oh!
Uh... come on in.


Hooof...
I am very nervous.
Go ahead, sweetie.
(Can't believe it.)
Don't-- it's just me.
Meeting you...
It's... uh...
This is very important to me.
Well, we've already met.
That wasn't me. Not really.
Well, you do look much... healthier.
I'd *have* to.
I-- uh--
I- I'm all "cleaned up" and I'm in counseling.
I wanted to-- the reason I came here is I wanted to *thank* you.
I wanted to thank you for saving my life.
I- I- I wish I could explain to you how my life got *so* out of control...
How I-- sniff-- how I got where you found me...
But I-- I can't.
I met this guy, y'know, this "cool" older guy...
We went out once, and all of a sudden I don't even know where I am half the time...
I think he slipped me something, and...
...it was like I was watching a movie where all these people were--
It's like it wasn't me-- it's like it was a *movie*.
It's-- it's so hard to explain.
Actually, I know *exactly* what you mean.


I'm sorry...
...I'm still--
It's okay.
What you did for me...
Oh, I-- uh-- I brought you this.
SUPERHERO TEAM UP TRIO SAVE MYSTERY TEEN FROM DRUG DEALING PARASITES
That's-- that's really nice.
Jonah-- he sends his wishes. He says-- what did he say?
He says the offer still stands.
Uh. Yeah. Well...
Tell him-- tell him that's okay.
Tell him I got a job I like.
Mattie? Mattie, I don't mean to bother you with this--
But that night-- that night you were in my apartment. The night this started...
You said something. You said, "They lied to me."
Who told you to come to my house? Who did you think I was? Jessica Drew?
I-- I don't even remember *being* at your house.
It's all just--
Sorry.


It's okay.
Guess it's just one of those things...
(...that will haunt me for fucking ever.)
Hey...
Hey...
You look nice.
I know.
What the fuck, Scott?
I know.
Six weeks.
I know.
Six fucking weeks you don't call me?
Were you on a mission with the Avengers?
No.
Were you on the planet?
Yes.
Then what the fuck, Scott?
M sorry!
I freaked!
That night-- all I was trying to do was listen to you and be there for you.
But you screamed and stormed out.
I just-- life's too short for shit like that.
I made a promise to myself. I said, life's too short for crazy.
I said this long before I met you.
And-- and-- and in you come... into my life--
And you're all about crazy and you're yelling at me (which I hate) and on top of all this...
May I say that this is the single worst apology ever?


I called you to say I was sorry.
In fact, I called you seven times to try to explain it... but you can't pick up a phone, you big baby??
I...
And now you come here and tell me--
It's my--
Did you just say I'm full of *crazy*?
The *fuck*, man?
Go shove your head up an ant's ass, you--
I think I'm in love with you.
Why are you making that face?
Because I said it wrong.
How did you *mean* to say it?
Well, I didn't mean to *blurt* it out while you were yelling at me.
I meant to come here, apologize, tell you I had issues-- personal issues...
...things I am trying to work out on my own. And that I should have called you back and that I have been thinking about you every day since...
I have very strong feelings about you. For you.
And most of all... you're a better person than you think you are.
You're smarter than you think you are...
You're prettier than you think you are...
You're all those things...
There, that's-- *that's* what I meant to say.



Next: the secret origins of jessica jones

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL PG 45 425

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

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LOWLIFE

5 OF 5

DAREDEVIL®

THE [illegible] WITHOUT FEAR!



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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
WRITER
ALEX MALEEV
ARTIST

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COLORS
CORY PETIT
LETTERS

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR
KELLY LAMY
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock files a 400 million dollar lawsuit against the Daily Globe for printing a story declaring him to be Daredevil. Mr. Rosenthal, the owner of the paper, vows to go the distance with Murdock because he knows the story is true.

Matt's public struggle against the newspaper makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Wilson Fisk lies in a coma in Europe, a victim of a mutiny by his own men. His wife Vanessa sold off the organized crime enterprise and left the city for good.

The Owl, one of Daredevil's oldest adversaries, is making a bold play for the Kingpin's territory now that Wilson Fisk is out of the picture.

The Owl is manufacturing a street drug called MGH that gives the user temporary genetic superpowers.

Daredevil rescues a blind girl named Milla from almost being hit by a truck. The Owl is setting up shop as the new kingpin of the crime underworld.

Milla approaches Matt at his office because of an attraction she feels to him after he saved her as Daredevil. Matt is taken with her as well, and they start to see each other.

Mr. Rosenthal, the media mogul, and owner of the Globe, the tabloid that outted Daredevil, is murdered in his home by a mystery assailant.

Homicide detectives interrogate Matt for the murder even though they have no evidence to support it. This thrusts Matt back into the media spotlight and back into hiding.

Lowlife • Part 5

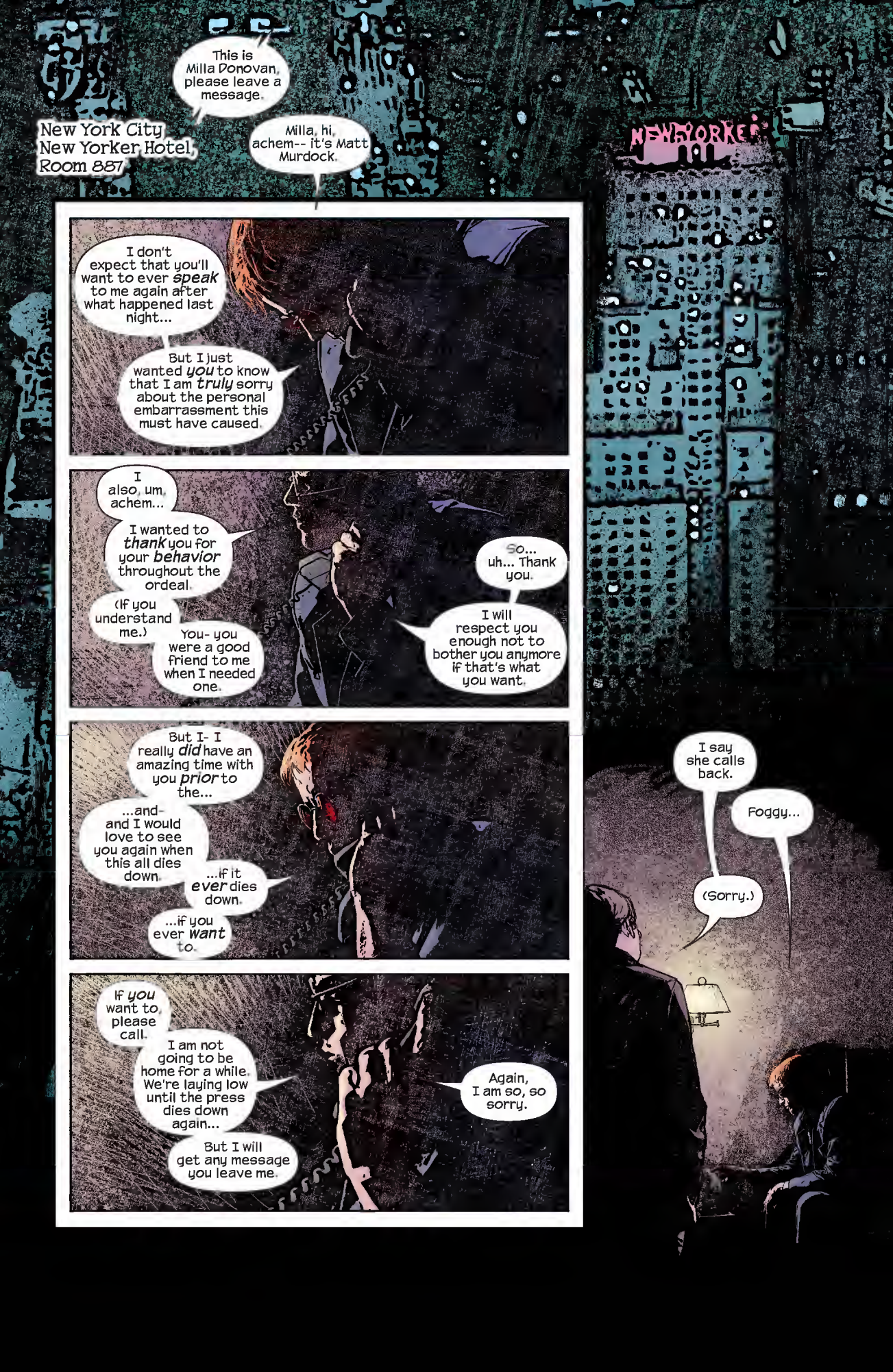
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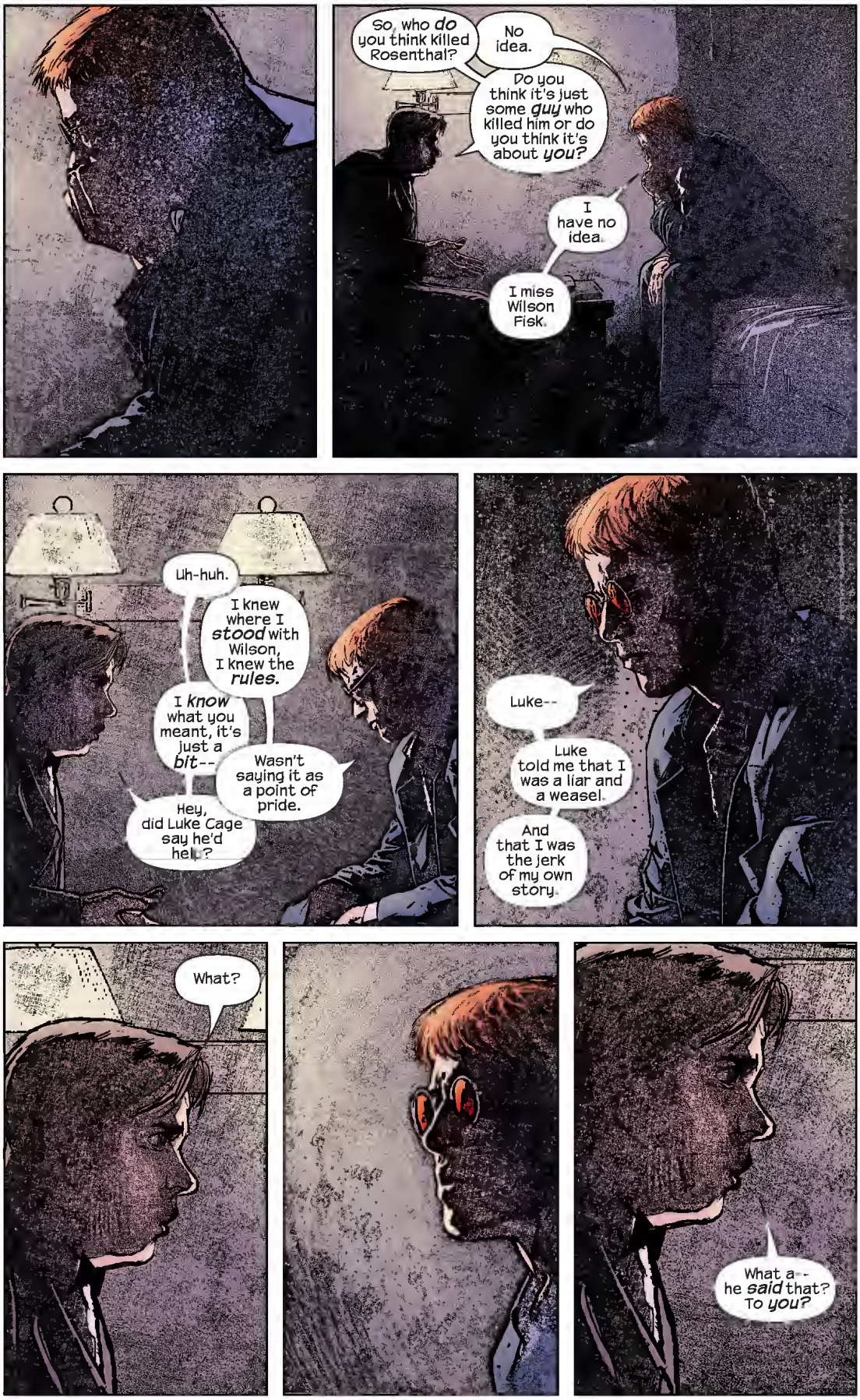

Allenwood Federal Prison
Montgomery, Pennsylvania
Security Level: Minimum/Male
Had it in my hands.
Deal the cards.
My hands.
What was in your hands, kid?
Daredevil.
What? You knew him, Silke?
(I raise.)
Yeah, dude, I was the one.
This whole thing you see on TV about that blind lawyer being Daredevil...that was me.
Right here. Whole thing started with me.
Uh-huh.
(I fold.)
No, listen...
I found out the Kingpin--
(The real Kingpin. You know...)
--Found out he had Daredevil's secret identity. He knew it, and he did nothing with it.
Nothing!
(Secret identity... can you imagine being such a putz as to have a secret identity? A costume?)
So...
What I did was I tried to-- I got the Kingpin's capos to turn on him.
That was you?
Hell yeah, that was me.
But I blew it.
Hence my present state of incarceration.
That was you?
What I should'a done-- what I should'a done is gone to my dad with it.
I should'a played the game right and gone to the families and let them take care of it through the channels.
The Kingpin would'a been gone.
And I would'a been... historic.
They would'a been making movies about me. Scorsese and DeNiro would be following me around right now.
I would'a been...
...Man.

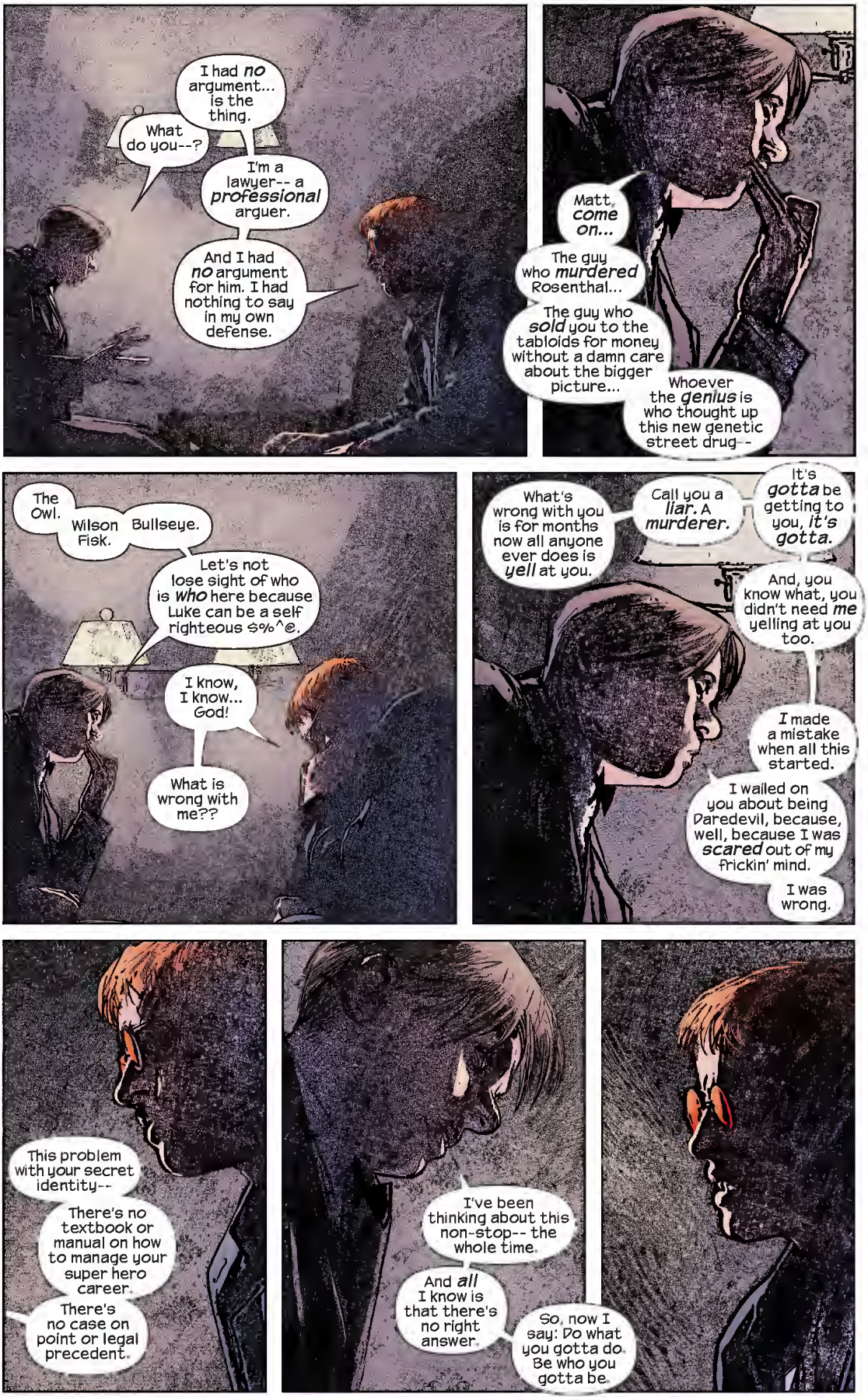

Instead what I done is-- I got so horny for the Kingpin,
I got so, what is it-- tunnel-visioned.
Now all I got was credit for the Kingpin kill.
Kingpin ain't dead.
Wilson Fisk isn't dead.
Might as well be!!
Guy's *done!*
Guy's out of the picture. Guy's blind and in a coma.
And now everybody is making money ***but*** me. The territory is wide open.
So I don't get how Daredevil--
Because when the heat came down, when it all turned around on me, I gave Daredevil up to a fed.
You know, to save my #$$. To get here instead'a dead.
And then he goes and ***sells*** it to the tabloids.
He ***sold*** it!!
I didn't even get a cut!
A fed outted him?
Had to be!
Man, had to be. I gave it to the fed and the next day-- the next ***day*** it's out!
And I'm rotting in here!!
Hope that fed chokes on his money!! Hope he ***chokes.***
Sammy Silke?
Yeah?
You got a visitor.
I do?
Your father's here.

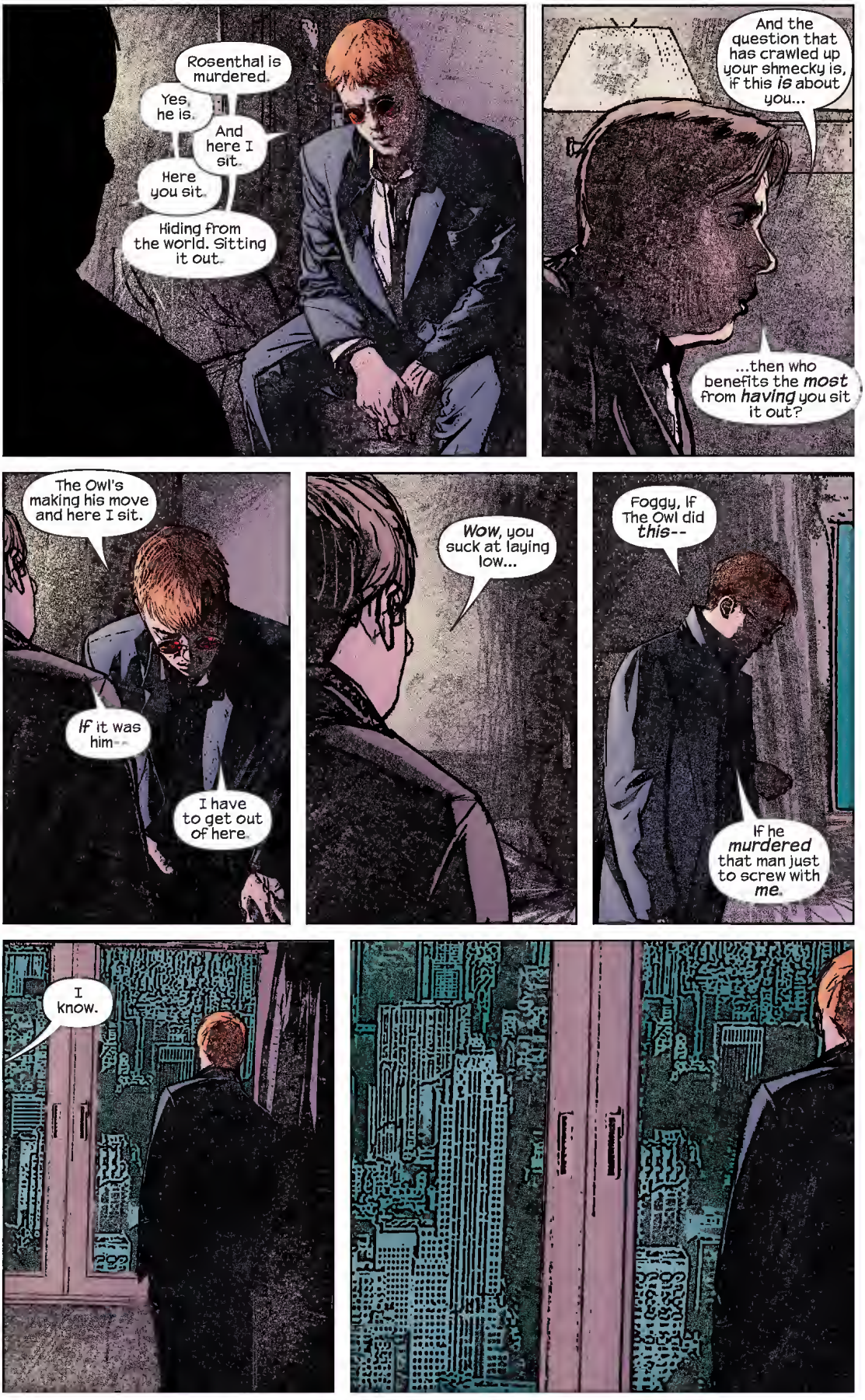

Room B.
SLAM


Thank you for crying.


New York City
New Yorker Hotel,
Room 887
This is Milla Donovan, please leave a message.
Milla, hi, achem-- it's Matt Murdock.
I don't expect that you'll want to ever *speak* to me again after what happened last night...
But I just wanted *you* to know that I am *truly* sorry about the personal embarrassment this must have caused.
I also, um, achem...
I wanted to *thank* you for your *behavior* throughout the ordeal.
(If you understand me.)
You- you were a good friend to me when I needed one.
So... uh... Thank you.
I will respect you enough not to bother you anymore if that's what you want.
But I- I really *did* have an amazing time with you *prior* to the...
...and- and I would love to see you again when this all dies down.
...if it *ever* dies down.
...if you ever *want* to.
If *you* want to, please call.
I am not going to be home for a while. We're laying low until the press dies down again...
But I will get any message you leave me.
Again, I am so, so sorry.
I say she calls back.
Foggy...
(Sorry.)


So, who *do* you think killed Rosenthal?
No idea.
Do you think it's just some *guy* who killed him or do you think it's about *you*?
I have no idea.
I miss Wilson Fisk.
Uh-huh.
I knew where I *stood* with Wilson, I knew the *rules*.
I *know* what you meant, it's just a *bit*--
Wasn't saying it as a point of pride.
Hey, did Luke Cage say he'd hel--?
Luke--
Luke told me that I was a liar and a weasel.
And that I was the jerk of my own story.
What?
What a-- he *said* that? To *you*?


I had no argument... is the thing.
What do you--?
I'm a lawyer-- a professional arguer.
And I had no argument for him. I had nothing to say in my own defense.
Matt, come on...
The guy who murdered Rosenthal...
The guy who sold you to the tabloids for money without a damn care about the bigger picture...
Whoever the genius is who thought up this new genetic street drug--
The Owl.
Wilson Fisk.
Bullseye.
Let's not lose sight of who is who here because Luke can be a self righteous $%^@.
I know, I know... God!
What is wrong with me??
What's wrong with you is for months now all anyone ever does is yell at you.
Call you a liar. A murderer.
It's gotta be getting to you, it's gotta.
And, you know what, you didn't need me yelling at you too.
I made a mistake when all this started.
I wailed on you about being Daredevil, because, well, because I was scared out of my frickin' mind.
I was wrong.
This problem with your secret identity--
There's no textbook or manual on how to manage your super hero career.
There's no case on point or legal precedent.
I've been thinking about this non-stop-- the whole time.
And all I know is that there's no right answer.
So, now I say: Do what you gotta do. Be who you gotta be.


Rosenthal is murdered.
Yes, he is.
And here I sit.
Here you sit.
Hiding from the world. Sitting it out.
And the question that has crawled up your shmecky is, if this *is* about you...
...then who benefits the *most* from *having* you sit it out?
The Owl's making his move and here I sit.
If it was him--
I have to get out of here.
Wow, you suck at laying low...
Foggy, if The Owl did *this*--
If he *murdered* that man just to screw with *me*.
I know.


Ggyyarrgh!!
You promised me that yesterday's DNA scrape would be the last one.
I- I know, Owl, sir.
I don't *like* doing the scrape.
I know, sir. This isn't the most ideal place to--
I don't *like* it!
If- if you'd come to my lab, I could do a more sanitary--
I don't go to Brooklyn.
You need the money, Leland.
Doctor Sykes made it clear that the one scrape would be sufficient to bioengineer the MGH from...
...and yet here I am giving three.
Yesterday wasn't his fault.
I- I- I- Iron Man.
Iron Man had some kind of- of- of battle in- in the city.
The power outage in our part of the city... We- the lab lost power for an *hour*.
The- the last DNA scrape was in the freezer and when the power- it got *contaminated*.
It got contaminated and there's *nothing* we could do to salvage it.
Oh God...
I would like to know that you are someone I can trust, Doctor.
I would hate to think that you are *on* any of the drugs you engineer for us!
I would hate to think that these circles under your eyes are something I should be concerned with.
S- s- s- sir-- I've been working.
I- I only drink. I only...
I would hate to think that you were someone I could not count on.
...It was Iron Man.


FBI!
Will everybody please stop where you are and stand in place!!
Nobody make any sudden moves-- we have a warrant!!
Hellooooo Mr. Owl!
We have a warrant!!
Don't do anything characteristically stupid!!


This is an outrageous stunt!! A stunt and I--
Pipe down, weasel boy. It's all on the books.
FBI
Good evening, I'm Special Agent Driver.
Leland Owlsley, back from beyond the grave.
The Owl!
Oooh.... The Owl!
Seems a known associate of yours, Riley Jenkins, has gone *missing* and this was the last place anyone saw him.
Word is: Jenkins, a drug-dealing *scumbag* with a bag of your *drug* money, got roughed up by a guy in a devil outfit.
Drug-dealing scumbag then walked into this club....
But drug-dealing scumbag didn't walk out.
This place is like a drug dealer roach motel.
"Alleged" drug dealer roach motel.
You can direct your questions to *me.* I am Mr. Owlsley's legal counsel.
That's so sad.
All the Kingpin's men couldn't put a decent kingpin back together again...
This is what you ended up with?
How far down the super-villain food chain did you get before you *called this* guy?
Killer Shrike busy?


I bet you weren't worried about us FBI guys at all.
Yeah?
I love when you "super" people get so wrapped up in your little "super" people power-plays that you forget all about us.
Ah-- but you probably thought the same rules applied to you that kept Wilson Fisk out of our reach.
But see, what made Wilson Fisk a genius is that he incorporated his business so completely, so strategically into the fabric of the city...
...that it was near impossible for us to find a way to point to the place where the legitimate and illegitimate businesses separated.
He had congressmen, councilmen, judges and juries on his payroll...
Hey, I'll admit-- he used our own rules against us.
He was The Kingpin.
M-my work for Wilson Fisk was legitimate legal representation that--
Wait a second.
Wait a second. Wait a second. Wait a second.
I know you-- don't I?
Sure, sure, Doctor Ssssykes, Sykes!
Doctor to the scumbags.
What are you doing here in the middle of the night?
Making house-calls?
You wouldn't be bioengineering MGH off of scrapes from this genetic owl freak, would you?
(Oh my God!)
Oh no. No. No.
I-I-I-I-I was here to do bloodwork.
Bloodwork, huh?


Oh, hey, by the way, an old friend of yours, Sammy Silke...
What about him?
He died in prison this morning.
Someone crushed his head... like a melon.
So raise your hand if you're looking to cooperate with our investigations in exchange for federal protection.
W-wasn't Silke under your protection?
Yes, yes he was.
Doesn't sound like such a hot deal then, does it?
Huh.
Yeah.
Well, then I guess you're $%#@ed both ways from Sunday. Ain't ya?


#$% you!
Aagghh!!
BAM!
Aaggh!!
WHUMP
SMASH


Aaagghh!!
WHUMP
Freeze!!
Leland, damn it!! All that we worked for!!
BAM!
WHUMP
Aaggii!!
Move!
Jeez!


Leland, I can almost promise you...
This is going to hurt.


So sick of your smug--
Shush.
Glunk!
Come on, Leland...
...tell me again-- that thing you said to me last time--
--that thing about having me where you want me.
SMACK
Aaahh!
SCCCSSSHHH
You're- you're interfering in a federal investigation- that- that-
Hold on a second--
Uh- uh- FBI!
Hands in the air!
Uh- both of you.
PARK
FBI


I would have made it out of here fuuuaaaagghhh!!!
Why I have to deal with idiots like yoooouuuuaagghh!!
Stubborn, arrogant Khyyaagghh!!
CRACK
Gglllaagghh!!!


SMACK
SMACK
Wish you were taping me now?
Aaggh!!
WHACK
CRACK
Khyyyaaagghhhh!! Kill y--
Aagghh!!
SKKSSSHHH
FBI


Hyyaggh!
Aagghh!!
Ha!
SPING
SPING
CRACK
Aaiie!!
WHUMP


I apologize for interrupting your investigation. I wouldn't have if he hadn't--
Uh-- sure.
I just want to keep this drug off the street.
FBI
Yeah...
Am I under arrest?
You're not here.
Thank you.
We should talk, one day, me and you.
Maybe.
I should-- I feel like I should warn you.
He couldn't hear you.
Damn, I wanted to tell him--
What?
Should warn him.
But, we don't know where he is exactly.
But he's back in the country.
Wilson Fisk.
The Kingpin is back.


MARVEL